THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

In This Number

Wallace Irwin — George Kibbe Turner — Maxwell Smith — E. W. Howe — Arthur Train
Edward Hungerford — Octavus Roy Cohen — George Pattullo — Charles Moreau Harger

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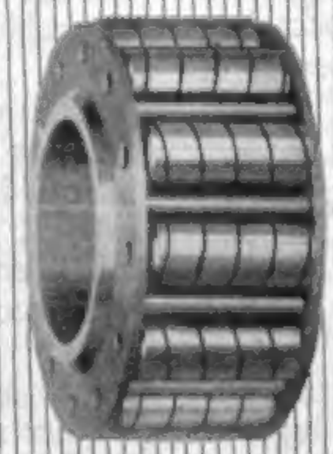
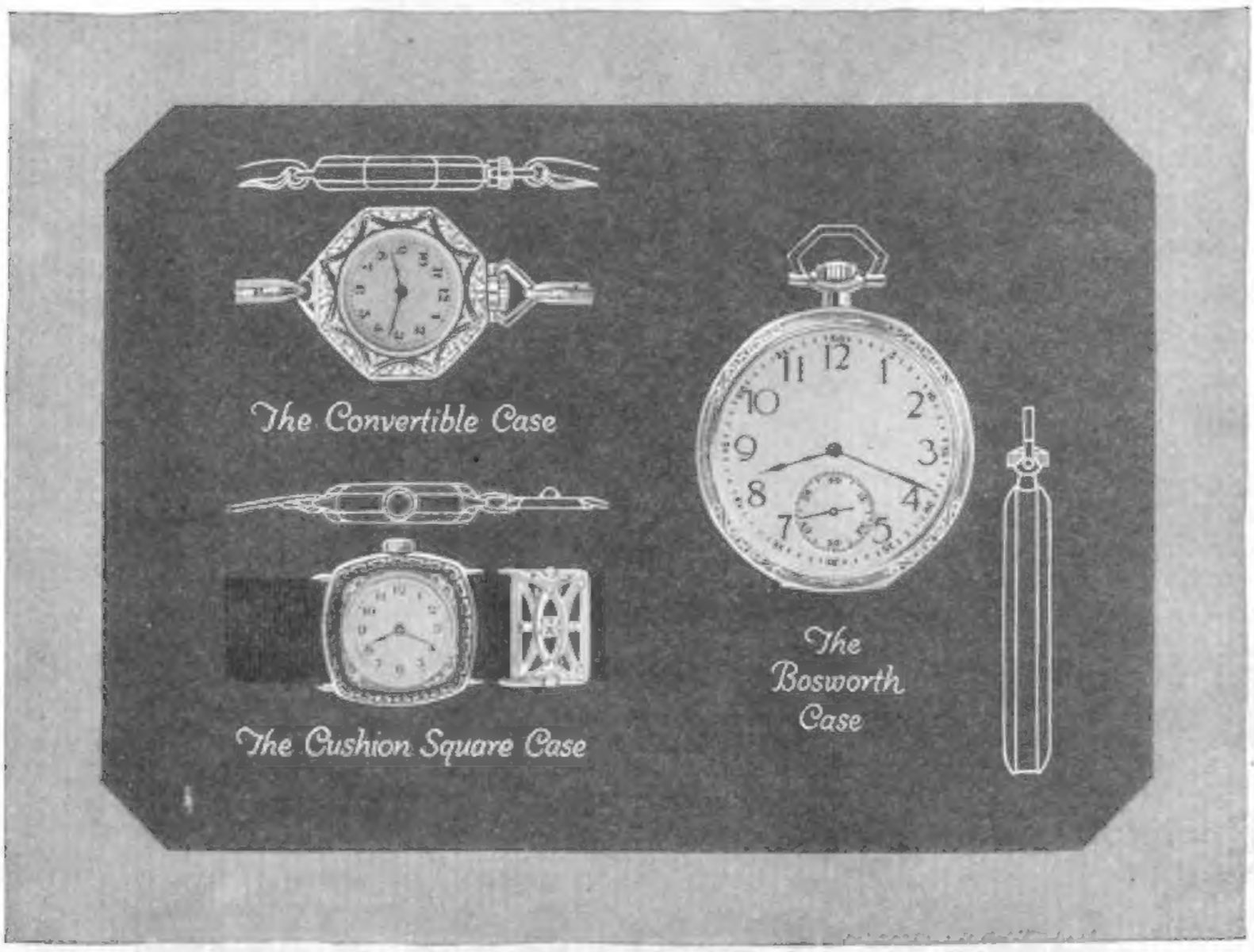


HYATT QUIET BEARINGS

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES



The Convertible Case—Beauty and elegance are immediately associated with this delightful chased enameled inlaid wrist watch, worn with a detachable gold bracelet

The Cushion Square Case—a border of inlaid enamel in black and gold, surrounding a delightful bit of engraving, lends an air of great beauty to this case, worn with ribbon bracelet

The Bosworth Case—Enamel inlaid on edge and back, this engraved model is a striking illustration of the way Wadsworth has developed the use of artistic decoration

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Clank Clinkscales' Duodenum

A STORY OF REVOLT

"You've Heard About Ruthless Cutthroat Competition—in the Old Days—Before We All Put On Silk Socks and Hitched Up Here in This Men's Sewing Circle. Now I'm Going to Show You Something Like It—But a Little Different"

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

OLD Clank Clinkscales, the head of the hard-ground cardamom-seed trade, was a heavy, hearty man with a high temper. Though many times a millionaire, he suffered from a continual angry ill health, which his metropolitan medical experts told him was due—after years of full eating—to his duodenum. Nothing, they said, could be done. He was a victim for life of an excitable and often irascible duodenum. On the fifth of January, 1920, Mr. Clinkscales was about to start for the sanitarium at Mt. Manitou for his usual semiannual trip, following the Christmas holidays. His duodenum had never been in more wretched shape, nor he in greater haste to be gone. His reservation had been procured, his baggage packed, and he had stopped in for a last look at his office when Mr. Grout, his confidential man and cost expert, opened the private-office door and closed it softly after him.

"A visitor," he said seriously, "you'll have to see!"

"Whatchu talking about?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales. "I can't see anybody—now!"

"He has come on specially from Washington—from the United States Government," said Mr. Grout, standing still, "to see you personally—on the high cost of living."

"Show him in then," said his employer finally. "I'll see him for just ten minutes."

A small man with a small mouth and large round glasses then entered the room, sat down and introduced himself.

"My name," he said, coughing lightly behind his hand, "is J. Everett Moon—Doctor Moon. You may have heard of my work."

"No," said Mr. Clinkscales, watching him closely, "I can't say that I ever did in my life."

He was in considerable discomfort—not to say pain. His duodenum felt decidedly bad.

"You would not perhaps—in merely commercial life," said his visitor, his small mouth contracting slightly. "My specialty," he explained, "is organic chemistry—the chemistry especially of food grains. I have been considered an authority, in a way—in this particular field."

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Clinkscales, secretly taking out and looking at his watch.

"Our present National Government," said his visitor, not observing this, "has made a new departure—and it seems to many a wise one. It has availed itself of the services of men of science and other experts during the war and post-war period. Which gives American business," he continued, "a touch with knowledge—scientific knowledge—which in many ways it has often lacked."

"Probably so," said Clinkscales, moving uneasily and again secretly consulting his watch. He was in a difficult position. His time was about up; his discomfort reminded him sharply that he must catch that train—if possible. And yet he hesitated to make the break, for the Government was hard after the cardamom-seed trade and he knew it.

"And so," proceeded Doctor Moon, who was of great precision in speech—a virtue for which Clank Clinkscales cared very little, "I myself and others have consented to take up this type of work. I personally have taken up the cardamom-seed trade, and am now up from Washington on a very special mission to consult with you."

At this Clank Clinkscales gave an inward groan. It was now full time for him to leave his office if he were to catch his train for Mt. Manitou. Yet this man was before him, still talking, the special agent of the United States Government, sent to the head of the cardamom-seed trade on a special mission, and he knew as well as anybody that his leaving now would have an ugly air of arrogance and subterfuge that a magnate of any kind could ill afford at this juncture of the nation's affairs. He sat, consequently, one hand heavily on the pit of his stomach, growing always redder as the special scientific agent from Washington explained his mission.

"In these times," the latter was informing him, "we must rely on each other's patriotism—especially in the present threatened social upheaval. That would be nothing, in fact, but enlightened selfishness for you, for example," he said, gazing steadily at his hearer.

"That's right! That's right!" said Mr. Clinkscales, straightening up into a more comfortable position, endeavoring to adjust himself to the inevitable circumstances. And at that moment the door opened.

"If you are going ——" suggested Mr. Grout, thrusting his sleekly combed head through the doorway.

"I'm not going," retorted Mr. Clinkscales briefly. "Get out!" For his train was lost now and he knew it.

His visitor, after a somewhat absent-minded stare, proceeded.

"Now my investigations," he stated, "convince me that by concerted effort the cost of cardamom seeds can be reduced considerably to the consumers of this nation."

And for some minutes he gave Mr. Clinkscales the benefit of his special knowledge of the cardamom-seed trade. He spoke crisply, as a man does who is sure of his ground—pointing out many mistakes which had been made in this line of industry. And Mr. Clinkscales, listening in silence, could see as he progressed that his face had a certain small-mouthed firmness of its own. He consequently waited, listening, though continually redder.

"Considering all this," said the visiting government official—after a convincing half hour—"these facts that I have given you—in all fairness can you sit and tell me that your product should not come down in price?"

He spoke in the friendly encouraging language of an instructor to a really promising pupil with whom one can reason. But Mr. Clinkscales, though now extremely red, still was silent.

"It is the Government's policy," his small instructor urged once more, "before proceeding to any action in any case, to appeal—to rely if possible on the patriotism of those concerned. Would it not be better in your industry for all to coöperate rather than ——"

He stopped now suggestively and turned his large glasses upon the larger, fuller-fashioned man across the desk from him.

"In all fairness," he said a second time to old Clank Clinkscales, "may I not ask you to help us in this? In all fairness," he repeated for the third time, "I ask, may we not rely on your patriotism to aid us?"

And all at once Clank Clinkscales sat upright; strangely enough all his physical pain seemed to have left him. He seemed full of energy and spirit.

"I'll help you," he said loudly. "I'll help you—and I'll start right now! And you'll get results—you don't look for," he added, gazing straight at him.

"How?"

"I'll tell you that when I figure it out," stated Mr. Clinkscales—"about April first," he added.

"This is very gratifying indeed," said his visitor finally. "I am glad to have convinced you by my arguments. I felt from the first that we could rely upon your patriotism. I shall await your progress with intense interest," he concluded with a certain cordial firmness. And he finally went out—two hours after Mr. Clinkscales' train time.

When he had left, old Clank Clinkscales sat minutes motionless in his silent office—staring at the opposite wall—before rousing himself.

"Chipmunks!" said Mr. Clinkscales, then speaking suddenly. "Chipmunks in glasses! Patriotic chipmunks, running round teaching us our business!"

And just then his telephone bell rang.

"Hello, Clank!" called a hearty, husky voice on the wire. "What'd he say to you? What'd you do?"

"If you want to talk to me you come to my office!" said Clank Clinkscales with a strong emphasis on the "me," and shut down the telephone firmly. He then sat motionless, like a man brooding, till he heard the voice of the speaker again in his outer office.

"Well, what about it?" inquired Mr. Charles Barker, friend and competitor in the hard-ground cardamom-seed trade, entering his door. "Do they put you in jail on Monday?"

He was a jovial man, very popular in the trade—a good story-teller, with a hoarse husky laugh; a warm, hearty, strong-armed friend, who beat all comers heavily on their backs.

"On Monday or Tuesday night?" he asked jokingly, and paused abruptly, his cigar suspended in midair, at his old acquaintance's unanticipated reply.

"Sixteen million chipmunks!" exclaimed Clank Clinkscales, raising himself from his apparent lethargy. "In glasses! Marching up and down this country. Relying on your patriotism."

He was a man of great energy, which at certain times expressed itself in his speech.

"Relying on our patriotism," he continued. "Telling us our own business."

His hearer sat, his cigar still held in his arrested hand, waiting for a clew.

"Chipmunks in the Army! Chipmunks in the Navy! Chipmunks in the Department of Agriculture! Chipmunks on the high cost of living—in glasses!" remarked Mr. Clinkscales. "Lecturing, talking, instructing—you and me—the country—the world—all the ages! Relying on our patriotism."

Mr. Grout and Mr. Hausinger Watched Him in Silence, Shaking Their Heads as He Passed Through the Main Office and Out Into the Corridor

His hearer rubbed his hand thoughtfully over his high forehead, still grasping his cigar.

"About our business," proceeded Mr. Clinkscales. "Relying on our patriotism. Women in square skirts, prize Sunday-school children, one-legged men, Indians, half-wits—experts from all the jerkwater colleges—lecturing, instructing, lecturing! I'm through! I'm done! I've had enough!" he exclaimed passionately, and taking out a large handkerchief blew his nose.

A faint gleam of understanding now appeared in his listener's eyes—as he went on.

"Five-thousand-dollar-a-year men figuring the possible annual savings on bone collar buttons—and writing us all about it—on government letterheads!" said the speaker, taking a fresh grip on his argument. "Rapid-fire business experts who can give seven thousand opinions on seven thousand different businesses per minute. Tons, acres, miles of printed matter—telling you all about dogfish meat, how to make over your last-year's shirt into an appetizing meal for six people! All relying on your patriotism! I'm through!" stated old Clank Clinkscales once again. "I'm through!"

As a matter of fact, this statement was not exact. Before Mr. Barker could quite open his mouth he was going on again, making inquiries of him.

"Who pays for it?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales now. "Who pays these things for prancing round the country—teaching us our business? You do and I do."

"It is kind of rough, Clank," said Mr. Barker, finding a slight opening at last.

"Teaching us our business—them things," said Mr. Clinkscales, shading his grammar a trifle in his excitement. "Prancing up and down the country, teaching us our business—by science. Politicians, ambassadors' nieces. Postmasters' second cousins. Expert chipmunks."

"Rough, rough!" interjected Mr. Barker, with a sense of humor showing in his eyes.

"And down in Washington what's going on," inquired the excited man, "while they're out teaching us all this? All gone! All gone! Nobody home!" he replied. "Millions—billions—shoveled in, shoveled out—without bookkeeping, without a budget, without rime or reason! Millions of good food dumped into the river; hundreds of millions of good automobiles burned up in France—to make the poor little suffering French children clap their poor little thin hands. Hundreds of millions—billions—for manufacturing plants that never manufactured, and ships that never sailed, and letters that never came! And millions, hundreds of millions, billions probably," stated Mr. Clinkscales inaccurately, "for investigations—of pins, hens and truck horses. Millions of these squirrel-faced experts prancing up and down the land at our expense, lecturing us on our own business—on our own money. And we—pay—the—bills—to get insulted!"

"It's hard, Clank," replied his friend with quiet humor. "You're right, but what are you going to do about it?"

"They want help, don't they, relying on our patriotism?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales, gazing at him from underneath his overhanging eyebrows. "In cutting down the high cost of living?"

"That's what they say," responded Mr. Barker readily.

"They want help," repeated Mr. Clinkscales with dignity. "All right! I'll give it to them. They rely on my patriotism. All right—they can. I'll help cut down the cost of living—if they want me to."

"How will you?" inquired his listener with keen interest. For everybody knew, of course, old Clank Clinkscales—and his temper and his duodenum.

"From now on, by ——," exclaimed old Clank Clinkscales profanely, "not one single dollar from me! Not a dollar!"

"Not a dollar?" repeated Mr. Barker quizzically.

"From now on—not one dollar. Not one dollar for taxes. From now on we are going to cut down where it's needed—and everybody knows it is! It's high time too. From now on," stated Mr. Clinkscales, "we are going to cut down on the high cost of taxes!"

"Clank," said Charles Barker warmly, "there's a good idea."

"No taxes in 1920, by ——" said Clank Clinkscales again profanely. "Not from this business!"

"Ha! Ha! That's a good one, Clank!" said Mr. Barker, now laughing heartily. "Ha! Ha!"

"Not one dollar!" reasserted Mr. Clinkscales firmly.

"So no taxes for you in 1920, huh?" inquired Mr. Barker, and again gave way to laughter.

"No!" repeated Mr. Clinkscales, and banged his desk with his closed hand.

"But what about it—what about your profits for your company—if you cut out taxes?" inquired Mr. Barker, still visibly amused. "How'll you get out of it?"

"There won't be any profits!"

"There won't be any profits?" repeated Mr. Barker, his smile fading slightly from his lips.

"No!"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to show these fellows a novelty," said Mr. Clinkscales—a hard look shining from his eyes. "I'm going to introduce a new brand of patriotism into this country—a new kind. Patriotism without words—that costs you something! For one year I'll cut out taxes—and profits in my company with them."

"Do you mean to say ——" Mr. Barker now began, apparently much puzzled.

"I'll help them all right. I'll show them some pure patriotism. Patriotism net!" continued Mr. Clinkscales. "They wanted it—I'll show it to them. I'll do business at cost if I have to!"

"You're fooling," said Mr. Barker—watching him with a slight shade of anxiety.

"Am I?" exclaimed Mr. Clinkscales. "You watch me! They get two-thirds of it out of me anyhow—and more too—for all their damned Federal taxes together. They get two dollars—and darn near three, if the truth were known—to my one of what I earn."

"As much as that?" inquired Mr. Barker.

"Yes—and more!" said Mr. Clinkscales loudly. "And I can afford it," he added, "anyhow, whatever it is—for one year anyhow. I've got enough. I've got no children to leave it to. And it's worth it to me—easy—if for nothing more than to stop listening to them lecturing, instructing, relying on our patriotism. It's worth it to me—and more."

"But what ——" said Mr. Barker, apparently much taken back. "What ——"

"What what?" demanded his senior somewhat abruptly.

"What about the rest of us—what of the rest of the hard-ground cardamom-seed trade if you do that—cut prices like that?"

"I guess you'll get along—after the last few years," said Mr. Clinkscales harshly.

"You don't mean that, Clank," said Mr. Barker, now rising hurriedly, his face visibly disturbed. "You don't mean ——"

"You know me!" stated Mr. Clinkscales.

"You wouldn't do that, honest, Clank," pleaded Mr. Barker after a momentary study of the hard face opposite him.

"You watch me!" said old Clank Clinkscales, drawing his chair up to his desk.

"Now then," he inquired briskly, "is there anything else I can do for you?"

Mr. Barker opened his mouth and closed it again.

"All right, then," said Mr. Clinkscales. "Good-by! I'm busy! I've got to get started on this thing right away!"

Mr. Barker turned reluctantly to leave the room. But before going finally he stopped for a moment.

"Let me give you some advice, Clank, as a friend," he said. "Don't get excited over this thing. Don't get that old duodenum of yours all out of whack. It ain't worth it," said Mr. Barker solicitously, and at last went out.

Disregarding him entirely, Mr. Clinkscales blew his nose loudly and pressed his thumb upon a push button in his desk. He felt, as a matter of fact, like a new man. There was no discomfort whatever from his duodenum. He had forgotten for the moment that he had one.

"Whatchu doing now?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales of Mr. Horatio W. Grout, his assistant and cost expert, when he appeared. "Whatchu working on?"

Mr. Grout was a gray-faced man with a strong under lip, who used the wet style of hair brushing. "The dollar diagram," replied the old employee. After years of personal contact he assumed a brevity in speech not dissimilar from his employer's.

"Drop it!" said Mr. Clinkscales.

"I'm showing what the cardamom-seed miller really gets for his work—out of the raw material, from the planter to the jobber."

"Drop it!" repeated Mr. Clinkscales a little louder.

"Three and one-half per cent," proceeded Mr. Grout with no change of voice or manner beyond a slight protrusion of the under lip. "That's all we get out of every dollar. Three and one-half cents."

"Drop it, I tell you!" said Mr. Clinkscales for a third time. "I've got something else."

"I've got it all ready for the newspapers—half pages. We'll show them!" stated Mr. Grout, his lip a little farther advanced.

"Will you drop it, or won't you?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales in a terrifying voice. "I've got something else for you now."

"Oh, all right!" said the trusted employee, looking at him coldly over his glasses. "What is it now?"

"If you have no objections now," said Mr. Clinkscales after an oppressive pause, "I'll tell you what I want done."

"All right, go ahead if you want to," responded Mr. Grout, his lower lip, however, still standing firm.

"How much'd this company pay the United States Government last year in taxes?"

"Six hundred and sixty-seven thousand, three hundred and twenty-five dollars and twenty-four cents," replied Mr. Grout in a clear distinct voice. He was an invaluable man. Clank Clinkscales kept the figures of his business in him; they were always right there.

When he wanted them he went and got them out of him—just as he took his securities out of his safe.

"That's good! That's good!" said Mr. Clinkscales, beating on his desk with an appearance of sudden happiness.

"What's good?" inquired Mr. Grout after a pause.

"They won't have it another year—that's all," said his employer.

"Who won't?"

"Chipmunks," said Mr. Clinkscales—"in glasses! These damned, pindling, pipe-legged patrioteers!"

His employee gazed at him with some surprise. Mr. Clinkscales was often sketchy in his speech to his employees, but this seemed extreme.

"That spend it all for nothing," explained Mr. Clinkscales. "Relying on our patriotism, running our business, busting up this country—they won't get it out of me—not next year. How much did I make and keep personally—last year—after those damned taxes?"

"Four hundred and forty-one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-one dollars and thirty-one cents."

"It's worth it," said Mr. Clinkscales. "It's worth it to me," and beat again upon his desk. "It will be in the end anyhow. And a damned good investment too. Now then," he said to the waiting Mr. Grout, "I tell you what I want you to do—right off. I want you to figure out," he said, speaking with great deliberation and precision, "a schedule of all the grades from A-Number One Firsts to Number 6 Shunts—a new schedule, based on what we can sell for at cost!

"You'll Print That—in Your Paper—or I'll Squash You Like a Potato Bug Under a Trip Hammer"

"Is that clear?" he said when Mr. Grout did not immediately answer. "At cost!"

"What's it for?" inquired Mr. Grout with small spirit of compromise in his voice.

"Because I want it!"

"You understand that all makes work for me?" said Mr. Grout interrogatively. His lower lip stood firm and in his eyes appeared the look of a trusted employee who sees ahead unnecessary work for the mere whim of an employer.

"I understand that without a doubt," said Mr. Clinkscales, glaring steadily at him. "What of it?"

"What's the use of it?" inquired the injured man.

"I told you once," said Mr. Clinkscales, glaring harder. He was a man who gave few words to employees.

"I didn't hear you," said his confidential expert.

"I told you, didn't I," said Mr. Clinkscales, "we weren't going to pay any more taxes to the Federal Government?"

"No taxes!" exclaimed Mr. Grout. "How can you help it?"

"Look here, how many times have I got to tell you this?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales, his temper threatening to break down under the way this man frustrated him when he was explaining. "Didn't I tell you once—didn't I?" he asked, shouting his explanations now. "Are you getting deaf, or what? Didn't I tell you a dozen times already how it was?"

"You can't do it!" said Mr. Grout dogmatically. "It can't be done! You can't get round the law!"

"Didn't I tell you a dozen times," Mr. Clinkscales continued shouting, "that we won't pay any taxes—simply because we won't make any profits? Didn't I tell you twenty times that I wanted you to scale up a new schedule so we wouldn't have to make profits?"

"No profits!" cried Mr. Grout, moving back a trifle. "Do you have to do it?"

"Certainly not—no!" said Mr. Clinkscales. "I want to—myself." He was now feeling again under this opposition the old discomfort in the old region of the duodenum. He saw he would have to stop this.

"Why?" persisted the implacable Mr. Grout.

"Why? Why? I told you why at least a hundred times!" called Mr. Clinkscales, now genuinely excited. "Chipmunks! That's why! Chipmunks in glasses! High-sounding patrioteers! Self-playing mechanical orators from Tuscaroara, Alabama, and Sagaways, Montana! From the cotton fields and the corn! Wasting our money, running round, talking, spending it, tearing down the country—to cut down the high cost of living!"

His old employee took a step to the rear, a new light appearing in his eyes.

"Do you understand me now?" exclaimed his employer, seeing clearly that he did not. "Or don't you—yet? Chipmunks from the Federal Government!" he continued with bitter sarcasm. "I'm working with them! I've got a commission! I'm working myself—under the orders of our Government, you understand, to reduce the high cost of living. You see that, do you?"

Mr. Grout preserved the same inquiring silence.

"And I'm going to do it!"

"Do what?" asked Mr. Grout unswervingly.

"Reduce the high cost of living."

"How?"

"The one place you can reduce it, naturally. I'm going to cut down the high cost of taxes!"

"You mean ——"

"I mean I ain't going to pay any more—not a dollar that I can help. I'll do my bit. I'll show them once some patriotism—net. I'm going to stop paying taxes!"

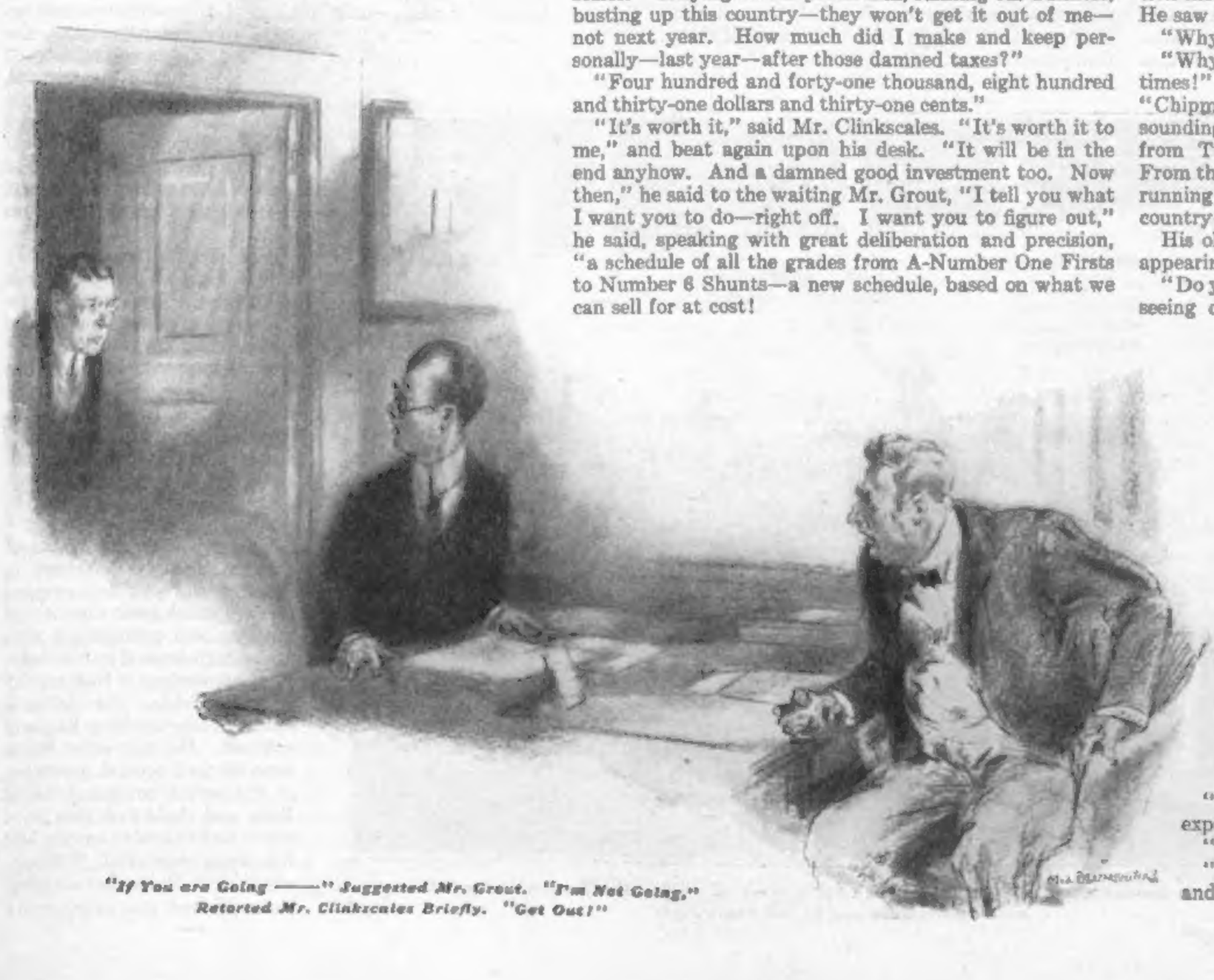
"Patriotism!" said Mr. Grout, his eyes now somewhat protruding. "Stop paying taxes! Patriotism!"

"Exactly!" said Clank Clinkscales. "At my own expense."

"Your own expense!"

"Certainly," said Mr. Clinkscales, getting more and more tired of this. "For every three dollars

(Continued on Page 75)



"If You are Going ——" Suggested Mr. Grout. "I'm Not Going," Retorted Mr. Clinkscales Briefly. "Get Out!"

The National Crisis in Boston

By GEORGE PATTULLO

IT BECAME that instantly. For more than a year events had been shaping toward a show-down between the radical elements of organized labor and the American public, and the moment the Boston police walked out they precipitated the fight. Not that they intended to do so or even dreamed of the effect. To the police it was a local dispute, with purposes limited to betterment of their condition. They were far from wishing to bring on a conflict with public opinion. Indeed they hoped and confidently expected that public opinion would side with them. But circumstances carried the clash between the policemen and Commissioner Curtis into every city and town and hamlet in the United States; a mob of hoodlums elevated a local issue to a national crisis.

What happened in Boston on the night of September ninth woke the country with a jolt. Had no serious disorders occurred probably the people of America would have viewed the policemen's strike as merely another manifestation of organized labor's ever-widening activities and bothered their heads very little about it. But a lawless rabble looting in the heart of Boston jarred like a blow in the face. The scales of indifference fell from their eyes; abruptly they realized the peril hanging over the Republic.

Seldom have all classes reacted so unanimously in peace-times. They rallied in a day for a finish fight. It was no longer Boston's affair alone, but the nation's. Boston happened to be the standard bearer, as she has so often been in the past, but back of her stood the American public. It was hard on that stout old defender of liberty, but Boston never hesitated.

"If the radical crowd in organized labor gets away with this," she said in her chaste fashion, "they can get away with moider." And she girded herself for the fray.

In the nature of things it had to be a fight without compromise—and the public won. Never was a victory more complete. With defeat absolutely certain from the outset, the American Federation of Labor declined to lock horns over any such issue. They refused to sanction a general sympathetic strike to support a walkout which had never been approved by the older leaders of organized labor, and when the Central Labor Union declared its stand the policemen's union was finished. Without the federation they were powerless and the federation had been obliged to let them down.

The Labor Camp Divided

MANY observers see in the ignominious failure of the Boston strike a bad black eye for organized labor, but I would not call it that. It's a lovely black eye for the elements which have been striving to stampede the federation, and for that very reason may prove of distinct service to the cause of labor. Every honest man ought to rejoice over it. But never lose sight of the fact that the federation did not approve of the strike. Whatever outside encouragement stimulated hopes in the policemen which could not be realized, it certainly did not come from the head of the American Federation of Labor or his friends. And the policemen's union charter expressly forbade a strike.

Then who encouraged it? For it is reasonable to suppose that the police would not have dared a walkout without some sort of understanding that they would be backed by labor. Their counsel did not. James H. Vahey and his associate not only advised their clients strongly against a strike but urged them to give up affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. In spite of that—in spite of the provision against a strike in their charter—they walked out. Who egged them on?

The ultimate effect of this police strike will probably be to strengthen the hands of President Gompers and the more temperate leaders, against whom the radicals in the federation have been waging war for years. In fact, there is more to several recent labor disturbances than the usual dispute between capital and unionism. A lively fight has been going on inside the federation itself. Elements which formerly were identified with I. W. W. thought and aims procured a foothold in the American Federation of Labor and immediately came into conflict with the established leaders. Every minute since then they have sought by hook or crook to wrest control of organized labor from Gompers and his associates.

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Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts

I have heard gentlemen who had no worries more poignant than their golf scores and the income tax assail Samuel Gompers with the peculiar venom we reserve for those who hit our pockets. To that class he is a dangerous demagogue, a near-Bolshevist, a menace to American institutions and dividends. On the other hand you hear the radicals charge that Gompers is the tool of capital and belongs among the reactionaries. And there you are! Score this to Gompers' credit—during the war he proved himself one hundred per cent American.

The radicals would now oust him from the headship of the federation. They have nearly got the Old Man's scalp on several occasions too. While he was absent in Europe they contrived to gain support for several things to which Gompers was opposed, and their power has grown so greatly with the deep discontent and socialistic ideas engendered by the war that Gompers has been obliged to acquiesce in a number of activities he would not have countenanced a moment in the days when his word was law to the unions.

On occasions the radicals have practically run away with the federation, and Gompers has been forced to sanction strikes which no man of common sense and judgment could conceivably approve. Now, nobody ever disputed Gompers' common sense; consequently it seems safe to assume that the disastrous failure of these frenzied efforts and the resultant loss of prestige to those responsible have been borne with a certain equanimity by the older leaders. There is an ancient saw to the effect that if you give a calf enough rope it will hang itself.

To everybody but a Bostonian it seems peculiarly fitting that The Hub should have been the battle ground, for whenever in American history the drums beat to arms in defense of a principle Boston has led the van. Bostonians think pretty well of themselves, but I doubt whether they have even a glimmering of the deep veneration in which the bulk of American citizens hold their city. This is especially true of rural America. To them and to the Middle West and West, Boston stands as a shrine to which pilgrimages are made when the crops bring good prices or the school board raises salaries.

The Home of Forward Thinking

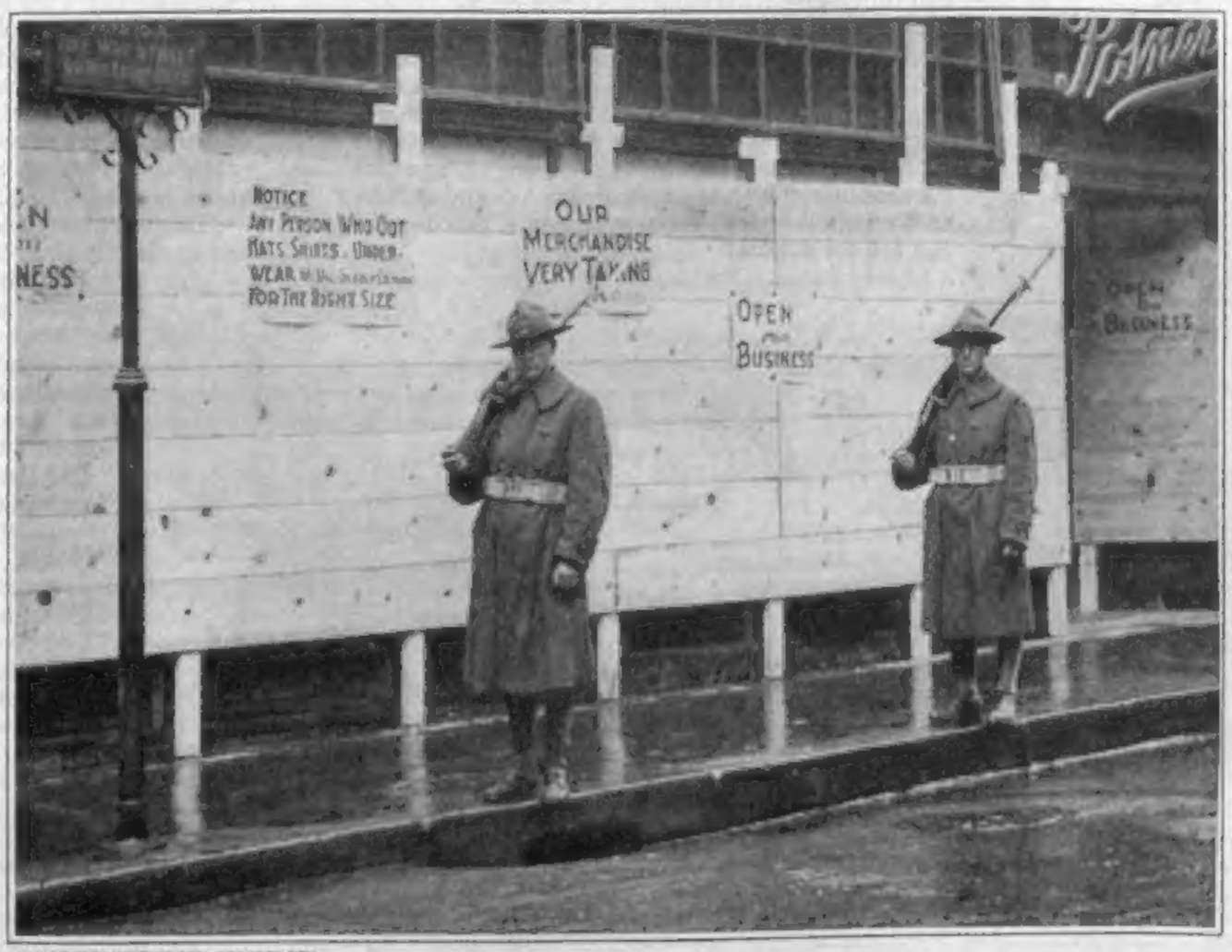
PROVINCIAL Americans entertain a certain awe of a New Yorker because of his airy ways and city manners, but deep down in their hearts they know that under his veneer the New Yorker is just as big a rough-neck as they are. But toward the Bostonian they feel a real respect as the possessor of a superior culture and finer grain. That this notion belongs in the category of silly national illusions doesn't alter the fact of its existence.

Of course New York and other places which are always in a hurry have been known to laugh at Boston, and they make her the butt of their vaudeville jokes. Often I have seen the ribald press get off paragraphs like this: "Why not make a test case by taking an obsolete city, say Boston, and let everybody and everything in it strike to a finish, and abide by the result?" But Boston never pays such no-account trash any attention. She goes her way serenely, secure in the knowledge that she is The Hub of the universe and the last word in culture and good breeding.

To be sure, she takes her time. Sometimes—sometimes—she seems just a leetle bit slow. That was the impression I got on revisiting Boston after an absence of ten years. The city didn't appear to have changed at all. Everything looked the same—only smaller. I dropped into a restaurant which some of us used to patronize on pay nights; the same waiters, the same bill of fare, the same orchestra—and as heaven is my witness, the same clam chowder! Mike, the waiter, wanted to know where I'd been keeping myself the last few days. He had changed his collar, otherwise I could detect no difference in Boston.

Yes, Boston moves slowly and is inclined to hold herself aloof—perhaps her most pressing need is to learn the United States—but if you take the trouble to trace any important civic movement or social-uplift plan or humanitarian campaign to its source you will invariably find it in The Hub. She has generally led in forward thinking, just as Massachusetts has led in progressive legislation.

This is due to the caliber of her citizenship. Nowhere in America can you find proportionately such great numbers of business and professional men with a high sense of public duty. First impressions of Boston may be unfavorable. The visitor is apt to dislike the New England coldness. He may grow impatient of their woeful ignorance of the world beyond Jamaica Plain and chafe at a viewpoint which strikes him as narrow and hopelessly provincial. The complacence of Bostonian satisfaction with itself may excite levity



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Hoodlums Raided This Shop When the Boston Police Went on Strike. The Proprietor Erected Board Barricades and Posted These Signs

in the barbarian bosom of a guy from Chicago, and the seriousness with which they take their proud old families of 1776 and 1913 frequently causes outsiders to exclaim, "This darned place is a trance." But let anyone remain a year and he will end up with a profound respect and affection for Boston, its institutions and citizenship.

So much for the setting of the drama. In this rock-ribbed stronghold of American ideals an issue was forced which involved the very principles on which the Republic was founded. One would have thought that Boston would be the last place on earth the radicals would pick for a test of strength. The police assuredly showed rotten judgment. Imagine anybody or any group of men hoping to scare that New England breed into acquiescence! As well try to hurry them!

To the United States the policemen's strike came like a bolt from a clear sky, but in reality there was nothing sudden about it. It had been looming as a possibility for a month, and the causes leading to the impasse are of long standing. Until I investigated the situation my voice was joined to the chorus of unqualified denunciation which was directed against the police from coast to coast; they were damned from every quarter of America, branded as deserters, traitors, and fit bedfellows for Trotzky. The condemnation was justified, but some of the denunciation was grossly unfair.

Nothing can excuse or palliate the offense of walking out and leaving a city unprotected, but intention counts both in law and morals and the police stoutly contend they hadn't an inkling of what the consequences would be. They had real grievances, which experience had taught them were impossible of redress through the usual channels, and they thought only of those. They point to assurances given to the public by the commissioner that ample protection would be provided for the city in event of a strike and declare that they accepted these assurances at their face value. If so, the cops pulled a bone.

Two hundred and five members of the policemen's union served in the Army during the world war; eighty-nine were veterans of the trouble with Spain—to stigmatize men like those as traitors and cowardly deserters seems going it a bit strong. A statement from one of their number, who received the Croix de Guerre, gives their viewpoint. His name is Edward M. Kelleher, Division Fifteen: "I have never been accused of disloyalty or lack of gameness before. Gameness is part of the policeman's job."

Passing the Buck of Responsibility

"YOU say our grievances could have been redressed. I know that. But they were not redressed in fifteen years. Now the policeman's pay has been raised and the stations are to be fixed; the hours even may be made better. But it took a strike to do it. I want to say that I joined the union because we could not get our grievances redressed or even listened to any other way.

"I didn't want to strike and I don't know any other man who did want to. I went out when nineteen men were discharged by the commissioner because I and the others had elected them officers of the union. They were no more guilty than I was, and I wouldn't be yellow enough to leave them to be the goats for all of us.

"I wouldn't have gone on a strike if I had thought the city was undefended and there was going to be a riot. The papers said there were plenty of men to keep order and handle the crowd. The commissioner himself said so."

However, the measure of their guilt is a matter of purely local concern. Nor has the country at large any special interest in the effort to fix the blame for failure to protect Boston adequately after the police went out. Debate over that point has frequently been of the knock-down-and-drag-out variety in The Hub. The mayor blames the police commissioner and Governor Coolidge; the commissioner has passed the buck to some of the metropolitan park police, who failed to obey orders; the governor and Samuel Gompers had a telegraphic tilt from which Gompers emerged a bad second; the union men assert that the strike could have been entirely averted and the policemen withdrawn from affiliation with the federation if Commissioner Curtis had indicated willingness to meet the men anywhere near halfway; the police feel they were deliberately jockeyed into an impossible position; and charges have been hurled that the whole affair was a frame-up by the capitalistic interests, which desired a show-down at a moment highly favorable to them. Indeed I heard numerous claims that influences were at work to make a test of strength at an opportune time on the general labor situation, entirely apart from the policemen's union, with an eye to the impending steel strike. Such reports are characteristic of every trouble.

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The Massachusetts State Guard in Faneuil Hall

On every side they've been denouncing and calling names and feeling has grown intensely bitter. The inevitable injection of politics into the trouble did not ease the rancor and the issue livened the gubernatorial contest. Politics has a way of horning into every dispute and capitalizing it, and this is especially true of Boston, whose large population of Irish descent has furnished more politicians to the square yard than any other community in the United States.

Wherever blame may lie, two facts stand out baldly: The police abandoned their posts, and from six o'clock Tuesday night until eight o'clock Wednesday morning Boston remained without protection, a prey to marauding bands of hoodlums. Those occurrences speak for themselves—a grievous blunder was committed somewhere.

A very unusual situation exists there in regard to control of the police. For many years the police commissioner has been appointed by the governor, an arrangement made during an earlier city administration which did not enjoy public confidence. Boston finds the money to pay the force, but the department is under state control. However, the consensus of opinion appears to be that the scheme worked very well.

The unionizing of policemen had been threatening for two years. Organizers of the I. W. W. stripe and the element in the American Federation of Labor belonging to the same school of thought discerned tremendous possibilities in the affiliation of police unions throughout the country with organized labor. It would give them control of a weapon frequently employed against labor in strikes; in an emergency they could practically dominate the communities where the police were affiliated; they would have the country by the throat.

The Old Leaders Outvoted

CONSERVATIVE leaders like Gompers saw all this, but saw also the dangers. They were not blind to the impossibility of winning anything against an aroused and united public and they perceived clearly that if a police force should strike and leave a city defenseless the entire American people would clamor for action. In such event, what chance would the federation stand with a sympathetic strike? And yet they would be bound to stick by their brothers. So the conservatives headed off the movement as long as they could. But the wild-eyed factions were persuaded they could throttle the public into granting labor's demands—or at any rate they were not afraid to try, and they pressed for membership of police unions in the federation. Last June at the convention in Atlantic City they triumphed. Against the better judgment of the old leaders it was decided to grant charters to the police. And right there the radicals played hob.

By the time the Boston police had organized the police forces of twenty cities already belonged to the federation—not without protests and some strenuous opposition from civic officials. But in the main affiliation took place quietly and the general public either did not know of it or remained in ignorance of its significance and the menace hanging over them.

The Boston union cannot complain they did not receive fair warning. They did it with their eyes open. As far back as June, 1918, the then police commissioner, Stephen O'Meara, issued a general order setting forth his objections to the organization of a union to be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, of which there was talk. Commissioner Curtis repeated the warning on July twenty-ninth last, and on August eleventh promulgated a rule. In this he pointed out it should be "apparent to any thinking person that the police department of this or any other city cannot fulfill its duty to the entire public if its members are subject to the direction of an organization existing outside the department," and he forbade any member of the force joining any body which was affiliated with any organization outside the department except the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Spanish War Veterans and the American Legion of World's War Veterans.

To quote from his and Mr. O'Meara's arguments: "Policemen are public officers. They have taken an oath of office. That oath requires them to carry out the law with strict impartiality, no matter what their personal feeling may be. Therefore it should be apparent that the men to whom the carrying out of these laws is intrusted should not be subject to the orders or dictation of any organization, no matter what, that comprises only one part of the general public.

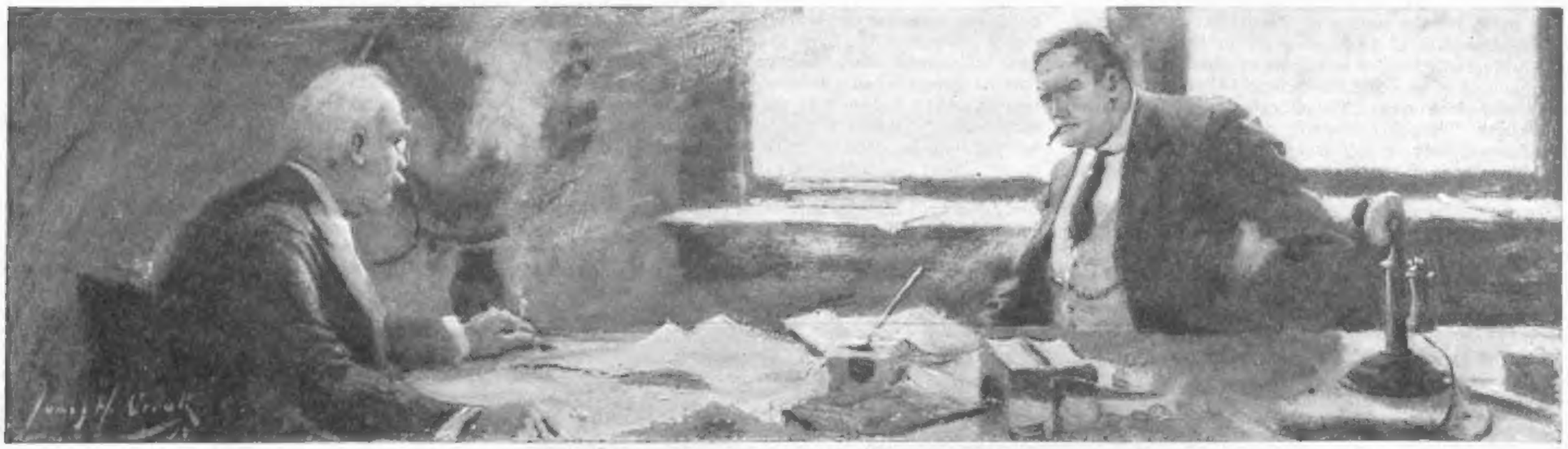
"The police department exists for the impartial enforcement of the laws and the protection of persons and property under all conditions. Should its members incur obligations to an outside organization they would be justly suspected of abandoning the impartial attitude which heretofore has vindicated their good faith against the

(Continued on Page 69)

DIRECT ACTION

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



"To be Quite Frank With You, I Have Been Informed of a Case Where This Foxberry Has Given Bad Checks to the Amount of Thirty Thousand Dollars"

TWENTY-NINE years ago Macklin Prince was the aggressive junior partner in his father's business; Mellish & Prince, the firm was called, and they were wholesale lumbermen with headquarters at Denver. Their sawmills woke buzzing echoes among the pines all the way from Boulder to Cañon City. This was in the period when our nation's morals had passed from the Victorian into the Harrisonian and had not so much as dreamed of becoming Rooseveltian. In those days America doffed its hat to the successful man, quite regardless of how he got it; poverty was, of course, always jealous of wealth, but taken as a whole the country was tolerant of the silk hat and the fast-stepping trotter.

Not that the Mellish & Prince interests dealt in anything which, even according to present-day chastened standards, might be termed dubious. They bought forests, cut them down, and shot them through excellent machinery, which turned the wood into lumber both rough and smooth. Catering to public taste they had become masters of the jig saw which embellished our civilization with those diabolical pinwheels, scallops and spindles then considered indispensable to every well-constructed dwelling house. Times changed, fashions changed, and Mack Prince, an advocate of progressive methods, brought new life into the firm and compelled it to expand into the far-flung enterprise that it later became.

It was in his thirtieth year that Mack stood on the verge of a sensible matrimonial arrangement which, had it been carried out, would have offered no interruption to his hard romance of business. She was what it is found convenient to call a good girl; that is to say, she said her prayers, read the Atlantic Monthly at least two nights a week to her silver-haired father, never overdressed, never used face powder or any scent save orris root, sang in the Universalist Church choir and entertained no young men who did not meet with Mr. Fairley's approval. Her name was Amelia Fairley, and though a second glance might have discovered the sweetness of her eyes she could walk any bright day from Capitol Hill to Arapahoe Street without attracting what her beauty required—a second glance.

Now Mack Prince had carried her books for her when she was a student in the East Denver High School; he had even digressed occasionally from his later mild sporting life to accompany her to choir practice every Tuesday night. Nothing could be more natural than that they should have become engaged. There was neither fire nor chaos in that love. Cool, poetical, enchanting, it came to his heart like the pleasant silvery ripple that spreads and spreads when you drop a clean pebble into a mountain lake. Mack Prince was to learn the difference—in the nick of time, said innumerable unprejudiced witnesses.

Bianca Melling came like a bright spirit of unrest out of Philadelphia, of all places! Quaker-born, she went West to fire a frontier town with a new flame of pleasure. Newspaper paragraphers may disagree with me, but this has been done more than once in my lifetime. Pleasure ran with her like a racing companion whom she challenged daily and left panting at the milepost. Mack Prince, who had never been quite sedate and had had his bout with life among some wealthy Easterners in the mining camps, made no serious effort to resist her. He had heard much talk of her long before she danced into his field of vision. He saw her first under starlight, just as she stepped from a brilliantly lighted ballroom to a shadowy veranda. She stood laughing against the velvet curtains of the night, distant gleams catching her brilliant hair and teasing smile. A mooning Romeo already, he lingered in the obscurity to watch her splendor "like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear."

She singled him out for his money; at least that was the popular version of his case. There were several mining men constantly in her train, but the young ones were rough and the smooth ones old. Mack was obvious, easy and pathetically willing. There is no sportsmanship in taking willing game that will neither run nor hide. Poor Mack's engagement to Amelia Fairley had reached the chronic stage; he required the heart stimulant which Bianca always held in a spoon and administered to him in all but poisonous doses. Drugs create the craving which they satisfy; moreover they breed deceitfulness in the addict. Mack became horribly dutiful in his attitude toward Amelia until the little great world in which they moved began to pity and to make remarks. Bianca was created to have remarks made about her; she prospered under it.

It was Amelia's gentle hand that struck the blow which everybody but Mack realized must fall sooner or later; he was no feminist and held to the belief that man should propose and woman dispose. To do him justice Mack had made up his mind to do the right thing by Amelia, to hasten the marriage and be as happy as he could be under perplexing circumstances. It was upon such a melancholy errand that he faced his fiancée and received a pleasant surprise.

"Mack," she said, accusing him with suffering eyes, "you're doing this because you want to be kind to me. That's the sort of cruelty I can't stand. I know that Bianca Melling has turned your head. It's natural she should—she's twice as attractive as I am. I've been thinking it over, and the more I think the more I realize that I'm not the sort to make you happy."

"Do you think Bianca could make me happy?" he asked, knowing to what degree she had failed thus far.

"No," she replied after consideration. "But she'll give you the next-best thing."

"I don't want that," he told her, yet even as he said it he was wishing for some word that would break the chain and free him for his own undoing.

"You'd better take it," she replied with a poor attempt at a smile. "It's more than I can ever give you now."

This closed Amelia's chapter, relegating her to a minor part until her brief and tragic epilogue. Less than six months after her voluntary break with Macklin Prince she married a mediocre lawyer, one Sextus Macgowan, who had been associated in her father's law business. Mack's wedding preceded hers by a fortnight and took the young Princes, happy and prosperous as their name implied, to New York, Chicago and Philadelphia on a sightseeing tour.

Four years later found Macklin Prince boiling in the caldron of what Amelia had labeled the next-best thing. The good woman who had quit his book of life had descended to the level of mediocrity adored by her Macgowan, and was living in a secluded, cottonwood-shaded street somewhere in West Denver. Soon after her marriage, Mack heard, a child had been born to her; he was glad, because Amelia, he knew, was a domestic woman—something which Bianca most certainly was not.

The Princes had built themselves a fine ugly granite house on Capitol Hill. Finished in the elaborate yellow oak of the period, lined with flamboyant Turkish rugs, hung with much velvet and chenille, it was intended to impress the humble and the great. It was labyrinths too large for them, Mack often thought, for they had no children. But to Bianca it was satisfying—if anything could have been said to satisfy that greedy little person. It gave her a background against which she could show off her clothes and play the game of popularity to which she was devoted with all her fluffy little heart.

Like many another man of ability Macklin Prince was of a somewhat simple domestic taste. To marry and to settle down were, to him, synonymous terms. He had left his wild life behind him. Business had grown round him until in order to become its master he had become its slave. With the death of his father the firm had been reorganized under the name of Macklin Prince & Co. and had allied itself with the great lumber interests of the Pacific Coast. It would have been ridiculous to think of a man like Macklin Prince casting this load from his shoulders in order to caper with the young fry, the idlers and the retired capitalists with whom Bianca coquetted, always amusing, always amused.

"Mack," she once told him after one of his affectionate little sermons, "there's a funny deep-sea fish that sort of swells and blows up when you bring him to the surface. It's a dear heavy old soul and it just can't stand anything light."

"That's me," he smiled, having as usual added forgiveness to his kiss. "And what sort of fish are you?"

"Naturally built for skimming the surfaces, hitting the high waves with my little fins."

"A flying fish," he agreed.

"Please don't scold me, Mack! I can't help the way I was born—and I do love you somehow or other."

Again Mack melted into a creature of caresses, apologies and endearments. Amelia's Cassandra prophecy was well forgotten at such moments, when there seemed to be

"I'm Going to Make Him Hit Me First. Come On, Mack! Are You With Me?"

no better thing in the world than that which Bianca had brought to his all too easily satisfied heart.

It was in 1895 that Macklin Prince returning from a trip to California found that which had been clear as mountain air to the gossips of Denver society. There had been no letters from Bianca during his absence, and no answers to his telegrams. She had been out of town for two weeks, the close-mouthed servants at his house told him, and a note on his desk gave the terrible reason why:

Dear Mack: You must have seen how things are going. I'm broken-hearted to tell you this way, but it has to be. I can't live with you and feel as I do. Try to think as well of me as you can. I've made an effort—oh, please don't try to look for me.

That was all. Unsigned, blotted and scrawled in Bianca's weak, affected handwriting. Where had she gone? Mack sat a long time and considered, trying to work out the problem methodically as he solved the innumerable riddles that came into his business life.

Of course there was a man. The question was, Which one? He even made out a list of candidates, writing them down carefully with a finely sharpened pencil. He scratched the names out one at a time as their innocence was proved in the court of his mind. After they were all eliminated he thought of Jerry Fleir. Quite likely. Rather young, superciliously attractive, amusingly notorious, he had come into Bianca's circle lightly as a pretty cloud crosses the moon. Mack had scarcely looked at him.

That afternoon he found in Bianca's desk enough written evidence to condemn the man. Then his thought was: "Whatever happens this must be hushed up among the servants and the gossips outside." He told everybody that Mrs. Prince had been called to Philadelphia by the illness of her mother. Working methodically as he always did, he found that Fleir had been away several weeks, having gone East on business. The chain then was complete; but Denver, so far as Mack could find out, had not taken the trouble to follow the links.

Colorado in those days was not so rough as our romancers would have us think. Bret Harte had already gone out of fashion as a model of sportsmanship. Suave Englishmen and metallurgists from Columbia University had brought a leaven of civilization into the state, even as far back as the mining camps. The solution of Mack's problem might have been simple and savage back in the '80's. Considering his case from every possible angle he recalled how his father had officiated at one or two heroic murders, having been skilled in the use of a lethal tool vernacularly called an "iron." Often the elder Prince had disdained powder and shot. "Just brained the toad with the butt of a loaded quirt," had been the climax of one of his gentle narratives.

Melodrama! Mack's training had been different from that of his father. He had been a studious boy at school, his early habits had been as sedate as any average young man's in Brooklyn, say, or Boston. What he had seen of mining camps had satisfied him that blood and thunder were all very well to interest the passing tourist, but had no place whatever in the everyday life of the American business man.

But at the thought of Bianca he seemed to wither and grow old. He didn't care what became of her, he kept telling himself. Bloodshed and melodrama would do no good. Cave men were all very well in their age, but where is the modern woman whose love will revive at the point of a pistol? He could even look upon Fleir's behavior with a certain amount of tolerance. Fleir wasn't to blame, Bianca wasn't to blame. It was merely the misjudgment of fate that had yoked an ant and a butterfly, married Pleasure to Industry.

Mack went back to his offices and made the best of it. He even invented jolly bits of gossip, supposedly retailed in his wife's letters from Philadelphia. He must have lied rather well, for Denver was misled during the brief period when he found it necessary to act his foolish part.

She came back in December, arriving in a jingling sleigh over the white mantle which a recent blizzard had heaped up, torn wildly from the high peaks to the west. It was late in the afternoon, about twilight, when Mack Prince, smoking alone in the big sitting room, saw the furry bundle step carefully out upon the newly cleared sidewalk. She stamped her frivolous little fur-covered feet and

A Moaning Romeo Already, He Lingered in the Obscurity to Watch Her Splendor

stopped to shake fragments of snow from her skirt. Mack watched this all without the slightest trace of emotion. He had seen her come in this way so often before. She was home, that was all.

He was seated and smoking calmly when she appeared between the curtains of the door, her cheeks bright with the rare winds, her eyes shining, her face prettier than he had ever before seen it. Only in melodramas does the erring wife return in a black cloak, pitiably dejected.

"Hello, Banky," said her husband quite casually, though he did not rise to meet her.

"Hello, Mack!"

She sat down and began rather nervously to remove her gloves.

"Why don't you say something?" she asked finally.

"What do you want me to say?"

"Why don't you ask me where I've been and why I went? Why don't you send me packing right now?"

Mack threw down his cigar and the newspaper, which had concealed his face.

"I know enough," he admitted rather gruffly, "without asking questions."

"I suppose the whole town is echoing with it," she suggested, having rolled her gloves into a prim little wad.

"Not that I have heard. You are supposed to have been called to Philadelphia due to your mother's illness."

"Oh. I don't see why you gave that out. People will know as soon as you begin your suit ——"

"What suit?"

"You're going to divorce me, aren't you, Mack?"

"No." He sat and considered this a long time. Then he added faintly: "Not unless you want it."

She rose and rushed out of the room. He could hear her soft tread mounting the stairs. A moment later there came the sound of busy footsteps, indicating that the servants had been apprised of their mistress' return.

Another storm came up that night, howling about the stony towers and baronial buttresses with a fury to rival the cold tempests in Prince's heart. It screamed and gibbered, alternately shaking the window panes and whipping them with thongs of snow. Mack sat up in bed and he presented a comfortable picture, his head supported by soft pillows, a book held under the reading light in the crook of one silk-clad arm. It was Lays of Ancient Rome, which he had picked up at random from his library, and from this he was studying the fierce justice of the Conscript Fathers—worthy men indeed! It was a handsome volume, one of the Victorian first editions he had bought the year before—later to find that they were all counterfeit. Meanwhile the white demon of Pike's Peak, which seemed to have leaped across the foothills to uproot his specious splendor, sang to him the glory of that one sin he had sworn to deny himself. Hatred, hatred and yet more hatred!

All through Macaulay's martial strains the question persisted. Why had he sat there, calmly smoking, pretending to forgive the woman who had come back unchastened? Where was the spirit of his father, the spirit which would have settled it all simply and cruelly as old Kublai might have paid a grudge against a Tartar chief? Had he no courage? Was his tribe, bred to rough mountain justice, weakening under the influence of the luxury their crude strength had brought about them? It seemed so. Indeed it is wonderful how soon a breed of conquering Tartars can degenerate into soft Manchus.

Mack Prince must have fallen asleep upon his grudge, for when he opened his eyes he saw Bianca leaning over him. Her splendid yellowish hair lay in a thick braid against the pink lacy garment which with one hand she was clutching tightly across her breast. Her pure low forehead was creased with a puzzlement that seemed to be questioning his own distracted soul. Her pupils were distended like those of some frightened child just awakened from a bad dream.

"Mack," she said softly.

"Yes, dear."

He reached over and took her free hand, which was cold as ice.

"I know how you feel—how you must feel. You say you won't send me away. But I know you will."

"No," he replied sullenly.

"You didn't give me a chance to tell you. I could'nt. I promised to run away with Jerry ——"

"I don't want to hear anything about him."

He turned toward the electric light, which seemed to be burning its way into his brain.

"You've got to. I started East—but I couldn't bear the idea, Mack. I went straight to Aunt Ruth, at Harrisburg. He followed me there and did everything he could

(Continued on Page 99

COMME SI, COMME ÇA

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

WHAT is antique and what merely secondhand? That, *mes amis*, is a delicate question, yet of such a nicety that it can only be answered by genius backed by an authorative name, such, *par example*, as my own.

Of course when one comes to old silver, Goblin tapestry and *objects de vertue* such as Ming pottery, this question cannot be mooted. But my claim is that any object coming under the head of curious is a curio, of age is antique; and if everyone will concede that a person is as old as they feel, why not that an inanimate object is as old as you feel it is, and that anything under the head of salability is an object of art?

Lionel, my head curator, who is on some such pretext ever on the verge of leaving me, brought up the question in one of those all-too-frequently recurring disputes which his absurd overconscientiousness gives rise to.

"But damn it all, Kentt!" exclaimed the transfigured Tom McGuire as he stood before the cheval glass in the dressing room of our flat while the dressmaker chap from Tonté fitted an exquisite costume for the forthcoming *Bal des Artistes* which I had designed for him—an Eastern slave effect in raspberry satin and silver with heavy ropes of pearls and a turban completely swathed in osprey feathers—a unique creation which curiously enough seemed to exasperate instead of please Tom, or Lionel, as he is and ever shall be to me, and which he had only consented to wear after my insisting upon the vital necessity of all the big art dealers and decorators like ourselves making a proper appearance at this important function.

"But damn it all, Kentt!" said he. "When you get a poor fish like Mrs. Allington into the shop and sell her an exquisite example of the late Tweed period consisting of an umbrella stand made out of concrete set with broken bits of colored glass and jolly her into paying fifty iron men for it on the ground that it is 'so amusing' my gall rises, I swear it does!"

"But wasn't it amusing?" I demanded with the candor upon which I pride myself. "Wasn't the very fact of her buying the blooming thing amusing?"

"But was it decent?" insisted the absurd creature. "Lots of indecent things may be amusing—but hardly in business relations. Why, where are you going to stop? You begin with George Washington, and his period is O. K. I guess—at any rate it's really old—then we get Adams and Co. And they seem fair enough too. Then the Victorian period and now Tweed. I suppose that if the Republican Party gets in you'll begin selling Woodrovian stuff?"

"Well, why not?" I snapped back. "It could well be called an interesting period!"

"Oh the devil!" exclaimed Lionel. "You know what I mean well enough! It's this selling people trash by hypnotism that gets my goat!"

And he stepped from the rose-satin pantaloons with an angry gesture.

"Nonsense!" I replied. "*Mon vieux*, it is not always the dealer by any means who creates an imaginary value about a valueless object. Why more often than not it is the client who is responsible. *Je vous assures*, the very biggest collectors are sometimes subject to a craze for absurdities such as old medicine bottles or obsolete cooking utensils, and if their interest is engaged the price is nothing to them. What value, *par example*, would old hatboxes have unless some nut had started collecting them?"

With which masterly reply I took his place before the mirror and was draped in the nebulæ of my own costume—that of a Roman senator. Lionel eyed me critically.

"Some indoor sports skirt!" he commented ruthlessly. "But," he continued, "what I mean about values is this: A big chap in the collecting line like, say, Morganthawl, doesn't fall for any of that fool stuff, and a big dealer like—like Madame Cartiea, for example, doesn't try to sell it to him. I wish to heaven we did business that way. She gets the big clients like Morganthawl just because she doesn't sell hokum at all!"

"Well!" I said, shrugging, "I'll make you a little bet that Morganthawl is as big a fool as anyone and that Cartiea sells him hokum—only we don't know about it—and I mean stuff that you and I will both admit is hokum, too, and that she will admit it."

"What'll you bet?" he demanded at once.

"A box of candy!" said I. "Five pounds."

"There Was an Arabella Durand, Was There Not, Mr. Kentt?"

"Bah!" said Lionel. "Make it—let's see—if I can prove you are wrong you let me off wearing that damn costume."

"All right," said I, "and if you lose you wear it. I'm satisfied. I've set my heart on having my dearest friend and head curator look his best at the ball, but I'll be a sport. You need not even go to it if you win. But, *mon ami*, of course this means that the test must come off during the next three weeks."

"I was thinking of the Durand sale," said Lionel.

"So was I," I replied, trying the effect of a fillet round my head. "Though how you are going to prove anything is more than I can see."

"Well, I'll make that sale the test if you will agree to it," Lionel informed me. "Old Durand left no heirs and no will and the estate will be sold by the controller. He had practically nothing but trash. If Madame Cartiea buys there for Morganthawl we'll call it a go."

"Nothing but trash—and the Sully miniature!"

"But did the old boy really have it?" said Lionel. "All you know is that Sully painted a miniature of Arabella Durand in 1820 and that it has been lost."

"Or remained in the family," I added. "There is apparently no record of their ever having sold it. Old Chester Durand was a collector in his way, you know!"

"And may have kept it in all his poverty, knowing it was worth a fortune!" scoffed the dear, beautiful boy, toying with the trimming of my toga. "Awfully likely, isn't it? You can't make me believe he did."

"Well, *mon cher*," I said. "We will be there at the sale in hopes of its turning up nevertheless. And I am myself convinced that it not only still exists but that in spite of the fact that it is not listed it will be discovered in—ah—some secret spot, let us say. We will motor up early, *cela va sans diere*, and make a thorough search."

"You have the imagination of a statistical writer!" said dear Lionel. "However, we'll go as you suggest, but for the moment I shall have to tear myself from admiring that classic bath robe of yours as I have a luncheon date."

"Before you go tell me how you like the get-up, old thing!" said I, turning about in the flowing purple robe.

"Looks like an out-size garment to me," said he, slipping into his smart tight-waisted morning coat. "Why the volume?"

"For dignity," said I. "I am supposed to be a Roman senator of the Augustan Age."

"Pretty big appropriation," murmured that dear lad. "A ball where males doll up like a bunch of Follies girls is my idea of nothing at all."

"Who are you lunching with—the Widow Cartiea, I suppose," said I, changing the subject before I became provoked with him. Also because I was curious. "Not that I care if you are," I added. "That woman gives me a pain!"

"I'm glad she gives you something besides the raspberry!" grinned the beautiful Lionel maliciously. "But it is not our fair competitor to-day. Just my dad, who has torn himself from his Oleoil Beat for Man and Beast and deserted Oleo, Illinois, long enough to take in a week of the big city's delights."

I groaned inwardly at the thought of that dreadful vulgar old person's having again intruded into the *doulce fa niente* of our days, just as, *tu compris*, I had got Lionel once more into harness. All was going well between us and now here came that disturbing influence, his common parent—the Old Boy, as we called him—and Lionel would remember that his real name was Tom and I would have to watch my conduct of the Kentt Art Galleries most meticulously or my handsome head curator would be threatening to start westward ho!

With a heavy heart I let him go to his engagement, and leaving the costumer I dressed and proceeded to my gallery on the avenue, uncheered even by the knowledge that it was not Madame Cartiea with whom Lionel was out. Somehow that woman continued to attract me even after the scandalous way in which she had on various occasions contrived to make me appear ridiculous. I detested her, and yet I could not endure to think of her liking anyone else—least of all my treasure of a curator—because, of course, if they were to marry he would leave me and she had enough desirable clients, including the coveted Morganthawl, without taking Lionel's following as well. Furthermore, I was determined to show her up. No one—*ça va sans dire*—could be successful and be so utterly honest as she was reputed, as any business man will admit. And I was convinced that if I could once prove to her that she was not omnipotent in her line I would thereby show her my superior masterly intellect on something and she would then, womanlike, inevitably er—soften toward me and perceive that brains rather than mere beauty—ah—er—*comprenez vous?*

Still it was a relief to know that to-day at least Lionel was not with her. It was with some surprise that I observed his state of high excitement upon his return. He burst into my private office positively flushed, his Irish-blue eyes glistening with news.

"Whoop! I've landed!" he shouted, jumping over the back of a chair and dexterously landing on the seat.

"She's a fool, then!" I exclaimed, arising sharply, my heart growing cold with alarm.

"She? Whatter you mean—she?" said Lionel, looking at me blankly. Then he blushed crimson up to the very roots of his sleek hair and laughed uncomfortably.

"You poor fish!" he said. "I'm not talking of Cart—of any girl. It's Morganthawl!"

"Oh my goodness!" I exclaimed. "You don't say so! How?"

"He was also lunching with my dad," Lionel explained. "It seems the old boys have some rather big financial interests in common and have known each other for years. He was mighty nice to me and when I told him about the possibility of the Sully miniature he told me to get it for him—miniatures are one of his hobbies."

"Oh boy! Oh boy!" I shouted. And arising we embraced to a little improvised jazz. It was a momentous moment, for, of course, as we had never sold him a thing and had for years been trying to and as so far no one had received a special order from him excepting Cartier, Inc., Lionel's achievement was one of—one of, well, was one.

"And now all that remains is to find that miniature!" exclaimed Lionel as soon as he had got his breath. "And we are made!"

"Yes, but can we?" I replied doubtfully.

"Well you said we could!" retorted Lionel with some heat. "And I've banked on it! I'll have to make good!"

"*Grand Dieu*, I hope so!" I answered fervently.

"By the by, I told dad about the *Bal des Artistes*," said Lionel, "and I think he'd like to go."

"Certainly!" I exclaimed. "Anything for your *cher papa!* Anything at all! Why, I'd no idea he knew that sort of people!"

The day of the Durand sale dawned fair and cool, with just enough frost in the air to justify Lionel and I in putting on our new heavy sports coats, as our roadster was open and the drive to the little town of Chester, where Durand had lived, seemed likely to prove a long one, thus necessitating an early start.

I confess to a thrill of pleasure in the appearance we must have made, for Lionel and I are nothing if not chic, and the car was extremely—extremely—well, extreme. I had picked it up secondhand, having a natural talent for picking up secondhand things, and Lionel had done the dull, practical part of getting it to run. He had been enormously successful, and had the car been an ordinary antique we could have undoubtedly made a thousand per cent profit on it. As it was, we could at any rate have turned it over for a couple of hundred per cent, what with its coat of bright daffodil yellow. But we were too intrigued with it ourselves to part with it, *tu comprie*.

Voilà! We started, having first provided ourselves with a road map, because you understand this sale was one of those in-camera affairs of which even the dealers are not supposed to be particularly aware—very different from Klark's on the American Show Galleries, where famous and near-famous collections are sold. Mr. Durand had been the last of an ancient and once-wealthy family and had for the past twenty-odd years of his life lived in poverty and seclusion in the ramshackle old mansion of his fathers, which domicile was popularly—and locally—supposed to contain a good bit of old furniture and so forth, inasmuch as nothing new had been bought for it in half a century, and since the auction incident to his father's failure nothing had been taken out of it except the meager ashes from the open stoves. There was, however, the aforementioned superstition about the portrait by Sully—a miniature of extreme beauty often mentioned in works about the artist, referred to in the letters of—er—well, generals and admirals and senators and artists and so forth. I don't really know just what, but at any rate it is certain that the miniature of Arabella Durand had at one time existed, had hardly been destroyed, and that, *on dit*, the occasional adventurers who had attempted to see that old bird, the most recently deceased Durand, simply had the door shut in their faces like a beastly book-salesman person or something by the rude old fellow!

Eh bien! The sale had to be advertised, of course, since there were plenty of creditors, if no relatives, and the advertisement had appeared in a Springfield paper to which we had subscribed since hearing accidently from Herr Docktor Verboten that the old man was ill.

Ça va sans dire that a few other distinguished dealers beside ourselves were bound to have known of old Durand's existence and, of course, would show up. But we calculated that most of them would be local persons, female gift-shop proprietors and so forth, with very little money to spend. And so we had the delightful sensations incident to—er—worsting our competitors, in addition to the joys of the salubrious morning as we began our *voyage de reconnaissance*.

"Ah! My Friend! My Benefactress! How Much? Three Thousand Dollars—Four Thousand? Name Your Own Price!"

As we turned from the Parkway into the freedom of the highroad and darted ahead like a—er—arrow upon the blue, or something, I could not but wish that all the dull bourgeoise American public might have the treat of not only seeing us but realizing us, if I may so put it—our charm, our success, our vitality, good taste and culture, even our French. And I especially wished it for the people of my own home town of Dallas, Texas, which had curiously failed to appreciate me in my boyhood days and had unreasonably called me Percy, which name I never actually bore and failed to see the *raison d'atre* of. Could they have seen me, how their opinion would have altered! Poor things! How I pity provincialism! But I disgress. *O là, là!*

It was about ten when we left the city limits and not more than eleven-fifteen when, as we were hesitating for a moment at a fork in the road, a great black-and-red Roynton, driven by a liveried chauffeur, flashed by us, taking the left, but not so quickly that I failed to note the occupants of the back seat.

They were Madame Cartier and Eloise Dubois, her assistant. Lionel and I exchanged a swift glance and he—for he was driving—swung into the left turn after them, making all possible speed.

"Great Scott!" said Lionel. "She's on her way of course! How much do you suppose she knew about Durand *et al?*"

"Easy enough!" said I. "She's been spying on us or been dining out again with your distinguished father and he mentioned your conversation with Morganthawl and she's trying to beat us to it!"

"Sush!" said Lionel. "She probably doesn't connect this auction with the Sully miniature at all. We'll say nothing at any rate."

Ahead of us the powerful touring car had slowed for a moment at the gateway of a handsome and pretentious estate, where an old man—a servitor of some sort—was standing, hatless. The chauffeur spoke with him for a moment and the old man waved and pointed ahead. Evidently they had asked for and received directions.

"They seem in a hurry!" I remarked, glancing at my wrist watch. "It's only a little after eleven and the sale is advertised for two. They must have heard something we don't know. My gracious! Suppose the Sully has been found?"

"I'll say something is up!" agreed Lionel. "We'd better reach there when they do at any rate."

And he sped up the auto until we turned another curve, when one of those unexpected congestions of traffic occurred. A long string of trucks was approaching and there was a long line of cars ahead. There was nothing for it but to fall in place, but as the road was now straight we kept going at about twenty-five miles an hour, which was all right enough, because there was the same condition ahead of the Roynton, which moved two cars before us in the long line.

Suddenly this line swerved to the right round an abrupt turn; a gate loomed before us as we made the unexpected curve on two wheels. I caught sight of a motor policeman, cap in hand, standing by the gate, and then the cars ahead began to slow down and stop. We stopped and once again dear Lionel and I exchanged a bewildered glance.

We were in a cemetery.

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FUNNY FINGERS

By Maxwell Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

SQUATTING a moment on the window sill De Nutter grinned and tightened the buckle of his right sandal. As he dropped to the ground his chuckle of confidence was audible. He had put over his first attempt at burglary—put it over while two servants were in the house. It had been very simple; it would be profitable. Two steps took him across the fringe of flower bed to the gravel path which led to the gate onto the street a hundred feet away. Better to be seen going out boldly, if anyone chanced to be passing, than to go skulking. He was not concerned about the servants; their laughter had sounded from the rear of the house downstairs as he had departed.

In a trousers pocket he fingered the half dozen glass beads and the little bottle which once had contained the kohl that had darkened the eyes of an Egyptian princess. His coat bulged where he held beneath it a Byzantine tumbler.

The small bottlelike vase and the tumbler really were extras in the way of loot. He had not gone after these. They represented an inability to resist an itching temptation. The beads were all he had intended to take. But he sighed in regret over the things he had passed up, and indulged in a feeling of righteousness because of the strength of will with which he had refused, though the vase and the tumbler were evidence of a compromise with that righteousness.

There was, for instance, that maddening blue-black copy of the famous Portland vase—a copy made by Josiah Wedgwood when the original was discovered in the collection of the Duchess of Portland after her death in 1786—with its delicate white figures and bas-reliefs which are still disputed as portraying the birth and death of Alexander Severus, whose ashes the urn held, or as representing Pluto and Proserpine, or again the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis. The treasures, too, in Venetian crackled glass and milk white and opaque and enameled; and the rare engraved Venetian crestions. Especially had it been hard to keep hands off the delicious works, with their burned-in lead enamels, of the Saracenic art which was stifled when Tamerlane invaded Syria and transported all the glassworkers to Samarkand. And the gems of Roman, Phœnician, French, English, Bohemian, Colonial American craftsmanship. It had required real effort to leave these where they belonged; but De Nutter knew repression and could practice it when caution dictated.

The glare of automobile headlights struck upon him as he passed through the gate. He checked an inclination to shrink back into the shadows, but he did bend his head and half turn away from the light to hide the bulge in his coat. His breath caught as he glanced at his feet. He hoped those in the machine would not notice his odd footgear—the sandals. While the thought was in his mind the light left him as the car passed on to slow and turn into the drive at the next house.

De Nutter moved more briskly, thankful that he had harked to discretion and therefore had not helped himself liberally from the magnificent collection of antique glass in the house he had just left. Had he been heavily encumbered he probably would have engendered suspicion, since someone after all had seen him departing. He had the beads that had impelled him to burglary. These alone would suffice to pay him for the risk. Besides, he had the Hedwig glass and the jasper-red kohl bottle with its Nile-blue and pale-buff curved chevrons.

De Nutter got unhurriedly into the roadster which he had brought impudently to the curb on his mission of burglary. In scheming the burglary he had proceeded on the conviction that the more openly he went about it the less likely would he be to attract attention. Who would suspect a man that drove up to the front door in an automobile?

"You've Lost What Nerve You Had, Betty—It's Gone"

Preferably he would have hired a professional housebreaker—the devious range of his acquaintance would have made that easy—but this had not been a matter of raking into a bag whatever looked valuable. It had been a job calling for an expert, this selection of the half dozen beads. He could, of course, have instructed a hired burglar to garner all the beads in the collection, but De Nutter had feared a professional would not stop there. The plate and trinkets in the house would have proved too much for a plain thief. And silver frequently was traced before it reached the melting pot.

That was what had made De Nutter take the chance himself. Suppose the burglar had helped himself to the ordinary articles of loot, had been arrested through their disposal and had talked to save his own skin?

Starting the car De Nutter slid at easy pace through the autumn evening to descend the steep ways from this highest of the residenced hills in Westchester County close by the New York City line. Ten minutes and he was mingling with the stream of automobiles on Broadway and passing within the city limits.

A layman wouldn't think much of De Nutter's plunder. The beads about which he was so highly elated might amuse a child for a while, but they would go into the discard any time if the choice were given of some wonder from the counters of a five-and-ten-cent store. A woman could be expected to murmur with pleasure at their coloring, the Stygian blue to palest turquoise with zigzags of yellow and red, but she wouldn't go frantic over them. A man probably would grunt, nod, say "Pretty" or something like that, and push them aside to make room for an ash tray.

They were like that, these beads, to ordinary folk; and likely would not hold much greater appeal to anyone not an enthusiast even though it were stated that they dated back as far as the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, about two thousand years before Christ, or that the exquisitely blended one had belonged to Queen Hatasu of the Eighteenth Dynasty, 1500 B. C., and by its hieroglyphs related that this queen was "beloved of the Goddess Hathor." To De Nutter, however, the history of the colored bits of glass meant much, since it had roused the covetousness which had brought him his commission and incited him to burglary.

De Nutter was a scout and procurer in the world of antiques. He was not a dealer; he carried no stock, had no headquarters but his studio apartment. He hunted for and obtained whatever someone else wanted. And though as a rule he was careful, he was not too scrupulous in the manner in which he filled orders.

In a business like antiques, so susceptible to chicanery, there was wide and profitable play for his knowledge—he had been an assistant antiquary in a national museum—and his talent in rooting out longed-for treasures. Nor did all his commissions come from shady sources; there were times when even the most reputable agents called upon him for help—no questions asked—to fill the need of some insistent collector.

The demand for the early Egyptian beads had come from an ardent spirit who lacked these few to complete a collection embracing every period unearthed. Outside of museums the desired beads were practically unavailable. John T. Cumerford, whose collection De Nutter had robbed, had been offered fabulous prices for the Queen Hatasu bead and the five others but had refused to sell. So had the two other individuals who possessed the like of the baubles wanted, with the exception of that which had belonged to the queen.

As a last resort, to satisfy the importunate client, the dealer had called upon De Nutter, given him the names of the three who had the coveted beads, and told him to use his own judgment. Particularly, it was impressed, the inscribed Hatasu bead was desired. For it ten thousand dollars would be paid; the others would be bought for five thousand apiece. The money would be split 60-40, De Nutter getting the three-fifths.

The dealer's cut was big not because he had obtained the commission but because it would devolve upon him to bring the stolen relics to light again with enough plausibility to permit their new owner to display them in his cases. This could be done by having a research party amid the ruins of ancient Egypt discover these selfsame bits of colored glass with others of lesser luster. There probably would be trouble over the Hatasu bead, but its absolute identity could be clouded by the addition of some hieroglyph without interfering with the original inscription.

Such was the problem to which De Nutter had applied his energy and cunning; which now, as he swung his car from Broadway into Van Cortlandt Park, he flattered himself that he had carried out with considerable daring and skill.

Out of the traffic he halted in a byway of the park and changed the sandals on his feet for ordinary shoes. The idea that had caused him to wear the sandals had been a stroke of genius, he felt, but now their purpose was served and he did not fancy being conspicuous by returning to his apartment in the city with such odd footgear.

An hour later, having traversed the park and continued down through the Bronx to Manhattan, he garaged his car and went on afoot to Irving Place close by Gramercy Park. He called at the apartment of a young woman he employed sometimes.

"Take care of these, Betty," he enjoined without preliminary, dropping the beads and the kohl bottle into the

Hedwig glass and handing the lot to her. "I'll want them back in a couple of weeks."

"But why"—Betty Winstead, who was known in village circles as a dilettante artist of sorts, looked at him with puzzled brows—"why not get rid of them at once? Turn them over to the man who ordered them."

"Because he won't take them," explained De Nutter. He grinned. "That was his only stipulation; he won't even look at this layout until the police have quieted down. Cumerford will make them go after this job hard, you know. They'll be scouring every antique shop within twenty-four hours. They'll be looking for everybody who ever had anything to do with antiques; including"—he bowed sarcastically—"yours truly."

Miss Winstead weighed the heavy Byzantine tumbler thoughtfully. She recognized it as a Wedgwood copy, and she knew also the value of its contents because De Nutter had given a hint when he had asked her to be at home this night. She understood that he would be generous for any help she gave him. But she had an undefinable uneasiness against taking part in the burglarious deal.

"I wish it wasn't necessary to leave them here," she demurred. "You admit that you expect the police to canvass you as well as the others. What if they extend the inquiry to your friends on the theory that you might have done just this—passed the stuff along!"

De Nutter dropped into a chair and crossed his long legs lazily. Lighting a cigarette he contemplated Miss Winstead through the smoke. This was the first time he had involved her in anything legally crooked, though she had assisted in several doubtful transactions. He thought he knew how to reach her.

"You're getting cold feet, Betty," he challenged with an adroit contempt. A hardening at the corners of her mouth told that he had attacked from the proper angle. "If there was any danger, do you think I'd leave myself open? Don't you suppose I'd have sense enough to bury that junk so deep that they'd have to dig through to China to get it—if I thought there was any chance of the job being brought close to me? But if it will hearten you any I'll tell you that I left 'em a first-class working clew that'll send 'em a thousand miles from me." He laughed and rolled his head backward, squinting at her from slitted eyes. "You've lost what nerve you had, Betty—it's gone."

Betty Winstead frowned two unbecoming wrinkles. She did not like being told that she lacked nerve. Her eyes remained shadowy, doubtful, but she smiled. She conceded that he would not keep the loot near him or place it where it readily could be connected with him if there was real danger.

"All right," she agreed briefly.

She examined the thick, dark-colored Hedwig glass with its imposing figures, deeply cut on a wheel, standing out in high relief. She wondered where she could conceal it, whether she should conceal it.

De Nutter rose to depart. He tapped the tumbler in her hand.

"There are only six like that in existence," he volunteered, and added with a chortle: "So if you happen to be short of glasses when some of the crowd drop in don't serve beer in it!"

Had this been a man you would have called it a grin. Men and cats grin; but certainly women smile. Julia Sinclair, then, smiled, with a trace of amused malice, into the telephone.

"It will cost ——" She hesitated, and this time it could be classed as nothing but a grin. The situation was funny. "If I am successful, Miss Cumerford, I shall expect to be well paid."

"Yes, yes." Miss Cumerford spoke with restraint. She had observed and understood Miss Sinclair's general intonation. "My father is willing to pay—well, as you put it. He treasures very much the articles stolen from his collection. It was my suggestion that you be asked to interest yourself."

The last sentence came grudgingly, half defiantly, and Julia laughed silently. Her initial meeting with Miss Cumerford had been unfortunate; Miss Cumerford had made it so. It had come soon after Julia's adventure in the affair of Mrs. Garrett-Welden's diamonds and Miss Cumerford therefore had been inclined to regard her with disapproval. When shortly they met again Miss Cumerford had been unable to recall the earlier introduction, though finally she had done so with rising brows and an offish remark that, of course, she remembered. "Who could forget Miss Sinclair—The Opportunist they call you, do they not?—who becomes so strangely involved in such awful crimes!"

At their third meeting Julia had taken pleasure in failing to place Miss Cumerford, and during an hour in the same drawing-room had emphasized the failure to be impressed by addressing her variously as Cummings, Mumford, Ford, and everything but Cumerford. A few days later they had snubbed one another on the Avenue.

Wherefore Julia laughed because here was the same Miss Cumerford within a month coming to her begging favor. And it heightened Julia's amusement that Miss Cumerford should be bringing Opportunity to her door. She was being appealed to now in the rôle of consultant, whereas she was accustomed to watching for straws drifting in the wind which might give her chance to use with profit the peculiar powers of observation that had afforded her a fruitful but uncertain living for the past several years.

(Continued on Page 87)

"I Knew It!" Bill Exploded. "Didn't I Tell You," He Glared at Cumerford, "That This Dame Would——"

CANNING OUR VOICES

By Kathleen Howard

My dear Miss Howard: Will you sing and record *Connais tu le pays* in French for us on such and such a day? Awaiting your reply, I am, Yours very sincerely,

_____,

Recording Manager.

THAT starts it all. You do not rest till you look up *Connais tu* and hum it over in its original key to refresh your memory as to the range. As soon as you get enough time to yourself you begin to try it over, imagining yourself in front of the horn.

The diction is, of course, of paramount importance and I always go over it many times, analyzing the different sounds and the placing of the strong consonants and vowels. I cannot tell how other singers prepare for the horn, I only know what I do myself.

Then I sing it over, using the same quality of tone from start to finish, equalizing the volume, making it almost like a following violin tone. Until I have recorded it I keep this mental picture of the selection in my mind. I always memorize every song I sing. Sometimes, if I have much other work in my mind at the same time, I copy out the words and keep them before my eyes in recording; but I do not like to have to depend on the printed music or words at the time of recording but be perfectly free to give my entire forces to the interpretation of the song.

The aria must be carefully timed. For a twelve-inch record it must be about three and a half minutes in length and for a ten-inch something less than that.

Sometimes I work many hours on a song the company desires recorded and finally decide that some other singer could do it better, make it more popular in appeal or grasp its style better. Then we discuss and change and my suggestions are courteously considered. We discuss: Shall we have a violin or cello obbligato? This is a popular form of record and to my mind a very good one. But the union charges more for solo work, and such things must be considered in the cost of a record.

At last the day set for recording arrives. It is usually in my case in the afternoon, so that we can do two selections. Also, big voices generally are inclined to be sluggish in the morning and we prefer the afternoon.

I arrive at the recording rooms, fatally punctual as usual. The singer before me is still recording. Her last effort is being heard critically by the orchestra leader and recording master. The orchestra men are sitting round in their shirt sleeves in the anteroom, smoking hard. Through their clouds of cigarette smoke are dimly seen the "Positively No Smoking" signs. They know that a sensitive throat is often affected by heavy cigar smoke, and so rarely indulge in that luxury.

A Recent Photograph of Madame Howard

From the room beyond—the recording room—I hear a Jewish wail, marvelously reproduced in the machine, "*Elli! Elli!*" The girl's chest voice is carried up to middle C, in defiance of vocal methods, but it suits perfectly the anguished lament. The sob in her voice, the Oriental emotion in her typically Hebraic tone quality wail and suffer with the bitter cry for help that she is voicing. You feel yourself miles away from New York and amid swaying cloak-clad figures beside some sunny wall in Palestine. With a last nasal cry of desolation the voice stops.

"Good!" I think. "My turn now."

All Set for the Horn

NOT at all. Apparently they are not satisfied. The orchestra is called back and I hear the girl herself repeating the phrases I have just heard from the machine. After three or four repetitions she comes out—a typical Russian Jewess, pale, with something mystic in her eyes belied by her smart clothes and general ready-made air.

"All right, Miss Howard!"

I have grown a bit keyed up by waiting—always to me one of the most trying incidents of life—and go gladly to the slaughter.

"Mi, mi," I hum a bit. Yes, the voice is still up—that is, still resonant and as I left it after my careful morning practice.

I enter the warm room. It must be kept warm because of the wax used for recording, and of course the windows are closed.

Some companies record in a big, resonant, empty room; some in one planned to dull all extra sound vibrations. As for myself, I welcome the big vibrating emptiness. It helps your record, helps you on big notes when you sway back from the horn and all the air waves pulsate with your voice. It is better, I am told, to use a big, pulsating tone on high notes, warm and resonant, and step back from the horn, so that its intensity shall not make a blast, than to use a smaller, less vibrant quality close to the horn.

For me a record fails utterly that flutes gently and vaguely through a selection. Give me the punch and—if I may say so—guts of a Caruso record.

The orchestra is grouped round you. It is small, of course, and varies in size—from twelve to twenty men, say. There are some strings, a saxophone possibly, trombones, horns, cornets, oboe, different wood-winds and flute. Sometimes the violin has a queer metal horn attached to its side. This focuses a brilliant tone on the recording horn and allows the violinist to stand farther back.

All the men are on different levels. Some stand on blocks and little platforms, some sit on stools of different heights and built-up chairs. All are movable and can be adjusted and readjusted with ease. Their music is suspended from a network of cords and wires near the ceiling—a little sheet in front of each man's eyes. The men climb up, shuffling their feet and shoving their wooden stands about. The trombones are pushed back, the strings forward.

The flute is to play an obbligato close to my ear and is extremely afraid that I will not let him come within recording distance of the horn for his solo work.

I reassure him and win a smile. We all must record into that one horn somehow or other, and it is a finely balanced affair, requiring much nice adjusting to enable us to do so.

The orchestra talks about anything but the job on hand.

"Say, our show"—meaning the musical comedy where he plays in the evening—"is some work. Never stops playing from eight-forty-five till eleven. And that fi-nally! Gee whiz, it just about wears you out!"

"Seen Bill's new show?"

"Zsyxrmp mushwimph rrampjkby."

This from the trombone player to the saxophone—confidentially.

"Schlumpfsky," responds the other laconically; and they've got you—one of the ones you don't speak.

The orchestra leader taps his baton after the music is distributed and they begin to rehearse. They try it through once. A mistake or two in the notes—groans and whistles of disgust. It is corrected. They try again. The maestro stands way above you, facing you, his eyes on the orchestra and you. He is behind and a little to one side of the horn.

"All ready?"

A fresh wax is put in place, everything looked at carefully—yes, all is ready. A moment of absolute silence, only the whir-r-r-r-r of the machine is heard. The needle is put on the wax, lifted from it, put carefully back again. Then if the cut is just right—that is, the curling spiral of a wax hair begins leaving the surface where the needle travels delicately over it—the assistant recorder holds up his hand, whir-r-r-r-r goes the machine, and we are off. The attack is perhaps a bit ragged at first.

I stand close to a suspended zinc horn coming from the machine, shaped like a funnel. I must stand with one foot in front of the other, ready to sway back or forward at will. The orchestra is thickly clustered behind me and if I sway too much to right or left or too far backward I bump a violin bow or a bit of music sweeps my hair.

The flute has the air in the introduction, so I yield him my place close to the horn and either duck down out of his way or step noiselessly to one side.

I must get back on my beat in a perfect singing position, soundlessly and ready to make a perfect attack.

I begin *Connais tu le pays*. My whole effort is to use an unrestricted floating tone, singing as easily as possible—it is fatally easy to tighten in front of the horn—paying great attention to the enunciation. We go on swimmingly:

"*Le pays des fruit d'or*
et des roses vermeilles."

The orchestra does not follow me exactly and I resolve to ask a moment's leniency on "*sous un ciel toujours bleu*" to bring out the "s's," and the "t" in "*toujours.*"

The orchestra seems to be playing too loud, covering my words no matter how carefully I pronounce. I try to sign this to the leader with my eyes and hands, without moving my position in the least in front of the horn.

He doesn't understand. He thinks I mean to go slower, so I nod the tempo slightly. This is only the first time of trying it, and ten to one it will not be satisfactory, so the strain is not so great as when you know you are making a master, or matrix, from which the record will be cast, and you feel you may allow yourself liberties in indicating tempo, and so on.

The Wrong Time for Comments

WE GO on to the end. A silence, while the machine whir-r-r-rs a band of fine lines as a selvage to your ribbon of song. Sometimes a singer will forget this pause and remark loudly, "That was pretty good, don't you think?" which is, of course, instantly recorded on the faithful wax, spoiling an otherwise good record.

An excitable Italian was once recording and was not quite satisfied with the sounds coming from the instruments behind him. He turned like lightning and whispered some sibilant command, back to the horn for his own phrase, and round again to someone in the orchestra with a penetrating direction. When the record was played for him he was horrified to hear all this issuing from the horn, and confessed with a crestfallen air that he thought only music would record.

At the close of a test the machine is stopped and the director climbs down from his box to hear the record.

He says, perhaps to the trombone, "Those notes um—ba—um—ba must be more sustained"; or, "What did you play, cornet, in the fifth bar from the end?" and so forth.

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The Musical Recording Angel

By RUTH MILLER

CRITICS," once declared an eccentric pianist flatly, "are a canaille—a set of villainous rascals. I never read what they write. What harm can they do my genius? What care I so long as my mere name suffices to attract the people? The people adore me. To them I am a god. What have I to fear from critics?"

This is a representative and delightfully illuminating example of the sort of opinion entertained by musicians concerning that small and distinguished body of men known as the professional music critics when the grapes are sour. And into the life of every musician, be he the most petted and pampered idol, there comes a time when that coveted fruit partakes of a certain acidity. It is true that the disgruntled artist is seldom so frank—at least not for publication—but when his performance, his cherished art, is the object of adverse comment by some low hireling of the capitalistic press our opening paragraph is a very fair sample of his private opinion, whether it is publicly expressed or not. But if perchance the reporting of his artistic efforts takes on a more favorable tinge then he tells a different story. You may hear this erstwhile peevish soul chuckling and congratulating himself on having found at last a man on a newspaper who understands and appreciates real musical worth.

Gall and Wormwood to Critics

BUT consider whether the more prosaic people—for instance, the discoverer of a tooth paste or the originator of a peculiarly flavored chewing gum—can bear with equanimity adverse criticism of their handiwork before we condemn the artist's attitude as a childish and ridiculously prejudiced one; before we dismiss it as conceited effervescing of a profession notorious for its temperamental qualities. It is to be doubted if anyone would consider chewing gum an excuse for artistic temperament, even when masticated by an alluring and petite blonde; but it may be stated with impunity that in case the perfection of any particular brand of chicle product were slurred in print by some total stranger, its wrathful originator would put to entire shame with his few brief and well-chosen remarks the most virulent tirade of any discredited musician.

Then the artist generally has this on his side: There is just enough truth in his exotic declaration of independence of newspaper scribblers to make it bitter gall and wormwood to the gentle reviewers of music. For it is so obvious a fact as to be a truism that there are a scant half dozen musicians whose hold on the public is so strong, whose hypnotic personality has enthralled audiences for so long, that they have created a following whose loyalty could not be swerved by even a deliberate campaign on the part of the music critics—if one could imagine such a highly improbable and far-fetched proceeding. The magic spell which they have woven with their music is so powerful that a few printed lines from the pens of some dozen music cynics could never break it.

But these artists are so rare that with the exception of a passing mention they have no place in this article. It is such a generally accepted fact that the making or breaking of music and musicians lies in the hands of the score of music critics on the big dailies; it is such common knowledge in the musical profession that their influence is so far-reaching and powerful that the aspirants to a career as concert artists pay out every year in the three or four great cities of America thousands of dollars on giving concerts in the hope that they will receive a scant two or three complimentary lines from these men which they may use in their subsequent advertising.

After the New York concert of a musical débutante one may pick up any one of the many musical journals which are devoted to hawking the wares of musicians and discover a conspicuously flamboyant half page or page advertisement of this particular embryo sensation, and above her carefully posed picture with the determinedly soulful eyes will be the lines: Tremendous Sensation Scored by Young Singer in New York Recital. Alva Missozza Eulogized by the Press.

Her name was probably Jones before she had the orthographic brain storm.

Below the photographic insult one may find two or three lines taken from the different big dailies that read something like this:

Miss Alva Missozza was heard yesterday for the first time. She is the possessor of a soprano voice of fairly sympathetic quality and has an attractive stage presence. —N. Y. Times.

A new singer, Miss Alva Missozza, possessing a small but rather sweet voice, was heard yesterday afternoon in Æolian Hall.—N. Y. Tribune.

Miss Alva Missozza has a charming personality and is the possessor of a clear soprano voice which she used with considerable skill.—N. Y. World.

Nobody knows with the exception of Alva herself just what was in the rest of those criticisms. And it is such a common practice for musicians to edit their criticisms personally that no one ever thinks anything about it—least of all the men who wrote them in the first place. Besides, it is generally understood that a week is the limit that any critic remembers just what he has written or that he has written anything at all about the average musical débutante.

Now some manager of a concert series out in Sassafras, Nebraska, reads that blurb in that musical journal and forthwith writes to Miss Alva offering her one hundred dollars to give a program under her auspices, provided Alva will pay her own expenses and her accompanist's fee. You can figure it out yourself, if you know anything at all about the railroad rates for the round trip between anywhere in Nebraska and New York, the cost and upkeep of feminine wearing apparel, the probable fee and expenses of a reliable accompanist, if you care to know, just how much that Sassafras concert is going to set Alva back financially. Generally the manager explains in her letter that she cannot afford to pay more because she has to pay Private Mudfry, who either never got overseas or who did all his fighting shoveling dirt in a concentration camp in France—which no one will deny generally takes more real patriotism than any other kind of warfare—one thousand dollars for his inspiring lecture on French Motherhood and the War, and she hopes that the advertising which Miss Alva will receive from her appearance on the Sassafras series will take the place of a larger compensation.

Ambition on the Warpath

AS ALVA has probably expended between twenty and thirty thousand dollars already on this career of hers and has really set her teeth into it, determined to make the pinnacle of fame or bust, she generally does not quibble about the extra railroad fare. Of course it is understood that if Alva had not been an American artist masquerading under this pitifully transparent garbled foreign name, if she had just been a Russian Pole or an Austrian Turk, that Sassafras manager most probably would have pleaded for the privilege of paying her six or even eight hundred for a concert and all expenses thrown in. So Alva packs her fitted-out suitcase that was the delirious gift of a worshiping aunt and hies herself to Sassafras to set the world on fire.

Once a cheerful newspaper man, a clever enough writer, but a cipher as a musician, in a moment of mental aberration took the post of music critic on one of the big dailies. Naturally, he discovered in time this practice of giving concerts in order to obtain the approval of the big-city critics. This delightful soul—being entirely devoid of that organ commonly known as a heart and knowing nothing and caring less about the underground diplomacy connected with the profession of music—took a vicious delight

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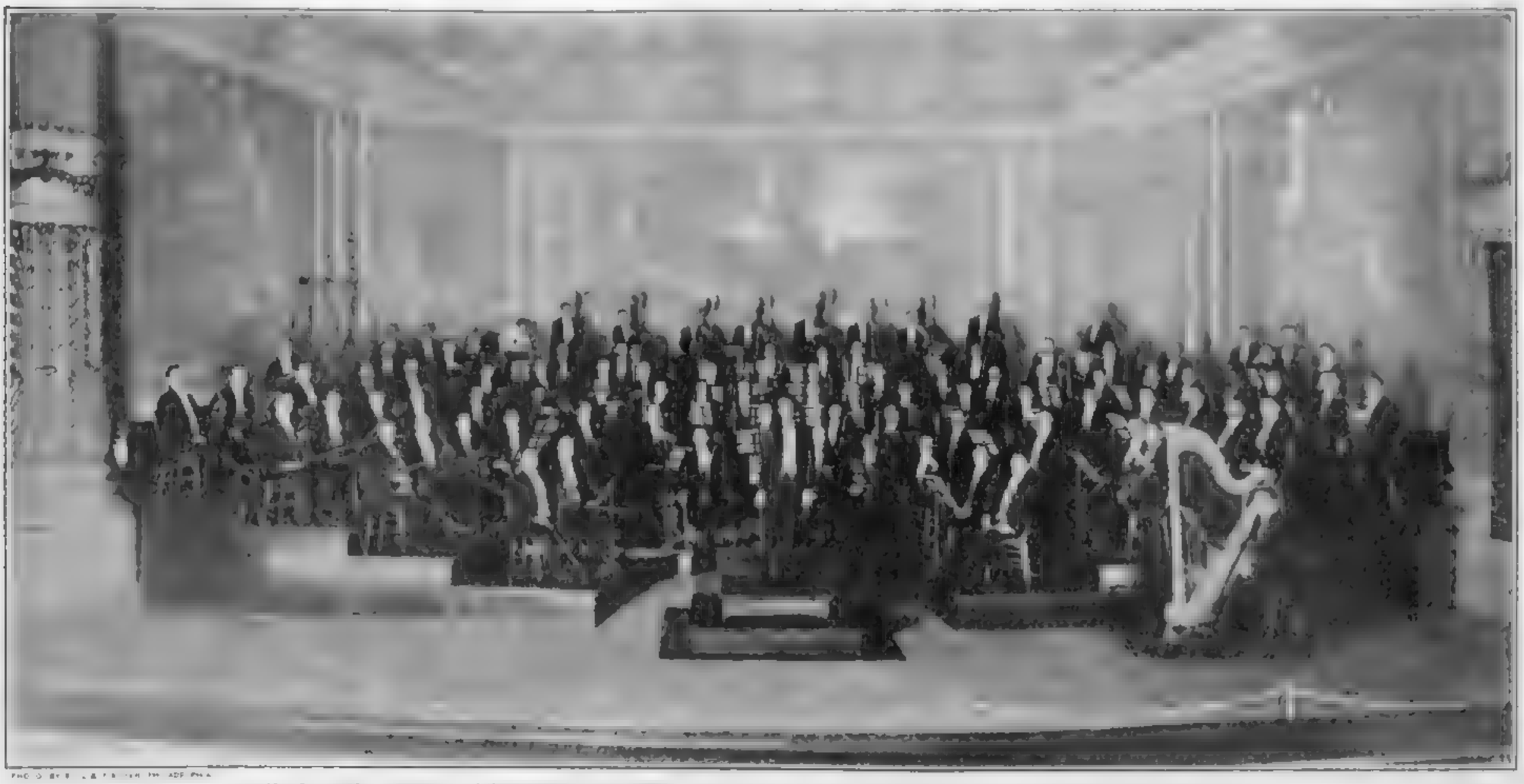
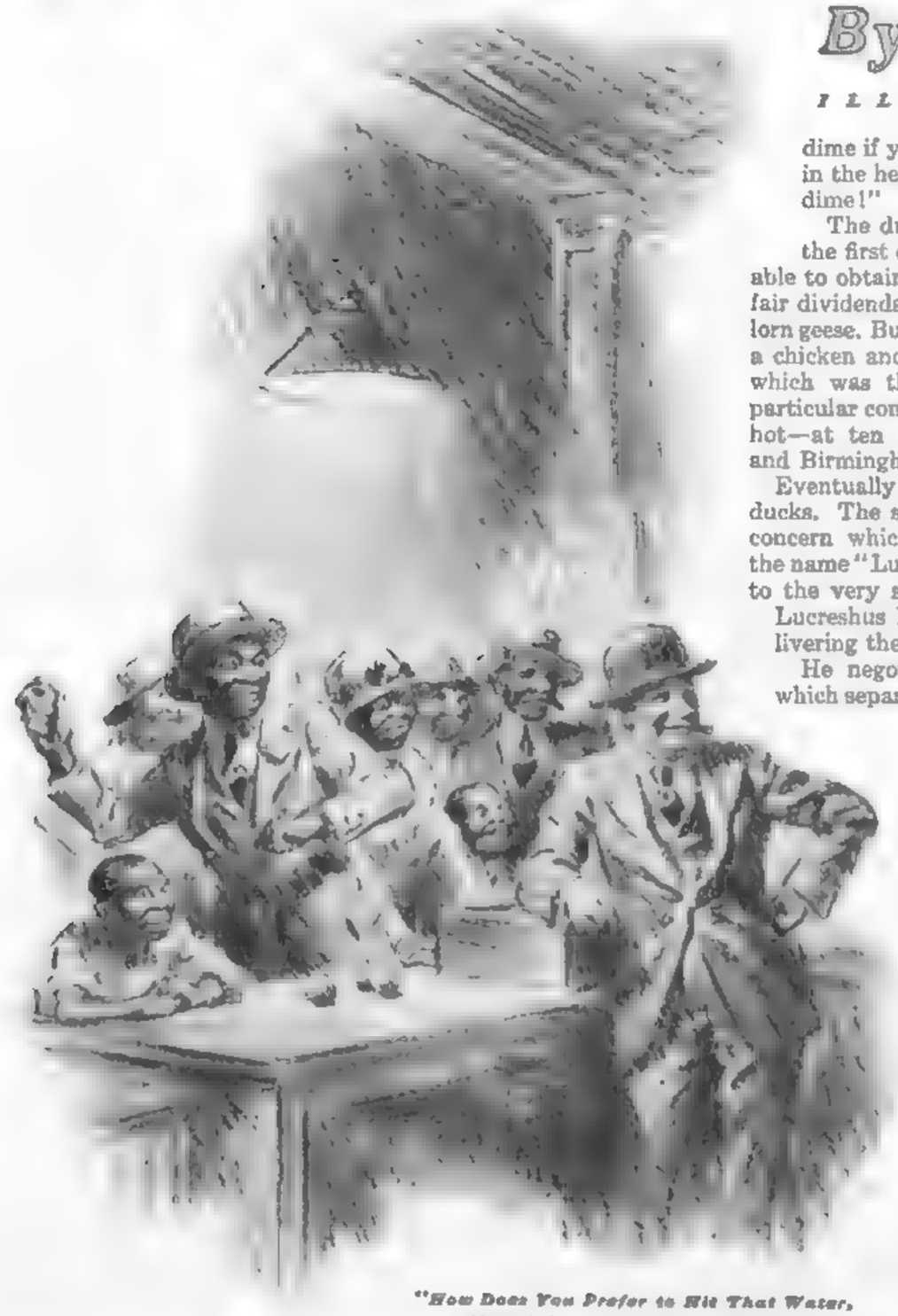


Mr. Leopold Stokowski and Members of the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Foremost Organization of its Kind in This Country

The Survival of the Fattest

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



"How Does You Prefer to Hit That Water, Mistuh Mabry, Sittin' or Lyin'?"

LUCRESHUS MABRY threw back his head and proclaimed to the world in a seedy barytone that he was always blowing bubbles:

They fly so high,
Might' nigh tech the sky;
Then like a dream
They bust an' die.

The front wheels of the delivery truck which he was piloting collided violently with an excessively large rock and the car slewed drunkenly. The seven crates of ducks comprising the passenger list set up a unanimous quackery of protest. Lucreshus righted the car with a deft twist of the steering wheel and shook his head: "Might' nigh busted an' died my ownse'f that time."

The road curved sharply to the right and Lucreshus crossed three seconds ahead of a New Orleans express. He grinned cheerfully. "Lucreshus Mabry," he mused, "luck sho' ain't ag'in you to-day. That N'Yawlins train sho' thought they was gwine be one mo' cullud angel answerin' the call on high."

But the narrow escape had caused a slight let-down in the Mabrian exuberance. No more did the raucous barytone split the clear warm air of the June morning. Lucreshus gave himself over to the business of driving his truck. He had been assigned to chaperon seven crates of ducks from Birmingham to Bessemer, and he entertained no overwhelming desire to become a corpse en route.

As for the ducks, they were blissfully ignorant of the fate in store for them. The morning was pleasant and the road generally good. What the ducks did not know was that a street fair had appeared in Bessemer the previous day and that they were destined for the sacrificial altar at one of the many raffling wheels.

The duck idea was always popular: "Three chances for ten cents, gents and ladies. You gives me your dime and I gives you a ticket containing three numbers. Then I gives the little wheel a spin and somebody wins a fine live duck for ten cents. Think of it, gents and ladies—a fine roast duck for a dime! One little thin dime. A Canadian dime if you insist. Knock the old H. C. of L. in the head and watch it duck. A duck for a dime!"

The duck man had a good concession. On the first day of the street fair he had been unable to obtain ducks and had managed to return fair dividends to himself with chickens and a few lorn geese. But a duck has infinitely more class than a chicken and is better understood than a goose, which was the reason why the owner of that particular concession had kept the telephone wires hot—at ten cents per heat—between Bessemer and Birmingham.

Eventually he swung a deal for seven crates of ducks. The selling firm was that Morris Avenue concern which claimed distinction by reason of the name "Lucreshus Mabry" on its pay roll. And to the very stout colorado-maduro complexioned Lucreshus had been intrusted the task of delivering the ducks before ten-thirty A. M.

He negotiated the thirteen merciful miles which separate the first and fourth cities of Alabama in slightly less than fifty minutes, narrowly avoided extinction by an argument with a Jonesboro street car and swung at length into the broad street which pridefully displayed the street fair.

He brought his truck to a full stop and stared reminiscently at the double row of once-white tents—nickel-snatching devices and aristocratic two-bit attractions.

Spread out before him were the Wor-ruld Famous Divin' Girls; The Wild West Dance Hall, You pays a nickel and you dances with the lady which you chooses; The Old Plantation Minstrels; The Wild West Show; The Only Original Hula Dancers, now also doing the shimmy; The Monkey Speedway; The Miniature City; The Motordrome; and, last and wealthiest, the score of booths where everything from kewpies to ducks was raffled.

Lucreshus remembered. Far back in the dim and distant past when he had been very small and very colored and very jobless, he had worked for five hectic months with a street-fair concession. His task had been to sit on a tiny platform which was suspended by an upright over a tub of cold and extremely wet water. There was a net in front of him and before the net a target which was connected by a trigger arrangement to the platform on which little Lucreshus sat. Thirty feet distant was a box, and in that box two score cheap baseballs. The price was a nickel—for three shots; the technic difficult but satisfying. It was merely a case of throwing with sufficient accuracy. That done, and the target hit, the trigger worked and Lucreshus was precipitated into the icy shallows below.

It was a fine thing—for the owner of the concession and the person heaving the baseballs. To Lucreshus it had brought no surge of ecstasy and but very little more than three meals a day. But it did bring him pneumonia. He stood for that, but when shortly after his recovery they played Anniston and the net split wide open and a ball caressed him in the eye Lucreshus struck.

His strike was successful. He retired permanently from the street-fair profession. So it was that when the fair passed on to Rome, Georgia, Lucreshus borrowed a ride in an otherwise empty box car and migrated to Birmingham.

And there he had since remained, time mellowing the recollection of his watery trials and tribulations and affording him no little distinction and a considerable fund of reminiscence as he made his way upward.

He was now most decidedly a man of parts, a dark-brown individual of acute dignity, social ease, sporting proclivities, ample girth and matrimonial tendencies. Attainment of position had come only after years of patient labor, but there is no denying a man with the quality of persistence demonstrated by Lucreshus in holding a job with a single firm for five years; and who, with such professional stability, carried sufficient cunning in the fingers of his right hand to roll sevens with uplifting and chronic frequency.

And until very recently Lucreshus had been hot on the trail of an ultimate social triumph. He laid ardent and almost successful court to Miss Zinnia Sanders, and until the arrival on the scene of the loungy languid Angel Nash ——

Lucreshus sighed ponderously and brought himself back to the task in hand. Immediately in his rear seven crates of ducks quacked volubly for attention. Lucreshus alighted and waddled down the midway. He found the duck man without particular trouble, checked over with him the number of prospective duck dinners and received payment in cash. Within a very short time the ducks were unloaded and placed within the raffle booth in preparation for the opening of the fair at two o'clock in the afternoon for the second day of its week's sojourn.

No Answer From Lucreshus. He Awaited the Smack of the Ball Against the Target

At the present moment, however, the street fair lounged in torpid desuetude. Performers, either without make-up or else with entirely too much of it, loafed before their tents swapping gossip which was saturated with a vernacular that Lucreshus thought he had forgotten, but which now came back to him in a pleasurable flood. He remembered his experiences of many years ago. He intercepted a large and burly gentleman who was headed due north and traveling fast.

"Boss man?"

The big fellow paused and eyed the fat and dusky Lucreshus. "What you want?"

"Is you got a baseball-th'owin' concession roun' this heah fair?"

"Yes." The burly one jerked his head in the direction of the far end of the midway. "Down yonder."

Lucreshus rambled heavily down the middle of the street, which municipal authorities had closed to traffic for the week. Every once in a while he paused and reflected.

There were certain things that were startlingly familiar. Of course Lucreshus knew that all traveling street fairs are more or less alike; but there was something about that pink-silk-shirted spot-the-spot man, for instance; and the battered red-and-gold front of The Old Plantation Minstrels.

He reached the end of the midway—and then he knew. His was the beatitude of the successful man who returns to the village of his boyhood and meets the chap who once whipped him; meets him in his natural guise of the village loafer.

For there at the right of the midway was the very same platform upon which Lucreshus had sat many years before; the platform which had fallen before the onslaughts of light baseballs in good weather and bad, in hot weather and cold. And loafing by its side perusing a thumbed copy of a large trade paper was Al Rossler.

It was the same old concession, and yet it was different. The tank was larger and wetter; the counter had been painted a bilious green and decorated with gold and silver. But the net—the same hole was there; the very hole through which had shot the ball that had expunged Lucreshus from the roster of the carnival. Of course there was a patch over the hole, and a good many patches elsewhere, but even at that the years had treated it more kindly than Al Rossler.

Al was paunchier, and though the diamond in his ring was larger and the silk of his fiery shirt of more substantial texture, Lucreshus felt a sense of superiority. Even so he had a fondness for his old employer. Al Rossler—big, bluff, good-natured Al—had an uncanny understanding of his dusky brethren and it was with real pleasure that he greeted his ex-employee.

For half an hour they retrospected violently; two old showmen come together again.

Lucreshus told of the affluence and prestige that had come to him along with his substantial embonpoint, and Mr. Rossler confessed that he was becoming fairly well fixed in this world's goods.

"Where you is been showin' at right recint, Mistuh Rossler?"

Rossler checked off. "Ensley last week, Gadsden the week before, Chattanooga before that. And just before going to Chattanooga we had a wonderful three weeks in Knoxville."

"Knoxville?" Lucreshus chuckled. "I is heahin' a-plenty bouten Knoxville right recint."

"How is that?"

"The cullud ball team from Knoxville is playin' in Bummin'ham now. I is gwine win a heap of money outen this series."

"Betting on the Birmingham team?"

"You done said it, boss. We is got the bestes' cullud team which they is in the South. We win yestiddy's game one to nothin' in 'leven innin's."

Mr. Rossler laughed in good-natured derision. "I was in Knoxville for three weeks, Luke ——",

"They calls me Lucreshus now, Mistuh Rossler."

The white man's face remained impassive. "I was there for three weeks, Lucreshus; and I saw two series of games played by the Knoxville team. They beat Nashville and won two out of five from Atlanta. Atlanta beat the Birmingham team three out of four ——"

"We is a'ready win the fust game of the series from Knoxville, Mistuh Rossler; an' winnin' another one ain't gwine be nothin' on'y chil's play."

"You may be a good truck driver, Luke—er—Lucreshus, but as a dopester you're nix. The Knoxville team lost the series to Atlanta by a fluke. They can beat Birmingham without half trying."

"You ain't know what you is talkin' 'bout, suh. Beatin' teams liken to this Knoxville team is the easiest thing we does."

"You're not willing to bet that way, are you?"

"Ain't I jes'? I is done bet ev'y cent I c'n beg or borry on t'-day's game."

"Better hedge, Lucreshus. You haven't a chance."

"Ain't got a chance to lose! Lis'en heah, boss man. If'n you seen that series betwix' Knoxville an' Atlanta, does you 'member a Atlanta pitcher name Angel Nash? A soht of a lopsided feller with six gol' teeth?"

Rossler laughed. "Nobody could forget him. He's a corker."

Lucreshus looked round cautiously and lowered his voice. "We is got him!"

"Angel Nash?"

"You said it, boss. We hired him bouten two weeks ago to pitch two games outen th'ee ag'in Knoxville. He is be'n practicin' with us sence then. An', b'lieve me, he is got mo' speed 'n a cyclone an' better control 'n a preacher. What he pitches is named baseball. N'r neither he di'n't pitch yestiddy, 'countin' we was savin' him up fo' the last two games. He is gwine twirl t'-day an' t'-morry, an' what we is gwine do to that Knoxville team gwine make 'em feel 'bout as happy as a man drawin' his las' will an' testimony."

Rossler shook his head stubbornly. "A pitcher can't win the game alone. The whole Knoxville team is good. And their new pitcher is even better than Angel Nash."

"Says which?"

"The Knoxville pitcher is even better than Angel Nash."

"Haw!" responded Lucreshus with ponderous sarcasm. "If'n they's any pitcher in the world better 'n Angel, Ise a blushin' blond."

Al Rossler laughed heartily. "Same old Luke, aren't you, Lucreshus? I know this much—I'd like to lay fifty at even on Knoxville for to-day's game."

"Huh! Tha's 'bout the easies' thing which they is."

With a single deft motion Al Rossler produced a bulging wallet, from which he extracted five ten-dollar bills. "Take this with you and place it for me—on Knoxville."

"You ain't in earnes', boss man?"

"I am."

Lucreshus extended a restraining hand. "Don', cap'n; don' go an' do nothin' foolish liken to that. If'n yo' money is jes' nachelly bu'nin' a hold in yo' pocket gimme it. Bettin' agin the team which we is got is bad 'nough, but when we also is got Angel Nash to pitch fo' us this afternoon an' done beat 'em yestiddy 'thouten him—they mus' be sumthin' in the Alabama air, Cap'n Rossler, which is done went to yo' haid."

But Al Rossler was insistent. He had seen the Knoxville colored team play and had unbounded confidence in its powers. In the end he forced Lucreshus to take the money. Lucreshus sighed. "I wish I had 'nough money to cover it my ownse'f."

"Haven't you?"

"Lis'en heah at me, Cap'n Rossler: If'n they's a nickel in all of Bummin'ham which is gittable by me an' which same I ain't done got then I don' know it. An' it's all bet on Bummin'ham to win this afternoon's game. They ain't nary chance to lose. Tha's why I hates to see you th'owin' 'way yo' money liken to this. Now you take me: Gawd knows I hates Angel Nash ——"

"Hate him?"

"You said it; an' I repeats ditto. But he sho'ly is one hell-bendin' pitcher, an' ——"

"Why do you hate Angel Nash?"

"Hm!" Lucreshus' eyes dropped and he traced a design in the dust with a broad-toed shoe. "I soht of got a grudge agin him."

"Why?"

"It's this-away, boss man. He soht of done me dirt. He's went an' cut me out with my gal."

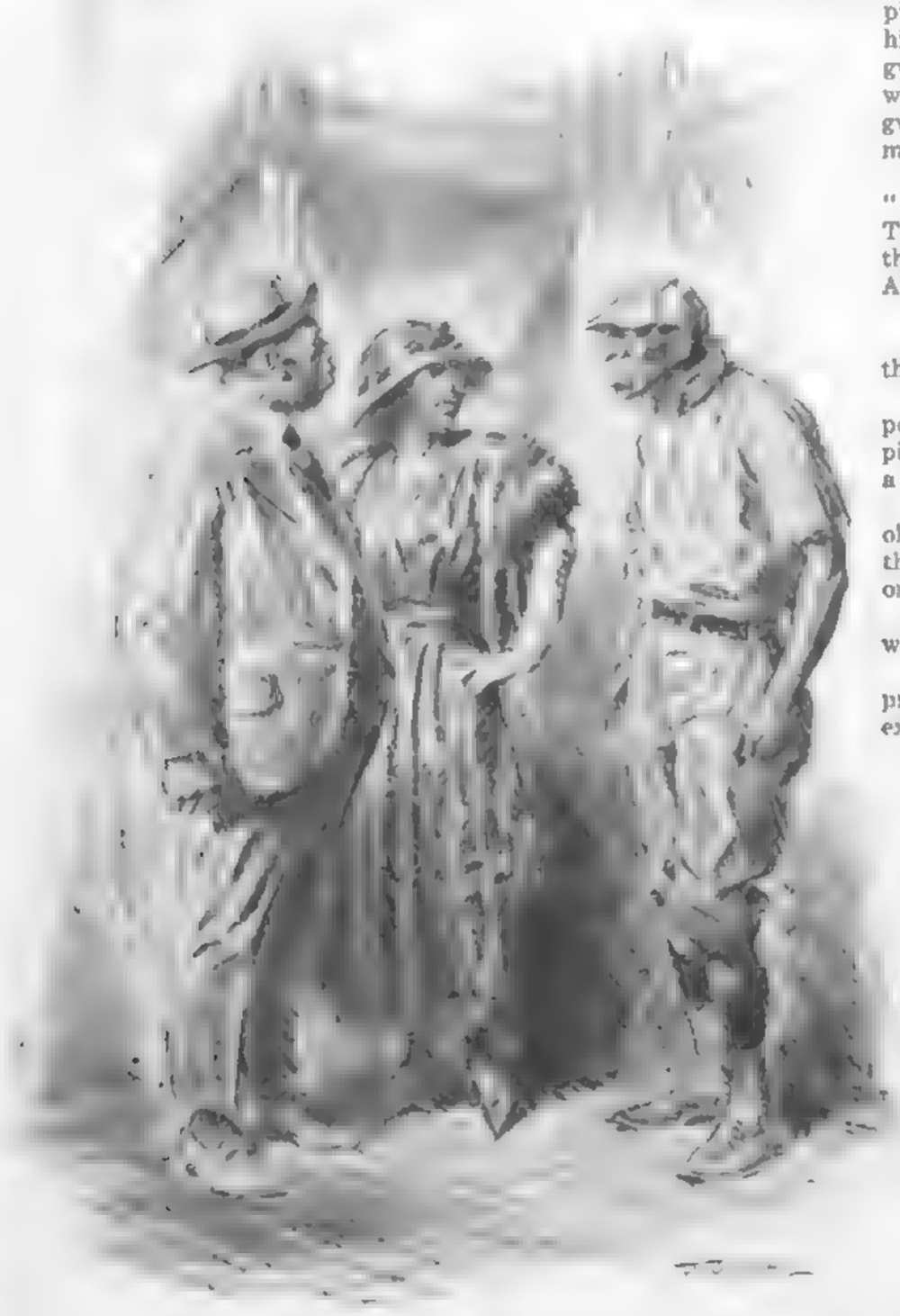
"A-a-ah! A rival of yours?"

"Tha's which. I is almos' but not quite engage' to Miss Zinnia Sanders, which is one of the quality cullud gals of Bummin'ham, an' things is been goin' elegant. Then we goes an' hires Angel Nash to come heah an' pitch fo' us, an' Zinnia remembers she has met him when the Atlanta team was playin' heah an' he was beatin' us. An' what I is tellin' you, Cap'n Rossler, is that my gal Zinnia is one mo' baseball fan. If'n they's a stitch on a baseball's hide she cain't call by its fust name, then I ain't never saw it. If'n she would of been bohn a man she would of been a cullud Ty Cobb. An' with her feelin' liken that 'bouten baseball, what she thinks of a winnin' pitcher like Angel Nash is a-plenty. Specially with me bein' soht of fat.

"Besides an' also, Angel is one of them fellers which is jes' natchelly got a way with wimmin. I b'lieve he could make his ma'-in-law love him if'n he had one an' if'n he was fool 'nough to want to. An' sence he is been practicin' with the Bummin'ham team I ain't had no mo' chance with Zinnia Sanders than what a roastin' pig is got in a nigger's back yard roun' Christmas time. Tha's how come me to love Angel so much like I don't, but it don't go to my haid an' make me foolish. Bettin' on that man to lose is 'bout as safe as stickin' yo haid in a zoo lion's mouth roun' lunch time. So you'd better take this fifty dollars back, boss."

(Continued on Page 141)

"I Gathers, Miss Zinnia, That You Disfavors Mistuh Nash at This Prelickler Momunt?"



"One Mo' Word Liken to That, Mistuh Mabry, an' You Is Gwine to be Ain't!"

The Plight of the Tractions

By Edward Hungerford

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

IF THE big steam railroaders feel that they are completely out of luck these strenuous days they had better turn a wee bit of their attention to their brethren of the trolleys. Such a glance might easily give them the same sort of encouragement that a man walking on a crutch gains when he sees another hopelessly confined to a wheel chair, for the tractions have indeed come to a sad plight. Within a little more than a decade a six-billion-dollar American industry has been reduced from prosperity to genuine beggary. Yesterday it was a commercial lord of creation; to-day it stands, hat in hand, seeking alms.

There is little fear of government ownership in the hearts and minds of the traction men these days; their fear is more apt to be that such a precious boon may yet be denied them. For the shrewdest and most farseeing of these men easily realize that a business which in the past flouted its independence in the face of the nation can hardly be received by that nation with open and welcoming arms simply because it has arrived at days of adversity. It matters not that not one but many traction systems refused to gouge or flout their own particular publics.

As in the steam-railroad situation, the good roads go down with the bad. The average American cannot or will not choose between them, and so indifferently turns his back to all of them. And if he possess a motor car or the opportunity of using a jitney bus he scorns the trolley with its increased fares and its lowered quality of service.

If this were all there were to it this tale would hardly be worth the telling. Unfortunately there is very much more to this extremely complicated traction situation here in the United States to-day. Its ramifications go far and in many diverse directions. They reach into the banks—even into the savings banks and the insurance companies. They touch investment everywhere. Yet this is not all, or even the largest part of the problem.

The Bark Rings of City Growth

IT IS not every man who can have a motor car of his own; not everyone who can command the services of a dependable jitney or motor-bus service. And many hundreds of thousands of Americans grouped in our larger cities remain and must continue to remain in their social and commercial intercourse utterly dependent upon the trolley car. In some of the largest of these communities the very size and the narrowness of their streets preclude any extensive regular use of the motor car, whether privately or publicly owned and operated. Especially is this true of such ancient towns as Boston and New York and Philadelphia, which not only have miles upon miles of narrow and fearfully congested thoroughfares but practically no downtown parking spaces available for the automobiles of their workers.

To cities such as these—and others too—the electric car, whether operated singly or in train multiples upon underground or overhead rapid-transit lines, is as great a necessity as fire protection or water or sewerage, and as a necessity must not only be conserved but operated at the highest degree of possible efficiency. There is no dodging this issue. It may not be pleasant to contemplate giving increased fares or consideration of any sort whatsoever to companies which in the days of their pride and power gave little or no consideration to the communities that they were supposed to serve; yet to deny financial relief invariably means lessened service, which in turn can hardly mean less than a considerable financial loss to the community. It is not a question of the traction man by this time or of the investors behind him—no matter how widely those selfsame investments may be scattered. It is a question of the time and comfort—and pocketbook—of the American community, and so demands attention as a national problem.

Go back with me, if you will for a moment, and consider how most of our big traction systems—particularly those of the larger cities—first came into existence. The rapid development of the electric motor as a cheap and clean and practical method for the propulsion of street cars was responsible for the inception of most of them. The horse-car line had come to the limits of its possibilities. It had enlarged the periphery of the average American town to a radius of three or four miles from its business heart. Beyond that distance—a half hour's ride or more—the average man would not ride regularly in horse cars; and our larger towns—growing continuously all the while—found themselves becoming more and more congested.

The electric car enlarged that periphery. Because of its greater power and speed a man in a half hour might now go five or six or seven miles. Great suburban areas became immediately available for development and the real-estate business began to be a real factor in the average enterprising American town. Indeed one can take almost any of these towns and with a little examination find that it has built itself in three or four great rings, like the bark rings of a tree.

The heart represents convenient walking distance from the center of the community; the first ring that surrounds it, the horse-car distance; the second, trolley distance; and the third and most recent, motor distance. But in each of these instances the time consumed by the average man is hardly more than thirty-five minutes. He is apt to begrudge much more than an hour for daily travel between his home and his place of business.

So it was that the "broomstick trolley," as folks used to like to term it, first worked economic revolution in the land. In some cities the smart managers of the horse-car lines did not hesitate to avail themselves of the new form of traction; in others horse-car lines which were not so smartly managed soon found themselves paralleled by new lines whose cars—cleaner, bigger, swifter and better lighted and heated than theirs—rapidly drew away their traffic. Which meant that in turn even the most conservative and stupid of horse-car lines were forced to adopt electricity as a motive power—at no matter what cost.

In the excitement and confusion of so radical a change in American life the big traction consolidations were born. It was open season for their financial exploitation. The business was young and in its flash era. No one knew just what it cost to operate an electric railroad. Thoughts were not on expenditures but on income. Big money! It was—and still is—a potent phrase. Speculators, the men to whom big money and nothing less is a moving inducement, went into the traction game. They began by buying horse-car lines either directly or by the stuffed-club process of invading and paralleling their territory with trolley roads, and immediately afterward commenced the inevitable process of consolidation.

It was a simple enough process at the outset. And those old-time horse-car lines, individually owned and individually operated, that tried for a time to hold out against it invariably found themselves beaten. The universal transfer was the club over public opinion that the street railroad operators used twenty years ago to force their organization of street transportation monopolies. In after years they were sick unto death of the universal transfer and all that it implied, but that was when they had begun to count its cost.

In those merry days of twenty or twenty-five years ago apparently no one counted costs. Have I not just said that the business was in the flash period of its existence? Replacements of cars and track and power-house equipment had not come into the reckoning. The long upward rise of fuel and raw materials and labor had not even begun. One could get all the motormen and conductors that one wanted—and a fine high-grade type they were too—at from eighteen to twenty-three cents an hour.

Now these same classes of labor want—and get—all the way from fifty to sixty-eight cents. A trolley car which to-day costs from $10,000 to $15,000 then cost from $2500 to $4000. And coal! Great Jehoshaphat, don't talk coal to the old-timer in the trolley business! He will pull cost diagrams by the dozen down from the wall and convince you that all the balm has gone from his Gilead.

Losses on Peak-Load Traffic

IT WAS indeed a merry game in those early days, with vision and imagination as strong factors and smart young men and investment capital just clamoring to get into it. It made a lot of money not only for itself but for other folk, while fortunes were reaped in the real-estate business for which the traction industry never received even a "thank you," even though it alone had made those fortunes possible. It created summer parks and resorts, which in those days before the coming of the automobile were immensely popular and apparently very profitable. I say "apparently" with due purpose, for the business had not yet been sufficiently stabilized and analyzed for its operators to realize that a seasonal, or peak-load traffic which gave for a time many, many passengers but which made these times few and far between, yet requiring a great deal of terminal and power plant, not only was not profitable but in the end a genuine loss.

I recall quite distinctly the days when the Wall Street operators used to watch weather conditions on the summer Sabbaths and play B. R. T. up or down as the weather had showed itself—good or the reverse. These operators had failed to realize that because of its Coney Island traffic Brooklyn Rapid Transit had been forced to install a quarter-of-a-million-dollar terminal plant that stood idle, or practically so, on nearly three hundred days out of the year, and that in order to carry its vast Saturday and Sunday overload of three brief summer months it was forced to employ great numbers of extra or green motormen and conductors whose careless mistakes in operation usually cost the company more in damage claims than its entire excess profits of those record days.

Those days are gone. Most of the Luna Parks that sprang up across the country in the wake of the inimitable one upon the sands of Coney have long since closed their doors. Many White Cities and Electric Parks have passed

into innocuous desuetude and irreparable decay. The motor car, with its clean-cut appeal to the pleasures of the real open countryside, helped dim their glory; the motion-picture theater hurried along their end; the traction companies in a new generation of hard-fisted economy, critically analyzing their close-earned nickels and finding that their only profitable traffic was that which flows evenly summer and winter, day in and day out, themselves completed the demise.

Yet between that day and this—what a financial riot it was! Horse-car lines, cable-car lines, suburban railroads, trolley roads which were so new that their bright spick-and-span cars still reeked with the odor of fresh varnish, went into the boiling pots of the biggest commercial mart of all creation. The residue was consolidation. Good, bad, indifferent—but consolidation; consolidation which meant invariable stock-and-bond flotation and distribution to a mob which clamored even for the opportunity to invest in them.

The mobs clamor no longer. Traction stocks go begging for customers. The trolley men are out of date and out of luck.

But remember once again, if you will, that the trolley man's being out of luck is not the end of the story. If it were this yarn would be soon told. It is the trolley rider who really is getting out of luck and it is with his trouble that we are chiefly concerned here and now. In the city of New York four important cross-town surface lines were completely discontinued in the middle of September, even though their discontinuance means the absolute discommoding of many thousands of daily riders who had no other means of transportation to and from their work. The city administration has submitted a makeshift service of motor busses running at a five-cent fare. But even though it should be able to procure enough busses to meet the actual needs of the service, to say nothing of making it self-supporting, the fact remains there is no issuance of transfers between these cross-town motor busses and the main-stem uptown-and-downtown trunk lines that still remain in operation, so that the average worker from the East Side going to his place in store or shop in midtown Manhattan must actually pay ten cents for the journey. Yet it was only a few weeks ago that these men were complaining bitterly at being charged two cents for a transfer in addition to an originating five-cent fare.

The Breakdown of a Vast Industry

THAT is what the disintegration of the surface-car system of Manhattan Island already is beginning to mean to the average New Yorker. The lines under the pressure of steadily increasing costs of operation on the one hand and the fixed rate of fare of a nickel on the other—a rate of fare in practice actually lowered by the use of the universal free transfer—a full decade ago ended the possibility of paying anything like even the lowest dividends upon the stock issuance. It came quickly to a point where the quantity of stock issued ceased to come into a reckoning. The surface-car companies of New York could no longer even pay the interest on their mortgage obligations, after which came receivership—and disintegration.

Remember once again, if you will, that in the beginning this New York system, like the consolidated systems of many and many another metropolitan city in America, had been upbuilt by the bringing together of various separate smaller street-railroad companies. The properties of these companies had been leased for long terms of years, and usually at excessively high rentals, so great were the ambitions and the greed of the men who brought these great consolidations together. A guaranty of ten per cent was as nothing; twenty or twenty-five or even thirty per cent was not out of the question. The rental price was decided upon the value of an individual property to a consolidation, as well as upon the business acumen of the men who controlled it.

But no matter how out of reason were these rentals—and men seemingly did lose their heads and all their business sense in those early days of traction consolidation—the patron was the gainer. Not only was he beginning to ride in clean swift electric cars instead of the unspeakable horse-car horrors of an earlier generation, but instead of having to pay five or six cents for a short trip in each car he boarded he might ride in three or four in succession, anywhere in the larger cities from eighteen to twenty or twenty-two miles, for a single five-cent fare. Those were the days of his prosperity. He built his house in the suburbs and far from the heat and the congestion of the crowded town and visioned an unchanging condition of peace and prosperity—and a universal five-cent fare—for him and his. He dreamed not of these troublous days, with the five-cent fare practically obsolete and costs still mounting so rapidly that the disintegration of many of the big tractions has not only come to pass but the question become acute as to whether or not the individual units which originally went to comprise them can be made to earn their mere operating costs even with considerable fare increases.

What has caused the utter breakdown of this six-billion-dollar transportation industry?

The causes are so many and so varied that such a question cannot be answered in a single moment. The overcapitalization in the organization of so many of the big city tractions, the quality of the personnel, the coming of the automobile, have all been mighty factors. But in my opinion the chief cause of the failure of the electric-railway industry in the United States has been its ludicrous and entirely unscientific basic plan of trying to give the maximum amount of transportation on any railway anywhere for that once universal nickel.

A nickel would carry a man five miles—or more—in a Pacific Coast city, just as it would carry him five miles—or more—in one on the Atlantic Coast. And yet upon the Pacific Coast the traction companies had to pay far more for both labor and equipment and, because of their almost universally steeper grades, to use much more power per passenger to take him home at night, while for their greater task they received only that same standardized nickel that custom had fixed as street railroad fare—North, East, South and West.

North and East and South and West! And no account whatsoever being taken of the fact that when the wages of the platform men were twenty cents an hour in the South they were thirty-five cents in the North. No wonder that the general public gained exaggerated ideas at one time of the wealth or profit of the street-railroad business. If the thirty-five-cent property could pay high rentals and decent dividends in the North, the road in the South—in all probability with no rentals whatsoever to pay—should have been wallowing in wealth, yet seemingly was not.

That universal five-cent fare was, as we already have seen—with the transfers—the price that the big men of early traction paid for the privilege of consolidation. It proved to be a high price indeed. Advancing costs of labor and fuel and raw materials had precious little real or sentimental regard for that arbitrary nickel. They squeezed it harder and harder until, despite the really great economies that had been effected in their operating practice, the traction men finally were forced to seek a higher fare, which was easier said than done, for they had to fight the pressure of public opinion, abetted and encouraged by scheming politics.

Politics remembered. It recalled, for instance, that when in those golden days of apparent superprosperity it had backed the body politic to inquire for a fare based on something less than a nickel, how the traction folk had protested and argued that a fare figured in odd copper cents was quite impractical of collection. That argument in turn has come home to roost uncomfortably upon the roofs of trolley companies seeking increased fares of six or seven or other multiples of odd cents. In their opinion at least the problem of collection of odd pennies has apparently ceased to exist, even though it has become a factor in the demand for the Roosevelt memorial coin of two or two and a half cents.

Rising Costs and Vanishing Profits

WHEN we entered the war the plight of the tractions, which already was most serious, quickly reached an acute stage. Their earlier troubles—the first generous stages of their steadily advancing cost of living, the fair or the unfair competition of the publicly owned jitney and the privately owned automobile—were as nothing compared with those which were about to come upon them. War commandeered steel and copper and rubber, and not only skyrocketed the prices of these essential commodities but made it practically impossible for the traction man to get hold of them in any quantities at any price. Generally speaking, his was not regarded as an essential war industry. He had to take his place in slow line with the manufacturers of pianos and passenger automobiles and phonographs and the like.

It was not altogether a question of price of materials, even though price had ascended to a figure far beyond the flights of former imagination.

Then add to these superincreases in materials, raw and manufactured, fuel and the wage demands of the men. The traction industry found itself in active and seemingly hopeless competition for shop and platform men with shipyards and munition factories and other war-bride industries. In some cases it violated American tradition by placing women on the platforms of its cars. In all cases it was compelled to raise its wage scales again and again—and yet all the while seemingly to no effect. Some of these raises were voluntary. Most of them, however, were set after extended hearings by the National War Labor Board down at Washington.

The electric roads showed, of course, that the payment of the increase that the men demanded—and they were willing to concede the simple justice of most of the early wartime demands of their employees—would drive them into bankruptcy, particularly unless they could be permitted to gain substantial increases in their revenue. To which

(Continued on Page 150)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case No. 7: The Dog Andrew

"Every dog is entitled to one bite."—Unreported opinion of the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court.

NOW see here!" shouted Mr. Appleboy, coming out of the bouthouse, where he was cleaning his morning's catch of perch, as his neighbor Mr. Tunnygate crashed through the hedge and cut across Appleboy's parched lawn to the beach. "See here, Tunnygate, I won't have you trespassing on my place! I've told you so at least a dozen times! Look at the hole you've made in that hedge, now! Why can't you stay in the path?"

His ordinarily good-natured countenance was suffused with anger and perspiration. His irritation with Mr. Tunnygate had reached the point of explosion. Tunnygate was a thankless friend and he was a great cross to Mr. Appleboy. Aforetime the two had been intimate in the fraternal, taciturn intimacy characteristic of fat men, an attraction perhaps akin to that exerted for one another by celestial bodies of great mass, for it is a fact that stout people do gravitate toward one another—and hang or float in placid juxtaposition, perhaps merely as a physical result of their avoirdupois. So Appleboy and Tunnygate had swum into each other's spheres of influence, either blown by the dallying winds of chance or drawn by some mysterious animal magnetism, and, being both addicted to the delights of the soporific sport sanctified by Izaak Walton, had raised unto themselves portable temples upon the shores of Long Island Sound in that part of the geographical limits of the Greater City known as Throggs Neck.

Every morn during the heat of the summer months Appleboy would rouse Tunnygate or conversely Tunnygate would rouse Appleboy, and each in his own wobbly skiff would row out to the spot which seemed most propitious to the piscatorial art. There, under two green umbrellas, like two fat rajahs in their shaking howdahs upon the backs of two white elephants, the friends would sit in solemn equanimity awaiting the evasive cunner, the vagrant perch or cod or the occasional flirtatious eel. They rarely spoke and when they did the edifice of their conversation—their Tower of Babel, so to speak—was monosyllabic. Thus:

"Huh! Ain't had a bite!"

"Huh!"

"Huh!"

Silence for forty minutes. Then: "Huh! Had a bite?"

"Nope!"

"Huh!"

That was generally the sum total of their interchange. Yet it satisfied them, for their souls were in harmony. To them it was pregnant of unutterable meanings, of philosophic mysteries more subtle than those of the esoterics, of flowers and poetry, of birdsong and twilight, of all the nuances of softly whispered avowals, of the elusive harmonies of love's half-fainting ecstasy.

"Huh!"

"Huh!"

And then into this Eden—only not by virtue of the excision of any vertebra such as was originally necessary in the case of Adam—burst woman. There was silence no longer. The air was rent with clamor; for both Appleboy and Tunnygate, within a month of one another, took unto themselves wives. Wives after their own image!

For a while things went well enough; it takes ladies a few weeks to find out each other's weak points. But then the new Mrs. Tunnygate unexpectedly yet undeniably began to exhibit the serpent's tooth, the adder's tongue or the cloven hoof—as the reader's literary traditions may lead him to prefer. For no obvious reason at all she conceived a violent hatred of Mrs. Appleboy, a hatred that waxed all the more virulent on account of its object's innocently obstinate refusal to comprehend or recognize it. Indeed Mrs. Tunnygate found it so difficult to rouse Mrs. Appleboy into a state of belligerency sufficiently interesting that she soon transferred her energies to the more worthy task of making Appleboy's life a burden to him.

To this end she devoted herself with a truly Machiavellian ingenuity, devising all sorts of insults, irritations and annoyances, and adding to the venom of her tongue the inventive cunning of a Malayan witch doctor. The Appleboys' flowerpots mysteriously fell off the piazza, their tholepins disappeared, their milk bottles vanished, Mr. Appleboys' fish lines acquired a habit of derangement equaled only by barbed-wire entanglements, and his clams went bad! But these things might have been borne had it not been for the crowning achievement of her malevolence, the invasion of the Appleboys' cherished lawn, upon which they lavished all that anxious tenderness which otherwise they might have devoted to a child.

"These are They," Mr. Tunnygate Announced Dramatically

It was only about twenty feet by twenty, and it was bordered by a hedge of moth-eaten privet, but anyone who has ever attempted to induce a blade of grass to grow upon a sand dune will fully appreciate the deviltry of Mrs. Tunnygate's malignant mind. Already there was a horrid rent where Tunnygate had floundered through at her suggestion in order to save going round the pathetic grass plot which the Appleboys had struggled to create where Nature had obviously intended a floral vacuum. Undoubtedly it had been the sight of Mrs. Appleboy with her small watering pot patiently encouraging the recalcitrant blades that had suggested the malicious thought to Mrs. Tunnygate that maybe the Appleboys didn't own that far up the beach. They didn't—that was the mockery of it. Like many others they had built their porch on their boundary line, and, as Mrs. Tunnygate pointed out, they were claiming to own something that wasn't theirs. So Tunnygate, in daily obedience to his spouse, forced his way through the hedge to the beach, and daily the wrath of the Appleboys grew until they were driven almost to desperation.

Now when the two former friends sat fishing in their skiffs they either contemptuously ignored one another or, if they "Huh-Huhed!" at all the "Huhs!" resembled the angry growls of infuriated beasts. The worst of it was that the Appleboys couldn't properly do anything about it. Tunnygate had, as Mrs. Tunnygate sneeringly pointed out, a perfect legal right to push his way through the hedge and tramp across the lawn, and she didn't propose to allow the Appleboys to gain any rights by proscription, either. Not much!

Therefore, when Mr. Appleboy addressed to Mr. Tunnygate the remarks with which this story opens, the latter insolently replied in words, form or substance that Mr. Appleboy could go to hell. Moreover, as he went by Mr. Appleboy he took pains to kick over a clod of transplanted sea grass, nurtured by Mrs. Appleboy as the darling of her bosom, and designed to give an air of verisimilitude to an otherwise bare and unconvincing surface of sand. Mr. Appleboy almost cried with vexation.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, struggling for words to express the full content of his feeling. "Gosh, but you're—mean!"

He hit it! Curiously enough, that was exactly the word! Tunnygate was mean—and his meanness was second only to that of the fat hippopotama, his wife.

Then, without knowing why, for he had no formulated ideas as to the future, and probably only intended to try to scare Tunnygate with vague threats, Appleboy added: "I warn you not to go through that hedge again! Understand—I warn you! And if you do I won't be responsible for the consequences!"

He really didn't mean a thing by the words, and Tunnygate knew it.

"Huh!" retorted the latter contemptuously. "You!"

Mr. Appleboy went inside the shack and banged the door. Mrs. Appleboy was peeling potatoes in the kitchen-living room.

"I can't stand it!" he cried weakly. "He's driving me wild!"

"Poor lamb!" soothed Mrs. Appleboy, peeling an interminable rind. "Ain't that just a sweetie? Look! It's most as long as your arm!"

She held it up dangling between her thumb and forefinger. Then with a groan she dropped it at his feet.

"I know it's a real burden to you, deary!" she sighed.

Suddenly they both bent forward with startled eyes, hypnotized by the peel upon the floor.

Unmistakably it spelt "dog"! They looked at one another significantly.

"It is a symbol!" breathed Mrs. Appleboy in an awed whisper.

"Whatever it is, it's some grand idea!" exclaimed her husband. "Do you know anybody who's got one? I mean a—a ——"

"I know just what you mean," she agreed. "I wonder we never thought of it before! But there wouldn't be any use in getting any dog!"

"Oh, no!" he concurred. "We want a real—dog!"

"One you know about!" she commented.

"The fact is," said he, rubbing his forehead, "if they know about 'em they do something to 'em. It ain't so easy to get the right kind."

"Oh, we'll get one!" she encouraged him. "Now Aunt Eliza up to Livornia used to have one. It made a lot of trouble and they ordered her—the selectmen did—to do away with it. But she only pretended she had—she didn't really—and I think she's got him yet."

"Gee!" said Mr. Appleboy tensely. "What sort was it?"

"A bull!" she replied. "With a big white face."

"That's the kind!" he agreed excitedly. "What was its name?"

"Andrew," she answered.

"That's a queer name for a dog!" he commented. "Still, I don't care what his name is, so long as he's the right kind of dog! Why don't you write to Aunt Eliza to-night?"

"Of course Andrew may be dead," she hazarded. "Dogs do die."

"Oh, I guess Andrew isn't dead!" he said hopefully. "That tough kind of dog lasts a long time. What will you say to Aunt Eliza?"

Mrs. Appleboy went to the dresser and took a pad and pencil from one of the shelves.

"Oh, something like this," she answered, poising the pencil over the pad in her lap:

"Dear Aunt Eliza: I hope you are quite well. It is sort of lonely living down here on the beach and there are a good many rough characters, so we are looking for a dog for companionship and protection. Almost any kind of healthy dog would do and you may be sure he would have a good home. Hoping to see you soon. Your affectionate niece, Bashemath."

"I hope she'll send us Andrew," said Appleboy fervently.

"I guess she will!" nodded Bashemath.

II

"WHAT on earth is that sign?" wrathfully demanded Mrs. Tunnygate one morning about a week later as she looked across the Appleboys' lawn from her kitchen window. "Can you read it, Herman?"

Herman stopped trying to adjust his collar and went out on the piazza.

"Something about 'dog,'" he declared finally.

"Dog!" she exclaimed. "They haven't got a dog!"

"Well," he remarked, "that's what the sign says: 'Beware of the dog'! And there's something above it. Oh! 'No crossing this property. Trespassing forbidden.'"

"What impudence!" avowed Mrs. Tunnygate. "Did you ever know such people! First they try and take land that don't belong to them, and then they go and lie about having a dog. Where are they, anyway?"

"I haven't seen 'em this morning," he answered. "Maybe they've gone away and put up the sign so we won't go over. Think that'll stop us!"

"In that case they've got another think comin'!" she retorted angrily. "I've a good mind to have you go over and tear up the whole place!"

"'N' pull up the hedge?" he concurred eagerly. "Good chance!"

Indeed, to Mr. Tunnygate it seemed the supreme opportunity both to distinguish himself in the eyes of his blushing bride and to gratify that perverse instinct inherited from our cave-dwelling ancestors to destroy utterly—in order, perhaps, that they may never seek to avenge themselves upon us—those whom we have wronged. Accordingly Mr. Tunnygate girded himself with his suspenders, and with a gleam of fiendish exultation in his eye stealthily descended from his porch and crossed to the hole in the hedge. No one was in sight except two barefooted searchers after clams a few hundred yards farther up the beach and a man working in a field half a mile away. The bay shimmered in the broiling August sun and from a distant grove came the rattle and wheeze of locusts. Throggs Neck blazed in silence, and utterly silent was the house of Appleboy.

With an air of bravado, but with a slightly accelerated heartbeat, Tunnygate thrust himself through the hole in the hedge and looked scornfully about the Appleboy lawn. A fierce rage worked through his veins. A lawn! What effrontery! What business had these condescending second-raters to presume to improve a perfectly good beach which was satisfactory to other folks? He'd show 'em! He took a step in the direction of the transplanted sea grass. Unexpectedly the door of the Appleboy kitchen opened.

"I warned you!" enunciated Mr. Appleboy with unnatural calmness, which with another background might have struck almost anybody as suspicious.

"Huh!" returned the startled Tunnygate, forced under the circumstances to assume a nonchalance that he did not altogether feel. "You!"

"Well," repeated Mr. Appleboy. "Don't ever say I didn't!"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Tunnygate disdainfully.

With premeditation and deliberation, and with undeniable malice aforethought, he kicked the nearest bunch of sea grass several feet in the air. His violence carried his leg high in the air and he partially lost his equilibrium. Simultaneously a white streak shot from beneath the porch and something like a red-hot poker thrust itself savagely into an extremely tender part of his anatomy.

"Ouch! O—o—oh!" he yelled in agony. "Oh!"

"Come here, Andrew!" said Mr. Appleboy mildly. "Good doggy! Come here!"

But Andrew paid no attention. He had firmly affixed himself to the base of Mr. Tunnygate's personality without any intention of being immediately detached. And he had selected that place, taken aim, and discharged himself with an air of confidence and skill begotten of lifelong experience.

"Oh! O—o—oh!" screamed Tunnygate, turning wildly and clawing through the hedge, dragging Andrew after him. "Oh! o—oh!"

Mrs. Tunnygate rushed to the door in time to see her spouse lumbering up the beach with a white object gyrating in the air behind him.

"What's the matter?" she called out languidly. Then perceiving the matter she hastily followed. The Appleboys were standing on their lawn viewing the whole proceeding with ostentatious indifference.

Up the beach fled Tunnygate, his cries becoming fainter and fainter. The two clam diggers watched him curiously, but made no attempt to go to his assistance. The man in the field leaned luxuriously upon his hoe and surrendered himself to unalloyed delight. Tunnygate was now but a white flicker against the distant sand. His wails had a dying fall: "O—o—oh!"

"Well, we warned him!" remarked Mr. Appleboy to Bashemath with a smile in which, however, lurked a slight trace of apprehension.

"We certainly did!" she replied. Then after a moment she added a trifle anxiously: "I wonder what will happen to Andrew!"

Tunnygate did not return. Neither did Andrew. Secluded in their kitchen-living room the Appleboys heard a motor arrive and through a crack in the door saw it carry Mrs. Tunnygate away bedecked as for some momentous ceremonial. At four o'clock, while Appleboy was digging bait, he observed another motor making its wriggly way along the dunes. It was fitted longitudinally with seats, had a wire grating and was marked "N. Y. P. D." Two policemen in uniform sat in front. Instinctively Appleboy realized that the gods had called him. His heart sank among the clams. Slowly he made his way back to the lawn where the wagon had stopped outside the hedge.

"Hey there!" called out the driver. "Is your name Appleboy?"

Appleboy nodded.

"Put your coat on, then, and come along," directed the other. "I've got a warrant for you."

"Warrant?" stammered Appleboy dizzily.

"What's that?" cried Bashemath, appearing at the door. "Warrant for what?"

The officer slowly descended and handed Appleboy a paper.

"For assault," he replied. "I guess you know what for, all right!"

"We haven't assaulted anybody," protested Mrs. Appleboy heatedly. "Andrew ——"

"You can explain all that to the judge," retorted the cop. "Meantime put on your duds and climb in. If you don't expect to spend the night at the station you'd better bring along the deed of your house so you can give bail."

"But who's the warrant for?" persisted Mrs. Appleboy.

"For Enoch Appleboy," retorted the cop wearily. "Can't you read?"

"But Enoch didn't do a thing!" she declared. "It was Andrew!"

"Who's Andrew?" inquired the officer of the law mistrustfully.

"Andrew's a dog," she explained.

III

"MR. TUTT," announced Tutt, leaning against his senior partner's door jamb with a formal-looking paper in his hand, "I have landed a case that will delight your legal soul."

"Indeed?" queried the elder lawyer. "I have never differentiated between my legal soul and any other I may possess. However, I assume from your remark that we have been retained in a matter presenting some peculiarly absurd, archaic or otherwise interesting doctrine of law!"

"Not directly," responded Tutt. "Though you will doubtless find it entertaining enough; but indirectly—atmospherically, so to speak—it touches upon doctrines of jurisprudence, of religion and of philosophy, replete with historic fascination."

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, laying down his stogy. "What kind of a case is it?"

"It's a dog case!" said the junior partner, waving the paper. "The dog bit somebody."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt, perceptibly brightening. "Doubtless we shall find a precedent in Oliver Goldsmith's famous elegy:

"And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree."

"Only," explained Tutt, "in this case, though the man recovered of the bite, the dog refused to die!"

"And so they want to prosecute the dog? It can't be done. An animal hasn't been brought to the bar of justice for several centuries."

"No, no!" interrupted Tutt. "They don't ——"

"There was a case," went on Mr. Tutt reminiscently. "Let me see—at Sauvigny, I think it was—about 1457, when they tried a sow and three pigs for killing a child. The court assigned a lawyer to defend her, but like many assigned counsel he couldn't think of anything to say in her behalf. As regards the little pigs he did enter the plea that no animus was shown, that they had merely followed the example of their mother, and that at worst they were under age and irresponsible. However, the court found them all guilty, and the sow was publicly hanged in the market place."

"What did they do with the three little pigs?" inquired Tutt with some interest.

"They were pardoned on account of their extreme youth," said Mr. Tutt, "and turned loose again—with a warning."

"I'm glad of that!" sighed Tutt. "Is that a real case?"

"Absolutely," replied his partner. "I've read it in the Sauvigny records."

"I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Tutt. "I never knew that animals were ever held personally responsible."

"Why, of course they were!" said Mr. Tutt. "Why shouldn't they be? If animals have souls why shouldn't they be responsible for their acts?"

"But they haven't any souls!" protested Tutt.

"Haven't they now?" remarked the elder lawyer. "I've seen many an old horse that had a great deal more conscience than his master. And on general principles wouldn't it be far more just and humane to have the law deal with a vicious animal that had injured somebody than to leave its punishment to an irresponsible and arbitrary owner who might be guilty of extreme brutality?"

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"It is a Symbol!" Breathed Mrs. Appleboy in an Awed Whisper

Making the Films Safe for Provincialism—By Rob Wagner

THIS story is what Jim would call "inside stuff." And that is true in more ways than one, for while it will tell some delicious inside secrets, most of the material will come from the dark mysterious bowels of the projection room, than which nothing could be more inside. It is in that cavernous crucible our film classics are smelted for better or worser, the latter condition usually resulting in anticipation of an official ruling from a provincial moralist who can look through a keyhole with both eyes at once.

My office in the Superba-Prettygood Actors Company is just across the hall from the projection room, and I can usually tell by the sounds that percolate through its dark vestibule about what is happening to the film drama that is unwinding before the tired eyes of the editorial staff. If, for instance, I hear nothing but the monotonous click of the projecting machine for an hour or so I know that the big boss is sitting defiantly by wondering how they can cut a picture from that bunch of junk. Then if loud words and an occasional explosion rend the air I am sure the director is trying to save a pet scene from the iconoclastic scissors of the cutter. But when, like this morning, I hear loud guffaws I know that Jim and his co-wits are putting it over their enemies the censors.

"Kittie," said Jim, about ten o'clock, "I'm going in to cut that artist-model story for the Pennsylvania censors and I don't wish to be interrupted, for I have a feeling it will violate about every one of that board's rulings and I've got a fine job."

It was during the following hour that I heard the laughter, and at eleven o'clock Jim and his gang all came out grinning like a lot of naughty schoolboys.

"Well, my dear," said the best film editor in movie land, "what have you been doing while I—poor I—have been in yonder preserving the purity of the great state of Pennsylvania?"

"Nothing," I replied, "except that every time you all laughed I blushed."

"Kittie, you're bright but brutal. You know it isn't always like that when we laugh. This morning, in fact, the question was quite sad. The story proved to be exceedingly chaste and rather dull; but there is a posing scene in it, and you know how dreadfully frightened censors are of looking upon artist's models; and so we were trying to figure how we could save the scene from their gentle scissors. Then all at once came the inspiration. We would drop the main title, 'Why Change Your Clothes?' and substitute—what do you think?—'Innocence,' by gad! The dear, white-souled little girl poses for a statue called 'Innocence.' You see how that will put the censors in a hole, for, my dear, as turrible as these creatures are, even moral monitors don't like to have the purity of their minds questioned."

Arms' Harms

THUS it was that the rough miners of Pennsylvania, whose delicate æstheticisms are carefully watched over by legalized shepherds, were permitted to look upon the bare arm and shoulder of a hard-working girl, and the only reason they got that much of an eyeful was because the shepherds were outwitted.

Some Censors Cut This Scene Lest an Accident Befall the Plumbing

A few weeks ago Jim wrote an article for THE POST in which he told how the censors all over the country cut our films into the most curious and diverse shapes, but he recounted only half the story. The other half has to do with the ways the studios meet these censorship problems, and as Jim insists that he shot his wad in that first story it devolves upon his determined little wife to complete the narrative.

Like most men, Jim is a map fiend. His pockets, bureau drawers and automobile cushions are simply bulging with maps. He has maps about everything under the light of the sun. Wherever he goes—by motor, boat, or railway carriage—he consults maps, and on our censorship travels he no sooner got off the train than he straightway bought a map, for, as he said: "Kittie, if I just get the city hall, the Superba Theater and the jail in my mental topography I won't have to ask nothin' of nobody."

His map fiendishness extends even to his business, and we have on the wall maps showing the rainfall, sunshine—or shooting days—the location of our theaters throughout the country, and one full of multicolored pins that tells at a glance where all our releases are showing. But the most interesting map to this story is the one that makes our continent look as though it had German measles—you will presently see why I refrain from calling them Liberty measles—for it is spotted over with red blotches of various sizes and shapes defining the censorship districts.

Indigestible Films

THE large pink rectangles and most of Canada represent the states and provinces that are thus encumbered, while the little spots are the local districts scattered about like inflamed mosquito bites on the face of Mother Nature. It is perhaps comforting to know that only about twenty per cent of our dear country shows the rash, the other eighty per cent being as white and spotless as a healthy map should be. Speaking statistically, only one-fifth of our population have tastes and morals so fragile that they require a doctor to prescribe their photo-dramatic diet. The four-fifths apparently believe they are qualified to choose their own. Of course, occasionally the four-fifths get an indigestible film, but either they throw it up or, having swallowed it, avoid that brand in the future.

The joke, however, is on the one-fifth who, wishing to be sure that we will not corrupt them when they aren't looking, have placed themselves under the doctor's care, for they are doomed to a very denatured diet. When the doctors do not dose at their end we dilute at ours in anticipation of the watering. A friend from Topeka, visiting the studio one day, was present when Jim was cutting for Kansas and seemed surprised that his state should be getting a different kind of film than Iowa, for instance, enjoyed.

"You see," explained Jim, "we know Kansas' weaknesses and the censor rulings, and if we released the film in all its Los Angelenic purity the censors would cut out whole scenes, which would cause a bad jump in the story. But by anticipating the cuts we can substitute boiled milk for the dreaded hops, or at least hook the story together with collateral action or an interpolated title and thus save the continuity. The drama may be artistically ruined, but that's Kansas' affair, not ours. I did a lot of supposing in a story of mine on censorship, but here's one I overlooked. Suppose THE SATURDAY EVENING POST had to print a different magazine for every darned town in the country—well, that about parallels our problem."

The enjoyment of a practical joke is based upon the superior feeling of the spectator over the jokee, the jokee of this particular joke being the timid villager who has turned over his tastes to several nice, worthy moralists.

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.

In Many Places This Scene Will be Cut as an Unholy Reminder of an Evil Time Gone By

So the reader's enjoyment of the jokes I am about to tell will depend upon whether he is living under the blushing pink spots on the map or among the shameless majorities on the outside.

Before I get on with specific instances let me explain that when Jim wrote that other article he was a traveling fixer, or to use a more euphonious term, an æsthetic ambassador for the Superba-Prettygood Actors Company, and it was his duty to represent the studio at all censorship fights. Thus having for four years studied the local idiocies and idiosyncrasies of the various censor boards, he was called to Los Angeles to edit the films before release in the pink districts so as to avoid—if possible—the cruel surgery of the doctors of morality.

In anticipating the strange rulings under the medieval institution of censorship, let us first begin with that supposedly laudable emotion, patriotism. We would turn out a fine big feature picture full of flags, battle hokum and magnificent victories with a grand George M. Cohan finish that would make a rough-and-tumble American audience tingle to its unmanicured finger tips, and then along would come—Germany? No, by heck, Canada. And she would turn our films down cold because our battle boys weren't whooping it up for the Union Jack. Well, what to do? We couldn't lose Canada as a market, yet we couldn't afford to make pictures just for her. At last we hit upon the happy solution of doubling the flag stuff.

The Alibi

AT THE Front, fortunately, most of the insignia of war were lost in the tumult of battle, and very few people could tell the difference between a Canuck and a Sammy, so in ordinary stories all we had to do was to shoot double on the introduction and the homecoming. This was accomplished by simply making these scenes first with the American and then with the British flag, and permitting the titles to alibi the locations either in Winnipeg or Wisconsin. In fact, we found it most convenient to localize our stories close to the Canadian border so that we could shift our action from one to the other side of that imaginary line without violating local color.

Some of our best tales, however, were so uncompromisingly specific that uniforms and equipment for both armies had to be supplied throughout. The awkwardness of this elaborate doubling may be easily guessed. Instead of shooting the American scenes in the morning and the Canadian in the afternoon it was necessary, in order to match the shadows, that the scenes should alternate through the day, which meant alternating uniforms and equipment, using the same personnel.

On the Stage Nazimova Would be Permitted to Show the Gun She Here Conceals for Fear of Shocking a Rural Censor

In Some Places the Clinch is Limited to Two Feet

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY COMPANY

The Gun Will be Shot From the Muff

Sometimes the whole blessed army would shift from one uniform to another six or seven times, most of the day being spent in dressing and undressing. I remember hearing one poor half-frozen extra complain: "I'll lay in a ditch all day bleedin' and dyin' for Uncle Sam, but I don't see why in hell I should have to do it all over again for John Bull."

And woe to the poor assistant director who left the least evidence of Americanism in the Canadian forces—and vice versa! One famous hero of the war had to return from the East all the way to Los Angeles just to kiss the British flag in a local set so as to get the picture accepted in Canada.

One of the curious psychological results of the war was the tolerance by many of our sensitive censors to the most blood-curdling scenes, just so long as the villainy was Hunnish.

Ingenuity

YET one of our largest impresarios of cheaper films, in his patriotic zeal went so far over the top in German dastardy that his atrocities were a greater indictment of photo-dramatic art than of Teutonic kultur. So absurdly comic was his emphasis that as works of art his films fell with their own weight among the "white" people; and in the pink districts they were too much even for the German-hating monitors, who lacking a sense of humor cut it to ribbons.

"Pro-German—that's what them censors are!" exclaimed the great artist. "Why, in Ohio they cut out ten thousand dollars' worth of my best atrocities!"

To show the pure patriotic purpose of this naturalized American I must cite his crushing rejoinder to a member of his scenario staff who one day proposed a film version of Pudd'nhead Wilson.

"No!" he roared back. "At a time like this we must all stand shoulders to shoulder mit the President."

But the war furnished a high carnival for the hokum writers. Anything got by if it was hung on or addressed to the Germans. We had a heavy in a film—having nothing to do with the war—who was such a low-down villain we thought we'd have to rewrite his part before the censors would stand for him. But Jim happily hit upon the grand idea of calling him Karl Schwartz, and he went over with an enthusiastic whoop. And speaking of this simple device, Jim once saved a picture from total extinction in a certain town by renaming an unpleasant character "McGuire," that being the name of a fellow the local censor had it in for. It is quite natural in one's national vanity that most meannesses should be hung on foreigners,

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THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

V

THE sun had not yet set on the opening day of Mr. Blurt's studio for the microscopic inspection of female character models when that gentleman, fresh from an afternoon bath and a change into other and smarter clothes, found himself standing, somewhat to his own bewilderment, on the same church steps from which he had passed the Avenue under review during the very first hour of his advent to the metropolis, caught a glimpse of one or two potential goddesses, and ended up by bagging a human hair mattress in the person of Mr. Alexander Sutey as sole recompense for his watchful waiting. But at this moment all the intervening epoch of preparedness was blotted from his thoughts.

"What a day!" he murmured to himself, referring only to the strict union measure of the last eight hours, and wiped his brow, not because it was, but because it ought to be, perspiring from its bulging weight of crowding recollections. His business mind knew down to a jot and a tittle what he had actually done; it now demanded to be shown in three clearly stated dimensions what was the gain to its spiritual complement, that part of Mr. Blurt which had suddenly launched the whole of him into a furious quest for the one woman.

It was easy to line up the facts against the wall and coldbloodedly shoot them down one by one, thus: Early arrival at the studio office; engagement of Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston as stenographer and typist; interview with Miss Mabel Trenton, lady sleuth; interview with Tillie, manikin and reservoir of L. J. Libbey dreams; interview with Alice in hunger; collision with a miniature sphinx in the person of Miss Nameless; lunch for four; discovery of Miss Livingston's adorable nose; crash of the bull; the ensuing battle with misunderstanding Law; the second coming of Joan of Arc and the discovery in rapid and blinding sequence of the light that never was on sea or land playing about Miss Livingston's hair, in her eyes and on her cheeks, as happily as a child at home in its own back yard.

All this sounded as exciting as a five-reel movie with the final emotional close-up still to come; but excitement even in great plenty had no intrinsic bearing on Mr. Blurt's pursuit of heart's desire. He was engaged in a very definite enterprise and the question one part of him now asked insistently of the other was What could it show as the exact measure of accomplishment? Above the level of the flashes that had followed hard after each other throughout the day stood out two high lights: One was the revelation of Miss Livingston; the other the occultation of Miss Nameless.

These two forces by the mere fact of their lingering so long and vividly on his mental horizon declared themselves as the sum total of the day's gain, but even after he had come to that conclusion he was at a loss to determine just how far he had traveled along the road to freedom; he was painfully aware, however, that even thus early in his pilgrimage he had arrived at a fork in the highway, one branch of which tugged him on to further revealing, the other to deeper mystery. So equally was he drawn by these opposing poles of womanly attraction that he was solemnly considering the tossing of a coin to decide between Miss Livingston and Miss Nameless as his immediate objective when chance anticipated itself by drawing his eye to the top of a passing bus.

Behind a cloud of hair and beard stirring majestically to the light airs of the peaceful afternoon sat Mr. Alexander Sutey with three bundles of varying size in his lap and Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston at his side. The two seemed completely unconscious of each other, but the mere fact of their incongruous juxtaposition seemed to Mr. Blurt to form an ample incentive to curiosity irrespective of his natural impulse to follow the quarry which had so opportunely presented him with a full view halloo.

He hailed a passing taxicab, gave its driver surprising but clear instructions to trail the bus with the beard on top, entered and settled back to a well-earned rest, tinged with the mildly exhilarating wine of anticipation. Who and what was Miss Livingston in the hours when she regularly discarded the mask of everyday business stenography? Where did she live, what did she eat, which was the true highway of her heart—the flat and hard road of suppression or the rare outbursts he had witnessed to open country swept by the clean winds of old-fashioned human kindness?

Some of these things he was about to learn, and as he thought upon them his mind grew keen to a power of appreciation of values such as it had never before attained. What was woman? Was she the eternal, one and the same, forever and forever, of popular belief and the oft-printed word; or was she the varying child of each age as it came along, the daughter of individual tradition and circumstance, a free agent sprung clear from the general sea of her sex? Was it possible that there were two species of the genus, both capable of perfect blooms, and that Miss Livingston represented one, Miss Nameless the other? What had the latter party to do with the matter in hand anyway? he asked himself impatiently. He reacted violently and almost with a sense of fear from the uncomfortable admission that it was in the power of any woman to inject five minutes of casual conversation into the rest of a man's life.

There are few New Yorkers and fewer outsiders who know that five independent white-clapboarded and green-shuttered little houses still exist in the side streets south of the park limits in the New World's greatest city, calmly dreaming away their rural existence under the threatening shadows of stately mansions and towering apartments with a quiet air of persistence that would be ridiculous were it not so astoundingly self-complacent. They are located on both the East and the West sides, and as Mr. Blurt in his absorption failed to notice whether the bus he was shadowing turned at Fifty-seventh Street or continued up the Avenue it is impossible to say to which of these surprising dwellings his chase finally led him.

Suffice it to state that when, having abandoned his cab, he saw Miss Livingston open the little gate of prim white palings, run up sagging steps and rap for admission with an old-fashioned knocker he was so taken aback by the virginal appearance of the house, which seemed to typify the innocence of Red Riding Hood surrounded by a flock of wolves, that he was brought up all-standing at a distance still comparatively safe from observation, and was only subconsciously aware that Sutey with his packages followed the girl at a more leisurely pace through the door, which promptly closed behind them.

"Can you beat it?" inquired Mr. Blurt of himself as he stared at the tiny house behind its tinier grass plot.

The longer he gazed the more did he become absorbed in the dwelling, not as a structure appropriate only to a stage setting for Way Down East, but as a symbol of cold and unreasoning permanence in the midst of change.

He walked round the block three times in a mood of heavy pondering, and each time he came in sight of the house it arrested his steps with a jerk; he found that its importance as an edifice became more insignificant with every return, but that as a monument to stark endurance it steadily grew. During his walking, evening had begun to fall, and in accompaniment to darkness the shades to Miss Livingston's dimity-curtained windows had been drawn.

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"How Old are You?" Cried Blurt. "What are You, and Just What Do You Wish From Me?"

THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

By Holworthy Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VI

FROM the moment of his delayed entrance into the Y. M. C. A. auditorium—which, if not exactly crowded, was at least well filled—to the moment of unlocking his own front door at half past eleven, Mr. Bangs lived on a plane so far exalted above his customary habitat that he was scarcely conscious of any corporeal existence at all. The size of the gathering had taken his breath away, and the realization that by one simple bit of propaganda he had caused a hundred and fifty men and women to congregate, willingly and even eagerly, to hear his theories expounded by other speakers, was the highest glory he had ever known. Alternately he felt like Thomas Jefferson, Julius Cæsar, Samuel Gompers and David Belasco.

He had purposely sat in the background, Sylvia's hand in his. He had heard the mayor, not officially but as a citizen and a freeholder, open the meeting and turn it over to Henry Kellogg as moderator. He had applauded Henry, just as everyone else had, and he had also whispered to Sylvia that she was a prophet and a soothsayer and an excellent judge of mob psychology. It was a good thing to have a little mild humor at the outset to prevent any suspicion of politics, and Henry managed to inject precisely the right note of comradeship into the proceedings. He made it clear that he was in earnest but that it wasn't anything to get pugnacious about. And Henry was popular.

Mr. Sugden, who was an expert public speaker, had outlined the plan and sold it to his audience, told of the incorporation, which had gone through only this morning, and stated that applications for membership would be distributed in a few minutes; and the ovation that went up to him was Wellington's guaranty that the high cost of living was to be dragged down and stamped on. Mr. Bowker, rising to acknowledge cheers, read selections from the constitution, and thanked the meeting for asking him to be president. The meeting hadn't done it—Mr. Bangs had done it—and Mr. Bowker had been elected at a hasty meeting of dummy directors at four o'clock, but the audience was vociferously persuaded of its own good judgment and intentions. Mrs. Bowker, having no other function, brought out her lorgnette, and by cautiously peering under it was enabled to read the names of the accredited organizers and temporary directors of the club: Ruth Kellogg, Henry, Rupert Everson, the mayor, Mr. Sugden, the Bowkers, and eight of their best friends. And the stockholders' meeting, she said, would be held to-morrow afternoon, and all those who joined to-night would have a vote. Several of the dummy directors would resign, and the stockholders would fill the vacancies. Then the directors would elect the rest of the officers.

"I Want Us to Tell These Impertinent People That if They Do Refuse to Deal With One Single Member of My Club—Our Club—We'll Never Do a Single Penny's Worth of Business With Them Again as Long as We Live!"

Mr. Bangs had waited until the membership blanks had been distributed, and until long queues were forming toward the platform, and then he had squeezed Sylvia's hand. "Let's go home," he said hoarsely. "I've had enough—haven't you?"

Unobserved they slipped out into the velvet night; and for several blocks neither of them spoke. The occasion was too momentous.

"Of course," said Mr. Bangs, "I would like to have had my name mentioned somewhere—or yours."

"That doesn't signify anything," said Sylvia; but he thought he detected the faintest possible overtone of regret in her voice.

"Sort of funny," said Mr. Bangs, "to think it cost us two dollars to hire somebody to stay with the baby just a couple of hours while we were out organizing, isn't it?"

"It cost Helen two and a half—and hers is colored," said Sylvia. "Only it was either that, or stay at home."

"In two months," said Mr. Bangs, "they'll be glad to take whatever we choose to give 'em." He slept less peacefully than common, for he was much excited; and in the morning he was feverish to see what his newspaper said about it. The headlines were promising, and the record of a hundred and seven active members enrolled at the first meeting was better than he had anticipated, but the text of the story itself was rather baffling. It was two full columns, but the reporter who had written it was a master of innuendo. When Mr. Bangs went over to the Eversons' for breakfast he spoke feelingly about it, and glared at the elder Kellogg brat, who was beating an obbligato with a spoon on his plate.

Henry Kellogg laughed outright at him. "Suppose you owned a retail grocery or something yourself, and advertised in the papers regularly—how'd you like to have the club get a big boost on the front page? The papers are noncommittal because they've got to play safe." Henry beamed pridefully at his own offspring, and frowned at Baby Bangs, who was splashing milk on the carpet.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bangs. "There's something in that, too." And presently he picked up the paper again and out of sheer curiosity counted the advertisements of retailers.

He spent the day, as prearranged, with Sugden, and attended the stockholders' meeting, where Ruth and Henry were the only temporary directors to resign. Sugden proposed a nominating committee, which was generally acceptable, and which produced a set of nominations without leaving the room. A council was quickly chosen, and the two vacancies on the directorate were filled. Sugden and the Bowkers were in, Rupert was a director, Ruth and Henry councilors, Mr. Bangs was nowhere. At the directors' meeting, after officers were elected, Mr. Bowker proposed Mr. Bangs for the club's attorney—without fee—and he was loudly acclaimed, but yielded to Sylvia's tacit command, and declined gracefully. He felt that he was too dogmatic about this club, he said, to make a good attorney for it.

When the Journal came out he was still a trifle downcast at the absence of his own name from the lists of the mighty; but during the course of dinner he got a different viewpoint.

"Almost every single tradesman I do business with," said Helen Everson, wide-eyed, "has either been up here to see me to-day, or telephoned! One poor little rabbit I buy eggs from was almost crying! Honestly he was. I've been paying him eighty-eight cents a dozen for eggs too. And he said the club would ruin him. And my vegetable man—why, I never had anybody talk like that to me in my whole life! He just as much as accused me of joining in a conspiracy to rob him!"

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

XLVI

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

WHEN Winthrop Chase senior returned to the dining table after telling V. R. Kite that they would expect him at eight o'clock that evening, Wint asked: "Did he say what he wanted?"

Mrs. Chase exclaimed: "I don't think you ought to have let him come, Winthrop. I don't want that man in my house. He ——"

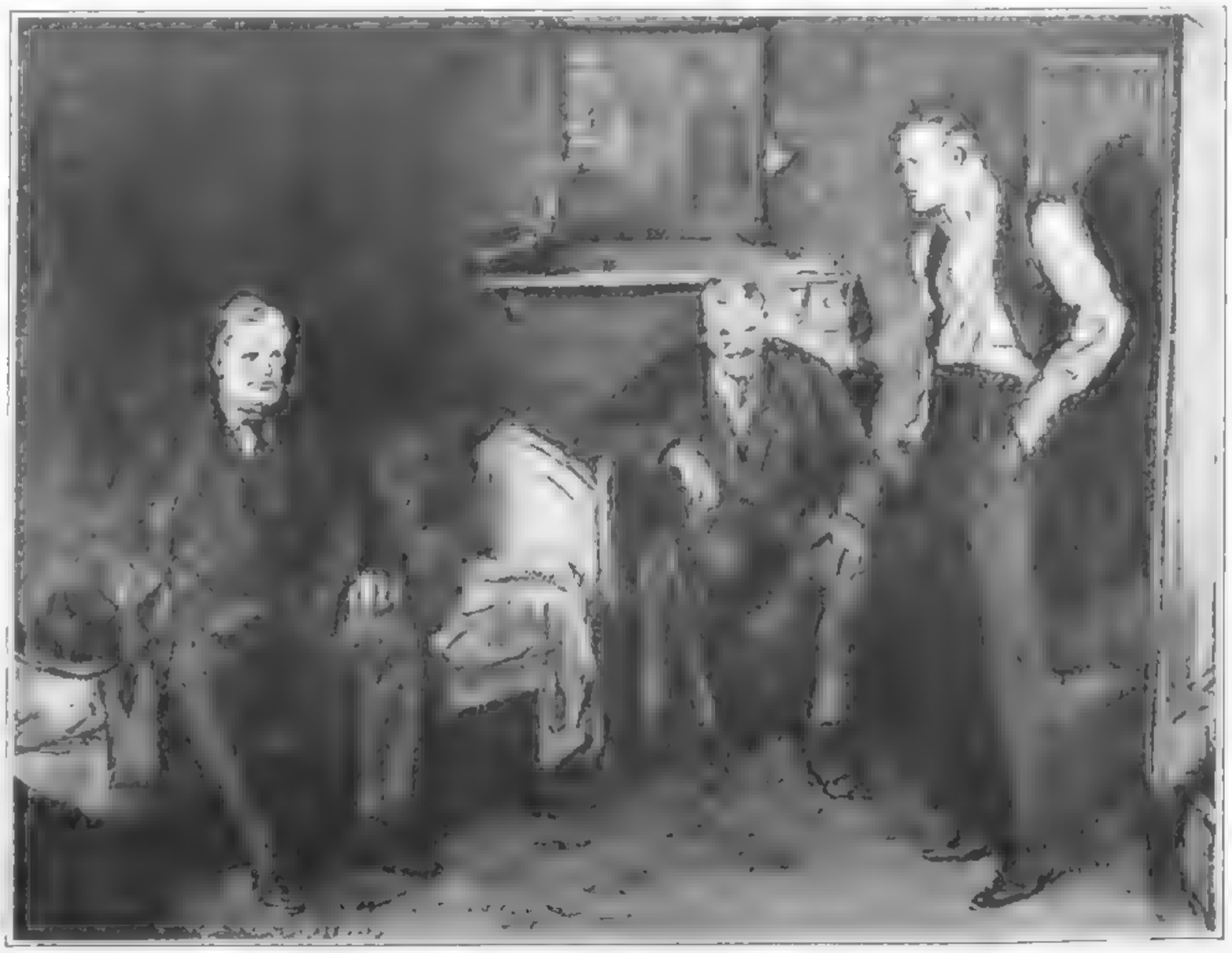
Chase answered Wint: "No. Just said he wanted to see us." He was troubled and he showed it. "What do you think he wants, Wint? Something about Lutcher?"

Wint shook his head. "I think he's going to hit at me somehow. There's been a rumor round town all day. They say he has something —— "

Chase asked quickly: "Has he? Has he got anything on you, Wint?"

"Not that I know of. There's nothing he could get. Nothing to get." He looked at his father in a quick, appealing way. "Dad, I wish you'd just remember that—whatever happens. You know the worst there is to know about me. Anything else is just flat lie."

His father nodded abstractedly. "Of course. But Kite is confoundedly clever. Now I wonder what he's ——"



"What's the Idea? You Turned Me Down Cold, in Public. Now You Come Whining Round"

"I always told you, Wint, that you hadn't any business in politics," Mrs. Chase exclaimed. "I don't think it's decent, the way men talk about each other. Why, Mrs. Hullis told me that Jack Routt is going round saying the most terrible things about you. That you ——"

"I know, mother. That's Jack's idea of a campaign. We'll show him his mistake next Tuesday."

"But he says that you ——"

"Now, mother," her husband interrupted. "Never mind. Wint, did you hear anything definite about Kite? What he's planning?"

Wint hesitated; he had heard something definite; definite but incredible. That which he had heard could not possibly be true; he could not believe it. To tell his father would only disturb the older man; he could not be sure how Chase would react to the report. He held his tongue.

"No, nothing definite," he said.

"If he's coming to see you about it he must have something."

Wint got up from the table. "Well," he said abruptly, "we'll soon know. It's after seven now."

They went into the sitting room to wait; and the waiting was hard. Wint tried to read a paper; his father took a book from the shelves. But Wint's eyes strayed from the printed column. He was in a curiously numb state of mind. This was part hopelessness, part the sheer suspense of waiting. Wint was one of those men who in their moments of greatest passion and excitement become outwardly serene and calm. Their own emotions put a physical inhibition on them so that they are still and do not speak. Once or twice Chase glanced toward his son and saw Wint motionless, apparently absorbed, apparently quite at ease. But actually Wint was stirring to the throbbing of his heart, held still by the very fury of his own dread and anger and suspense.

At fifteen minutes before eight someone knocked on the front door. Wint said, "There he is," and got up and went to the door; but when he opened it Jack Routt stood there. Wint was surprised. He said slowly, "Oh, you, Jack?"

Routt nodded, a little ill at ease. "Is Kite here?" he asked.

"No. He's coming."

Routt smiled ingratiatingly. "I don't know what he wants. He told me to meet him here about eight to have a talk with you."

"Told you to ——"

"Yes. I asked him what he meant; and he said to wait. I supposed he had made arrangements with you."

Wint said dully: "Yes; he has. He's coming." And after a moment he added: "You might as well come in."

Routt grinned. "You're damned cordial," he remarked.

"Oh, that's all right," Wint assured him abstractedly. He was thinking so swiftly that he seemed stupefied. His father came into the hall and Wint said: "Here's Jack Routt. Kite told him to come."

Chase looked at Routt uncertainly; and Routt said: "I'll get out if you say so."

Wint shook his head. "No. Sit down. Go on in."

They went into the sitting room; but before they could sit down someone else knocked. This time it was B. B. Beecham.

He stood in the door when Wint opened it, and smiled and said: "I'm not sure I understood, Wint. V. R. Kite telephoned me there was to be some sort of a conference here about a matter for the good of Hardiston. I thought it curious that the word should come from him."

Wint laughed harshly. "All right, come in," he said. "I don't know any more about it than you do. I suppose Kite thought it would be cheaper to use our house than to hire a hall."

B. B. said simply: "I don't want to inconvenience you."

"Come in," Wint repeated. "I'm up in the air, that's all. Routt's here already. Kite will be along, I suppose."

"Routt?" B. B. echoed in surprise.

"Yes; in there."

Wint and B. B. went into the sitting room, where Chase and Routt were talking awkwardly. After the first greetings no one could think of anything more to say. B. B. broke this silence.

"I saw a robin to-day," he said. "They stay here sometimes right through the winter."

Birds and flowers were B. B.'s hobbies; he knew them all. And other people recognized this interest in him, and shared it. They liked his enthusiasm.

Chase said: "Is that so? I had no idea they stayed. It doesn't seem to me I ever saw one in winter."

"They live in the sheltered places," said B. B. "You'll find them in the woods and the brushy hollows and round houses where there is a good deal of shrubbery. Especially if the people put out a lump of suet for them to feed on."

"Why, everybody ought to do that," Chase declared with a quick interest. "You ought to tell them to, in the Journal, B. B."

B. B. smiled and said he was telling people just this, every week. He spoke of other birds. Chase seemed interested. Routt and Wint said nothing. Routt seemed uncomfortable; and that was a strange thing to see in this assured young man. Wint's eyes were lowered; he was thinking, lost in a maze of conjectures. Kite would be coming any minute now.

B. B. was still talking about birds when Kite came. Wint heard footsteps on the walk in front of the house, heard them come up the steps. There were several men, not Kite alone. The sounds told him that. He waited, sitting still, till they knocked on the front door. Then he went out into the hall and opened the door and saw Kite standing there, his dry little face triumphant, malignantly rejoicing.

Wint looked at Kite steadily for a moment; and then he lifted his eyes and saw, behind Kite, Amos Caretall; and at one side, Ed Skinner, of the Sun. He had thought there were others; but he saw no one else.

Kite stepped inside the door. Skinner and Amos stood still till Wint asked, "Well—what is it?"

Kite said then, "Come in, Amos. You too, Ed."

Amos, his big head on one side, his eyes squinting in a friendly way, drawled a question: "How about it, Wint? Kite says he's got something to talk over. Asked me to come along. But I don't allow he's got any right to ask me into your house."

"Come in, Amos. Both of you," Wint said.

And Kite repeated: "Yes, come in. I know what I'm talking about. This young man isn't likely to object."

"All right, Wint?" Amos asked again; and Wint nodded, and Amos lumbered into the hall.

Then Chase came to the door that led from the sitting room into the hall; and at sight of Amos he stopped very still, with a white face.

Wint crossed to his father's side and told him quietly: "It's all right. Kite brought him. It's all right, dad."

Chase exclaimed: "How do I know it's all right? I don't understand all this mystery. Kite, by what right do you use my house for a meeting place? What is all this, anyway? What is the idea, Kite?"

Kite smiled his dry and mirthless smile; and he said mockingly: "Do not fret yourself, Chase. Our concern is with this young man, Wint. You shall hear." He was stripping off his overcoat in a businesslike way. This was Kite's big hour, and he meant to make the most of it. He dropped the coat on the seat in the hall, and Amos and Ed Skinner imitated him.

Kite said briskly, rubbing his hands: "Now then, where can we have our little talk?"

Chase looked at Wint uncertainly; and Wint, still held by that curious inhibition which made his voice level and low, said quietly: "The sitting room."

There were not chairs enough for them in the sitting room. Wint went into the dining room for another, and found his mother there, putting away the dishes.

She asked in a whisper: "Who is it, Wint? Mr. Kite?"

Wint nodded: "Yes, mother. Several men. You'd better go upstairs the back way."

He was so steady that she was reassured; he did not seem excited or disturbed. Yet there was something about him that made her think of a hurt and weary little boy; and she laughed softly and put her arm round him and made him kiss her.

He did so, patting her head; and then he said, "There, mother. Run along."

She went out toward the kitchen, and Wint took the chair he had come for into the other room. He found the others all sitting down. Amos had slumped into the biggest and the easiest chair in the room. B. B. sat straight in the straightest chair, his round firm hands clasped on his knees. B. B.'s legs were short and chubby; and his lap was barely big enough to hold his clasped hands. Ed Skinner and Chase were on the couch at one side of the room. Routt sat on the piano stool, twirling slowly back and forth through a six-inch arc. Kite, in the manner of a presiding officer, had pulled his chair to the table in the middle of the room and sat there very stiffly, his head held high in that ridiculous likeness to a turkey.

Wint set his chair just inside the door and sat down. He and Kite were the only composed persons in the room. B. B. looked acutely embarrassed and uncomfortable, Chase was angry, Skinner was nervous, Routt's ease was palpably assumed, and Amos was fumbling uncertainly with his black old pipe. He asked when Wint came in: "Your mother mind smoke in her sitting room?"

Wint said, "No; go ahead."

He filled his own pipe, and Amos sliced a fill from his plug and deliberately prepared his smoke and lighted it. Kite seemed in no hurry to begin. He had taken a letter or two and a slip of paper from his pockets and was studying them in silence. Wint thought he recognized that slip of paper—a check. It seemed to him that a cold hand clutched his throat. He felt a sick sense of the hopelessness of it all; a sick despair. Not so much on his own account ——

Kite at last looked round the room and said importantly: "Well, gentlemen!"

Wint's father could be still no longer. He cried: "See here, Kite, what's all this tomfoolery? What's this nonsense? It's an outrage. Be quick or be gone. I've no time to waste."

Kite looked at Chase; and then he looked at Wint and asked maliciously: "Do you bid me to be gone too, young man?"

Wint shook his head. "Say what you have to say," he suggested; and there was a great weariness in his voice.

Kite nodded. "I mean to." And to Chase: "You see, the young man understands it is in his interest to handle this thing among ourselves."

"To handle what thing?" Chase demanded.

Kite cleared his throat.

"A matter," he said importantly, "that concerns first of all the good name of Hardiston; a matter that concerns, very intimately, the good name of your son. A matter that will be decisive in the mayoralty campaign now pending. A matter ——" His poise suddenly gave way before the fierce rush of his exultation; and he cried: "A matter that will stop this damned Sunday-school nonsense of denying grown men the right to do as they please! That's what it is. A matter that will show up this young hypocrite in his true light. If I were not merciful I would have spread it before the town before this."

He stopped abruptly, looking from one to the other as though challenging them to deny that he was merciful. No one denied it. B. B. cleared his throat; and the sound was startling in the silence that had followed Kite's words. Amos puffed slowly at his pipe and squinted across the room at Wint. Wint said nothing. He had scarce heard what Kite had said; he was curiously abstracted, as though all this did not concern him. He was like a spectator, looking on.

Chase looked at his son; and there was fear in the man's eyes, for Kite was so terribly confident. Chase looked at his son, expecting Wint to make denial, to defend himself. But Wint said nothing; Wint did not lift his eyes from the floor. He only puffed slowly and indolently at his pipe, moving not at all.

Kite cleared his throat again; and his dry little eyes were gleaming.

"I have given this matter some thought," he said; "some thought since the facts came into my hands. And I must confess at first they seemed incredible. I made investigations, I was forced to believe the whole black story."

He paused again. He wanted someone to question him, but no one spoke. He went on:

"My first impulse was to cry the truth to the whole town, but I held my hand. I went to Columbus for the final proof, got it, and when I came back it was to find that this young man had caused the arrest of one of my friends, Lutcher, on a ridiculous liquor charge. Simply because Radabaugh discovered Lutcher and three others engaged in a game of cards, drinking as they had a right to do.

"I was indignant; but even then I was merciful. I wanted to give this young man a chance; and I went to him and offered him the chance to save himself."

He paused, moved one of his hands as though to brush the possibility aside. "But it is unnecessary for me to tell you his chief trait is a blind and unreasoning stubbornness. It betrayed him on this occasion. He rejected my offer, refused to take the easy way out.

"That was this morning. I considered. My chief concern was for the good name of Hardiston: that such a man should not be chosen mayor. This seemed to me the simplest and least painful way to arrange his withdrawal. So I asked you to come here."

Amos drawled from the depth of his chair: "Did you fetch us here to talk us to death, Kite?"

Kite smiled bitterly. "No, Amos. Be patient."

Chase was watching Wint, still with that desperate hope in his eyes. They were all watching Wint; but Wint was looking at the floor, following with his eyes the pattern in the rug. This was the end. He had just about decided that. There was in him no more will to fight. He had been a good mayor. If they didn't want to reëlect him—that was their affair. He would do no more. He had a sick sense of betrayal. His lips twisted in a bitter little smile.

Kite addressed him directly: "So, young man, we want your withdrawal from the mayoralty race. And this whole matter will end right here."

Wint still did not lift his head. His father thought the boy was ashamed, and his heart was torn.

Kite asked sharply: "Come! What do you say?"

Wint looked at Kite then for the first time; looked at him with a slow, steady, incurious gaze that made Kite

(Continued on Page 115)

"Now, Hatty," He Said, "I Have Been Telling Them What You Told Me. They Think I am Lying. Am I Lying?"

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1919

Demosthenes and Democracy

RUNNING through a list of presidential possibilities the other day, a politician paused at one of the names to observe: "He is a man of wide business experience, of broad sympathies, a splendid executive and thoroughly versed in international affairs, but he wouldn't do, for he can't make a good speech."

That is a fatal handicap under our system of government by conversation. Unless a man has a flutelike larynx, violin-toned vocal cords and a pair of lungs with which he can play The Storm, he cannot hope to get far in our public life. In America a candidate is known by the speeches he makes, by his skill on the oboe, the piccolo, the cymbals, the cowbells and the snare drum; by the runs, trills, warbles, bangs and smashes in his performance; by his skill in juggling the drum sticks, balancing the trombone on his nose and waltzing out on the floor while he plays the bass viol; and above all by the number of words in his system and his ability to talk anything and everybody to death. Few remember the man who sponsors an important bill, but the member who talks for two days and two nights without stopping to gargle his throat is pointed out for years to an admiring gallery.

This will continue until the country wakes up to the fact that the President of the United States is first of all a big business executive; that the members of his cabinet are first of all heads of big business departments; that the members of Congress are first of all business directors, shaping the rules under which we make our daily bread, and that it is up to them to see that the loaf is full weight. When these simple facts are once fully grasped by voters the national Government will be made up of men from all branches of business, instead of being wholly dominated as at present by lawyers, necessary as it is to have a fair proportion of them in lawmaking bodies. We shall then attach more importance to what a candidate has done and can do in business than to the orchestration of his promises. It was a sad day for America when Demosthenes began to practice with his pebble.

Few capable men of practical affairs—farmers, merchants, manufacturers and laborers, as distinguished from labor leaders—can make a speech to which anyone could fox-trot. They have a habit of saying everything they really have to say on a subject in a few terse sentences, thus spoiling a perfectly good speech and saving an exceedingly valuable hour. Speech making has its uses—many of them—and it may be the most harmless of all indoor and outdoor sports, but it does not often expedite the work of the world. "Thinking on his feet" is a phrase that is frequently used when "talking on his feet" is meant.

There is no more reason why we should demand that our governmental executives be orators than that they should be actors or grand-opera singers or banjo players. These are all desirable accomplishments, but they have no direct bearing on taxation, housing, the price of hogs and various other matters that have a very real and intimate relation to our happiness and prosperity. If this seems a sordid view to take of government, we should remember that the price of hogs has some very intricate ramifications that finally affect even the arts and the sciences.

In all other subdivisions of our business—and we use the word in its broad sense—we select men for fitness. A lawyer is chosen to attend to legal affairs; a professor to run a college; a general to lead an army; a manufacturer to head a corporation; nor do we ask them to sing a popular song or to make an impassioned speech on the wrongs of the voter at the hands of the party in power as a test of their fitness. Experience and a practical habit of success are our criteria. But when we want a President for our great national holding company we shy away from the men who by training, experience and habit of mind are best fitted for the job. We look at a candidate's vocal cords instead of his ideas; consider his geographical position before his experience in handling business problems; and count his popularity as more important than his platform. Popularity is a poor test of character. A man who has offended no one has fought no one.

Democracy is being done to death by speech makers. Action is being smothered in oratory. Discussion is degenerating into drivel. As this is written the country is facing the music, listening for some inspired note of leadership to which it can quickstep ahead, but the Silver Cornet Band keeps right on playing In the Sweet By and By with variations, while the very children in the streets are being taught to dance the turkey-Trotzky.

If all this talking and spouting were done to full benches, to an alertly listening and interested House and Senate, it might be justified, but the arguing and speechifying usually goes on to empty seats. It is almost always addressed to men whose positions were taken, whose minds were pretty well made up weeks before. Deliberation on important matters is wise, but not after the possibility of any new light being thrown on them is over. Many able and useful men in national and local government are only half effective by reason of the system and lack of system.

Legislative bodies have been steadily degenerating into debating clubs in which not even the debaters are interested. By the time one of these debauches of speech making is over the public has usually forgotten what it was all about. Nothing would so expedite public business as a rule that every member of a legislative body should sit through every speech made. No one has so little toleration for a bore as his fellow bores.

The man who is responsible for this condition and the only one who can remedy it is the voter. Heretofore the hustings have been a combination of stage and arena, and a speech something to shout over rather than something to think over. The voter has demanded pep, hokum and the emotional appeal instead of a straightforward, common-sense discussion of the real issues—and the demand has created an overplentiful supply. In response to it we have the boy orators, the silver-tongued spellbinders, the one-hundred-and-twenty-four-minute men who can play Home, Sweet Home on their larynxes and who operate with a full set of stops, from the fake vox humana to the bogus thunder, all resulting in the election of conversationalists and government by conversation. It would be well worth the voter's while to secure a stenographic report of one of these political speeches and to read it over in cold blood the morning after—away from the crowd, the cheers and the brass band; to strip it of its adjectives, its flag waving, its sob stuff and its generalities in order to see what it contains of genuine, constructive, unequivocal horse sense.

This plague of oratory has not only kept many of the best men out of politics and befuddled the voters, but it has made hot air the moving force in many fields besides the political one. We pass over the curse of after-dinner speaking and the rapidly growing habit of "conferring" over many things that we are afraid to look squarely in the eye and settle with one stiff punch. Much of this conferring is simply deferring. We doubt whether a conference of more than a dozen people ever really got anywhere or decided anything. We refer to the growing ascendency of the blatherskite over all classes of people; to the setting up of the soap box in all classes of society.

If one is an orator one must orate; and if one orates one must please; and if one is to please one must agree with his crowd and denounce its adversary; and in denouncing an adversary one is often unjust; and injustice for the sake of pleasing is demagogism. There is always an underdog everywhere, sometimes held down through no fault of his own, oftener through some lack that no laws or rearrangement of society can help; but no underdog wants to believe that, so he is with anyone who agrees with him and denounces whomever he fancies to be the man who is sitting on his chest. Many men are willing to cash this weakness into votes and money; so we have the profession of demagogism—and it is overcrowded. A rush of words to the head is an almost sure symptom that the demagogue is about to break out in a red rash of radicalism. Travelers have reported that so many men were making speeches on the street corners in Russia that finally there was nobody left for an audience. We have even heard of one crafty engineer who stopped his train on the steppes of Siberia and, when the speech makers in the cars rushed forward to see what was the matter, began an impassioned address from his cab on the wrongs of the proletariat. Verbum saphead: Cut it out!

Labor has been the favorite underdog—though it is in fact no longer one—of both the politician and the agitator. The country has always been disposed to take capital at its worst and labor at its best, with the result that capital has been damned far beyond and labor glorified far above its deserts. The sanest and most industrious men in its councils are gradually being displaced by those who can talk loudest and hottest, who will promise the most money for the least work, until labor is in danger of being swept from its moorings into the maelstrom of red radicalism.

The strikes now under way and under consideration will probably result in a flat increase of from twenty-five to fifty per cent in the cost of living, and they are largely due to oratorically faked rather than to actual grievances. The radical labor leader who cannot find a grievance to justify his leadership and keep him busy is out of a job, with work staring him in the face; so he naturally keeps a full line of grievances in stock for his followers. Any kind of talk, any sort of a demand, if there is only enough red pepper on it, gets over with a yell these days. And though prices go higher with every strike, still the carnival of conversation without cloture continues—on the hustings, in the unions—sound and fury over exploded theories, over rotten economics, over political parties that are beginning to call for burial in Arlington Cemetery, so far as any clear-cut, convinced declaration of policy and program of performance on the great issues before us is concerned. Only men above party, above popular clamor, who are not afraid to antagonize this selfish vote and that unpatriotic voter for the greatest good of the greatest number can help the country to-day—and not enough of those men are in office.

It is time for every man to sit down and ask himself what is the one overwhelming and overshadowing issue before the country, whether he is going to play a man's part, an unselfish patriotic part, or be beguiled by fiddling demagogues or a chance to reap some quick personal advantage. The men who are cashing in on the present situation are laying up treasure in hell. There is small choice for the devil between the red flag demagogue and the black flag profiteer. They are brothers under the skin.

There is just one big question before us—Democracy or Red Autocracy; government by despotic minorities above the government or by the law-abiding majority. You cannot have that now unless you organize for it, plan for it and make all other interests secondary to it. And if you do not get it you will not have any interests worth bothering about. Your first concern will be, as in Russia, where

your next meal is coming from. Your only prayer will be for anything or anybody that will restore order, even the man on horseback, and you will not much care what kind of a horse he rides, provided it is not a hobby horse.

We must start with the humblest offices and elect men of sense and guts, regardless of party and their ability to imitate the fiddle on their vocal cords. There is no such thing as an unimportant office in government—not even the vice presidency. We must make candidates cut out all this highfalutin and nothing-doing stuff about the grand old parties; this deploring of waste and extravagance that never gets beyond deploring; this pledging themselves to all the glittering generalities of the political firmament and to none of the cold bread-and-butter realities of earth. Look every candidate over as if you were hiring him for your own sacred business and judge him by the same standards. Find out what his education and experience have been; how many and what kind of jobs he has held; why he was fired; whether he made money and ran a progressive, successful plant or if he was slipshod and boneheaded to the point of failure. A man who cannot succeed in private business cannot succeed in public, though he finds it easier to bury his blunders. He simply takes more money from the taxpayers and so staves off bankruptcy.

Don't be afraid to let the help know where you stand and what you expect of them. Follow this method right up the line to the Presidency and you will finally have parties that mean something, stand for something and will do something besides talk, officered by men of action instead of conversationalists. The issues before us are clear. The man who says "perhaps" and "if" about everything is not the man for us now. Salvation is by faith, and faith without works is dead, and there are too many dead ones discussing and conferring and speech making over live issues as it is. They will not listen to each other, but they will listen to public opinion. Verbum sap! And that word is being spoken almost daily by men who "can't make a good speech," but who can talk good sense: Americans, get together!

Exchange Distortions

BEFORE the great war broke upon the world it was confidently predicted that such a calamity could not happen because of its prohibitive cost. After the war had actually begun many persons assumed that financial necessities would limit its duration to a few months. Both prophecies proved false, and as a result there was a swing to the other extreme, to the view that financial considerations were of no or only nominal importance. But the disordered and chaotic condition of international trade since the Armistice and the breakdown of currency systems, especially in the defeated countries, proves that financial machinery cannot be abused with impunity.

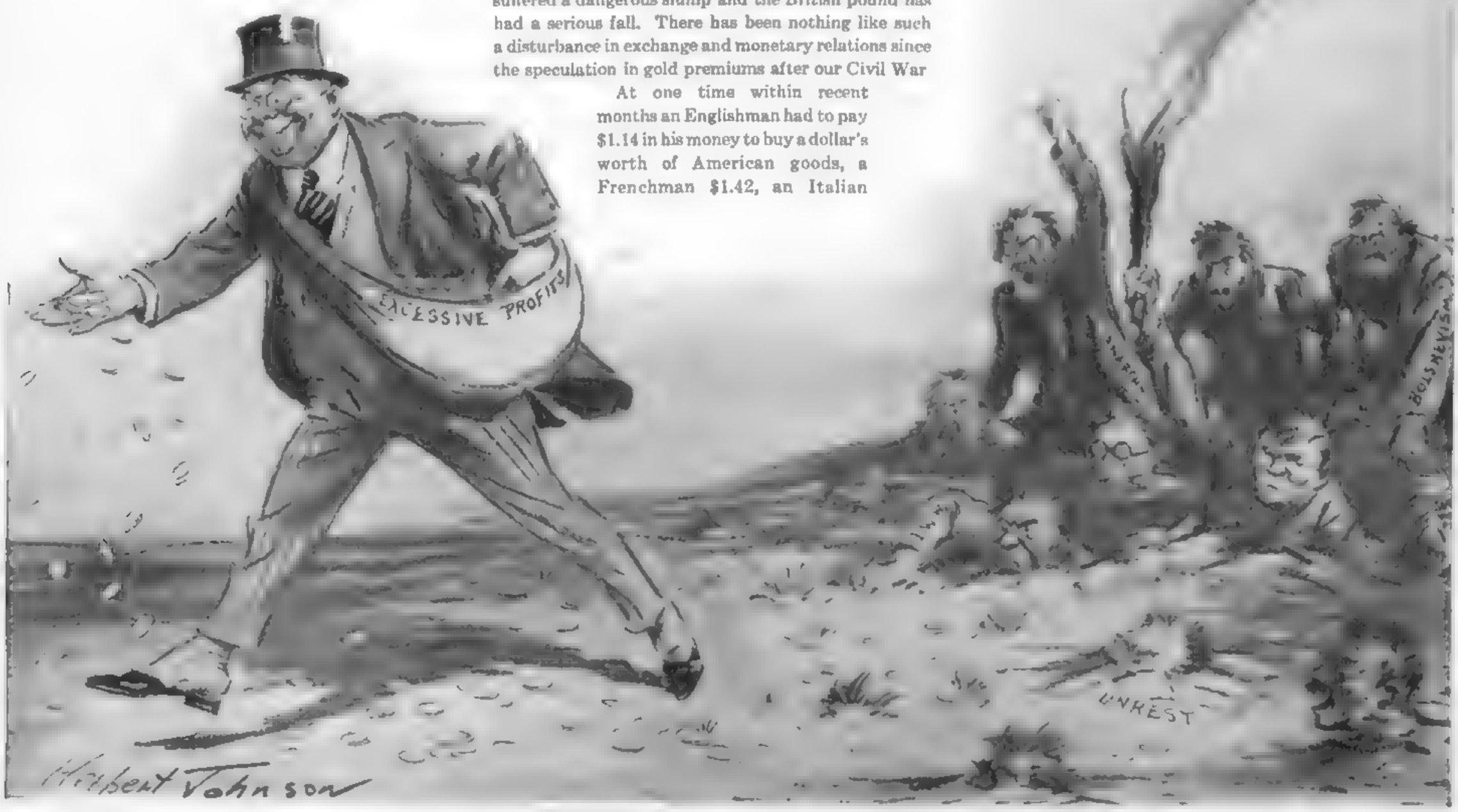
Except for the Russian ruble under Lenine and Trotzky, the worst examples of currency depreciation in modern times—this side of American continentals, assignats of the French Revolution and Confederate currency—are German marks and Austrian kronen. But the French and Italian franc and lira have also suffered a dangerous slump and the British pound has had a serious fall. There has been nothing like such a disturbance in exchange and monetary relations since the speculation in gold premiums after our Civil War

At one time within recent months an Englishman had to pay $1.14 in his money to buy a dollar's worth of American goods, a Frenchman $1.42, an Italian $1.67, and a German—if he had been buying—$4. Thus, besides having to buy at high prices in this country, a European importer was obliged to make payment in American money which cost him a great premium.

Recently a Belgian firm placed an order in Germany at thirty-five per cent of the nearest American bid, the controlling factor being that Belgian money was worth a premium over German but was at a heavy discount as compared with American dollars. But while American exports are hindered by such perversions of the exchanges, imports from Europe are stimulated. When the Frenchman had to pay $1.42 for a dollar's worth of American goods, the American had to pay only seventy-odd cents for a dollar's worth of French goods.

Then, too, the American who buys European securities, either of governments or private corporations, is likely to make an unusual profit, provided foreign exchange ever returns to normal. For an American investor in buying British Victory bonds does not pay the market price in London, but a price as much lower as English money is lower than American. Likewise the American tourist traveling abroad will find that his American dollars multiply magically when exchanged for foreign monies.

A decrease in our exports, an increase in imports, attractively low prices for foreign securities, the temptation for tourists to go abroad—all these conditions will tend to restore equilibrium in the exchanges, even though we do not extend great credits to European countries. But until there is some approach to equilibrium there will be costly and dangerous disturbance, along with a paradise for the speculator and gambler.



"Sowing Dragon's Teeth"

Checking Up Our Thank Offering

PRODUCERS' YEAR OF PLENTY BROUGHT NEW PROBLEMS

By Charles Moreau Harger

BACK on the old farm, when father had hauled the last load of wheat to the mill and had closed the bulging barn on the last load of hay, Thanksgiving came with sheer rejoicing for the bounty of Nature. He did not figure the expense of raising the crops or the discount on the grading of his grain. The "lower eighty" may have fallen off slightly in its usual return, but the orchard had borne a generous yield of fruit. On the whole, he looked upon the farm's production and pronounced it good.

This first year of peace has reaped a marvelous bounty of the fields. Gathered into a whole, the soil has given to the people of the United States one of the notable seasons of history. With this has come an unexampled high price level for everything the farmer raised, turning into the banks a swollen tide of deposits. Whatever of storm or drought affected local sections, a broad mantle of plenty has rested on the land and given real cause for thanksgiving.

But the modern producer has kept books. He has translated every bushel and every ton into terms of dollars and cents. Out in the fields he has been riding up and down the brown furrows or wrestling with the sheaves—thinking. He has come to the end of the season with his problem yet unsolved. With varying views are summarized the season's returns. Thorough satisfaction mingles with disappointment, volubly expressed. Partly the latter reaction is temperamental, for often the farmer is disposed to consider that he is getting the worst of every bargain; partly it is due to close figuring and comparison of his anticipations with his accomplishments.

Big Crops and High Costs

FOR one thing he expected this to be a banner year for profits. All last winter as he watched the growing wheat he counted his gains. With a guaranteed price of $2.20 at primary markets and the prospect of a billion-bushel yield, it seemed that he must come into his own. He raised the billion bushels approximately, but the events of summer brought revision of his figures.

Waiting the passage of a shower at a country elevator in the wheat belt last August were a half dozen wheat growers, each having brought a fifty-bushel load of grain to market.

"This is the last of my crop," said one—"eleven hundred bushels off one hundred acres. I'm done—I'll not put in an acre this fall."

"What's the matter with wheat?" I asked.

"Cost me too much to get it. I paid $10 a day for harvest hands—and they were poor hands at that. Then threshing cost $150 a day for the machine, and when I have paid my note at the bank I'll not have good wages for myself left."

"What are you going to do if you don't raise wheat?"

"I'm goin' bummin'. I can earn more money on the railroad or carpentering than I can raising crops. We pay all we get out for wages and I thought this year would be a big money-maker."

The man at the elevator stated his case in extreme terms, but in somewhat similar temper thousands of farmers cast up their crop profits and unite in a demand that there be a return that will give them a definite profit on their crops.

Probably no one factor has been so unpleasant a surprise to the producer during the past season as the skyward trend of labor's demands. For years the hired man has been content to work from sunup to sundown for $25 a month. In rush times extra help could be procured for $2 a day. This year during the wheat harvest workers demanded at first eighty cents an hour, which rose to $1 an hour—a ten-hour day and found. The employers balked, but wheat was ready for cutting; help was scarce. At the country stations workers waited until they received their price—which in some instances reached twelve dollars a day.

It is true that there was to be considered the living expenses of the family, often not taken into account, and that there is a steady income from by-products of the poultry yard and dairy, going far to meet the living needs of the home.

Yet the farmer stands firm on the proposition that he should be assured of a cash balance, over and above keep and shelter, when the season closes.

The Boom in Farm Lands

THOSE taking the optimistic view have been able by efficient management to meet the new conditions.

"It was a good year," said another farmer living in the older settled section. "My wheat was not heavy—only eighteen bushels to the acre—but I had the help of my boys and we neighbors changed work in threshing, so all had a fair cost in harvest. My alfalfa brought $30 a ton—five tons to the acre; butterfat has been fifty cents a pound—we used to be happy with twenty-two; and I am going to spend the winter in California and let the boys run the place."

He is lucky to have boys who will stay on the farm, for it is one of the complaints of the farm country that the young folks prefer to seek the towns—and the town boy will not go to the farm. So many a man who has built up through long years of toil a first-class farm sells out and moves to town, turning the land over to a renter and living on the income.

Perhaps he is influenced by the remarkable prices at which land is selling and thinks he would better put his money in Liberty Bonds; or—as too often happens—becomes a speculator in oil stocks or other promotion schemes which leave him with the greater part of his savings gone. One of the marvels of the year has been the land boom. Throughout the Middle West real estate has been sold and resold at prices which have astonished financiers and raised doubts as to the reality of the values. When farms are sold as far west as two hundred miles beyond the Missouri River for $250 an acre, and in Iowa and Illinois for $400 and $500

(Continued on Page 32)

"It certainly pays!"

Yes. And just now a handy supply of these wholesome soups pays you at its best.

Think of the appetizing zest they add to your holiday dinners, the inviting relish they give to the cold cuts and left-overs that follow, the ready nourishment they provide between times in the fatiguing days of shopping and "getting ready."

And think of their economy—both in cost and in use. For example—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

We include fifteen different vegetables in this tempting soup, beside barley and macaroni alphabets—all blended in a hearty stock made from selected beef.

The high energy value of this savory soup makes it lessen your need of expensive meats. Its appetizing quality makes all your food do you more good. It saves waste and cooking-cost. And everybody enjoys it every time.

Order a dozen or a case.

"A regular cut-up am I
Which nobody can deny
And cutting the ills
From house-keeping bills
Is the jolliest stunt I try."

21 kinds

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30

an acre, it is difficult to understand how the new owners can make interest on their investment if the price level of products returns to the prewar level, or even near to it.

A questionnaire sent to representative men in every county of Iowa in midsummer brought these estimates: The average price of farm land is $234 an acre, an increase in sixty days of $28 an acre and in five years of $94 an acre. In many instances the increase has been far more than this, and it has not been unusual for speculators to make a profit of $50 an acre in a few weeks. When it is considered that in most instances there was paid down but a small amount to bind the contract, to be completed next March, it beats operating on the stock exchange.

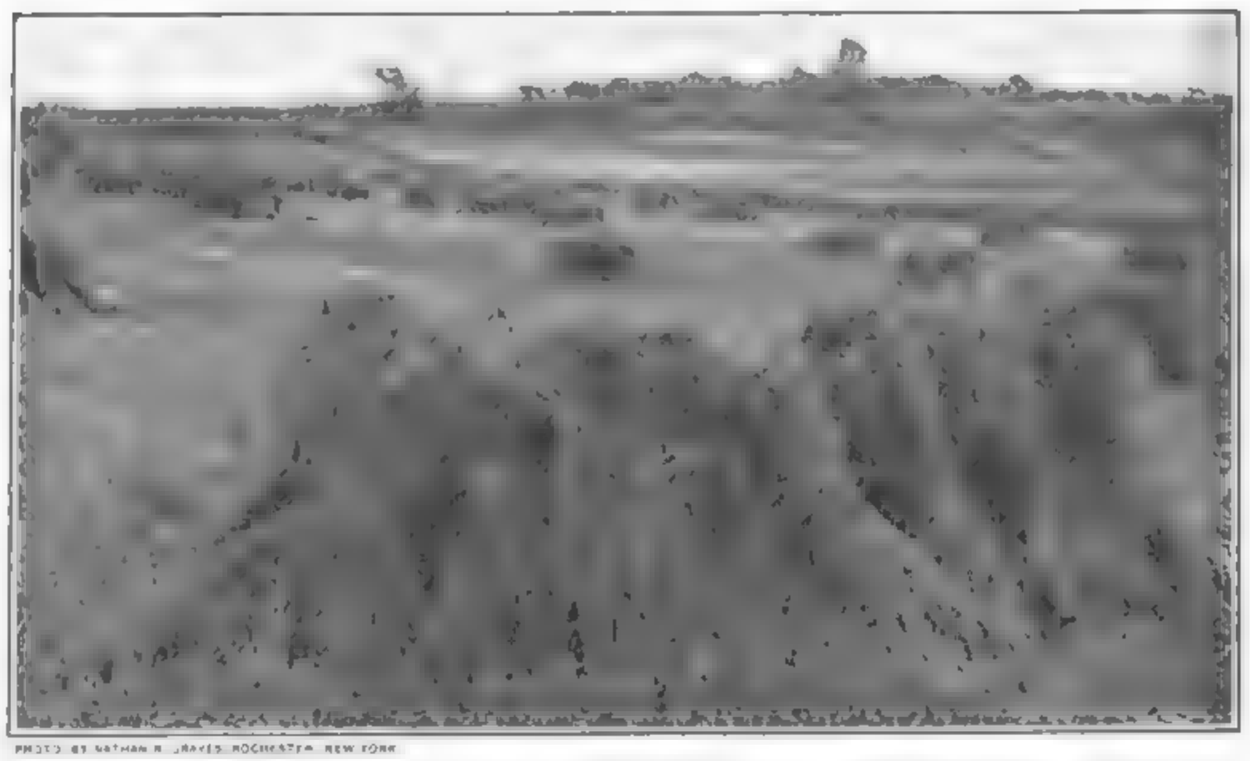


PHOTO BY NATHAN R. GRACE, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Take the specific instance of the 240-acre farm near Traer, Iowa, sold to Guy Monroe for $265 an acre; sold again to C. E. Lambert for $275 an acre; sold again to Charles McElhinney for $325 an acre—an advance of $14,400 in less than three months, and the new owner expects to sell it for a yet further advance before the holidays. There was Con Mahoney, who sold his 160-acre farm for $250 an acre, bought it back for $270 an acre, resold it for $425 an acre after taking off the wheat and corn—a profit of $24,800, plus this year's crops, in less than twelve months.

A well-informed Des Moines banker is authority for the statement that the best class of Iowa farms have advanced in selling value $100 an acre since March first, adding:

"I think I am safe in saying that Iowa bankers generally and henceforth will adopt a policy of discouraging the purchase by their patrons of Iowa land at anything above $300 an acre. Deals in farms at fancy prices are flooding into banks these days. The bankers are beginning to worry about the effect. I am not certain that prevailing prices represent actual inflation; neither am I certain that even in these days of high prices Iowa land generally can produce sufficiently to make such investments wise. The movements in farming lands and the great retail trade with it, regardless of high prices, are expressive of the same state of mind, and both get their chief impulse from the fact that Europe is below its normal food production."

Not Enough Land to Go Round

THESE illustrations could be duplicated by the score over a half dozen agricultural states and indicate a speculative movement borne out by further features of the Iowa questionnaire. A summary of the reports gives the proportion of purchasers who expect to make the new farms their homes as 49 per cent; those who expect to hold for permanent investment, 17 per cent; those who buy for speculation, 34 per cent. The speculators include town capitalists, who see a chance to make a profit on a moderate investment, and professional traders, who are operating on a shoe string, trusting to the chance of reselling.

Startling as has been the advance in values, seventy-five per cent of the replies say that yet further increases are probable. In other words, the land boom has not yet spent itself.

Out of this grows an increase in tenantry, already of proportions to bring serious consideration from every Western commonwealth. The tenant is unable to purchase land at present figures; the investor is satisfied to hold the land in expectation of a rise, in the meanwhile obtaining a generous income from his share of the crops or the cash rent. This share has risen with the increased investment until a rental value of $10 to $12 an acre is considered reasonable and it frequently runs to twice or three times that amount where production is liberal and the owner receives a share of the crops delivered at the nearest market. So, farther off is realization of the renter's dream to have a home of his own and more numerous are those who seek land to lease.

"They even wake me up in the night," said a land agent, "to get a first choice when neighborhood gossip spreads the news that there is likely to be a vacancy. One man recently traveled all night from a neighboring county to get a farm that his daughter had telephoned him would be leased next March."

Definite reports of the number of tenants are difficult to obtain except when the decennial census is taken. A recent bulletin of the Kansas State Agricultural College says that in two of the richest counties of the state "fully one-half the farms are operated by tenants." In the state at large 36.8 per cent of the farms are so occupied. In Nebraska a similar condition exists, estimates showing that only 50 per cent of the farms are occupied by their owners. In July, 1919, were checked up the assessors' returns on two townships of Central Kansas. They are rich townships, with some of the best land in the state. It is doubtful if any farm in either could be bought today for $100 an acre. Yet in Jefferson Township the assessor reported that fifty-three owners were operating farms and twenty-four farms were occupied by renters. In Liberty Township, with a large German-American settlement and many families who have lived there since the sixties, there were sixty owners and forty-three renters on 103 farms. In that county the land agents say that for every farm for rent there were twenty men seeking the lease.

With the average size of farms in the United States decreased in the decade ending 1910 from 146.2 acres to 138.1 acres and the proportion of tenants rising from 35.3 per cent to 37 per cent, the opportunity grows steadily less for the laborer. In a survey of 465 farms in Kansas it was found that rented lands are "almost invariably lower in fertility than adjoining farms tilled by owners," and the report adds, "If the yields on tenant farms decrease further the tenant's problem of making his farming operations profitable will be much more difficult."

When the farmer adds the increased value of his real estate to his other income he finds that he is making financial headway; while if a renter he is handicapped, and no system of rural credit materially beneficial to the man with little means has been devised. Yet even under present conditions the tenant often makes a larger income than the owner, because of his small investment. Both are giving much thought to the matter of the reduction in the cost of living. Both complain of the cost of implements and household supplies compared with four years ago.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," says Mr. Farmer, "that I have to pay twice as much for a mower or a cultivator, and that my family is charged fifty per cent more for clothing than in 1914—something ought to be done about it."

War Benefits Felt by Producers

WELL, something was done about it in midsummer through the activity against the high cost of living and profiteering. Whether the agitation or the approach of a new crop caused it, corn took a drop of forty cents a bushel and cattle and hogs declined four to six cents a pound.

"This will ruin me," then declared the producer. "I cannot fatten stock and send it to market at these figures. I do not receive enough to pay wages for my labor. That is not the place to begin cutting down prices."

The agricultural sections, where the interests of producer and consumer are interrelated, are poor places to settle where the change in values should begin. Likewise there is on the part of the business interests a reaction from the feeling of the producers who are the basis of their prosperity. Take the merchant in a farming section. He knows that if his customers are to prosper they must have good prices for their products. If the income of the farmer falls his trade lessens. In consequence there is no great enthusiasm for a falling market for the foodstuffs raised in that community.

Since the beginning of the war the producer has been a beneficiary of the increased call to America to feed the world. When the first offering of Anglo-French bonds was made, a country banker was approached by one of his customers, who asked, "Is this bank going to take any of

(Continued on Page 166)

Kansas travels —and talks with New Hampshire

"THEY were right," said Kansas, "when they remarked to me, 'Be sure to have a look at New Hampshire's scenic beauty.' Out Kansas way, you know, we're long on fields but short on forests."

New Hampshire proffered welcome Owl Cigars and made reply:

"Welcome, Western visitor, it's fine to know you now so intimately. I've long sold cotton goods to you and long enjoyed the golden grains you so ably raise. And much oil from your famous fields is used in these Eastern parts. We'll smoke again for good acquaintance and good pleasure's sake."

* * *

YOU'LL FIND dependable citizens of every state enjoying dependable Owl and White Owl Cigars. Experience tells them that they can always count on the unchanging fragrance of Owls. Why don't you try Owl or White Owl and see how much dependable fragrance a nearly $3,000,000 leaf reserve can give cigars?

DEALERS:

If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us.
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TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS

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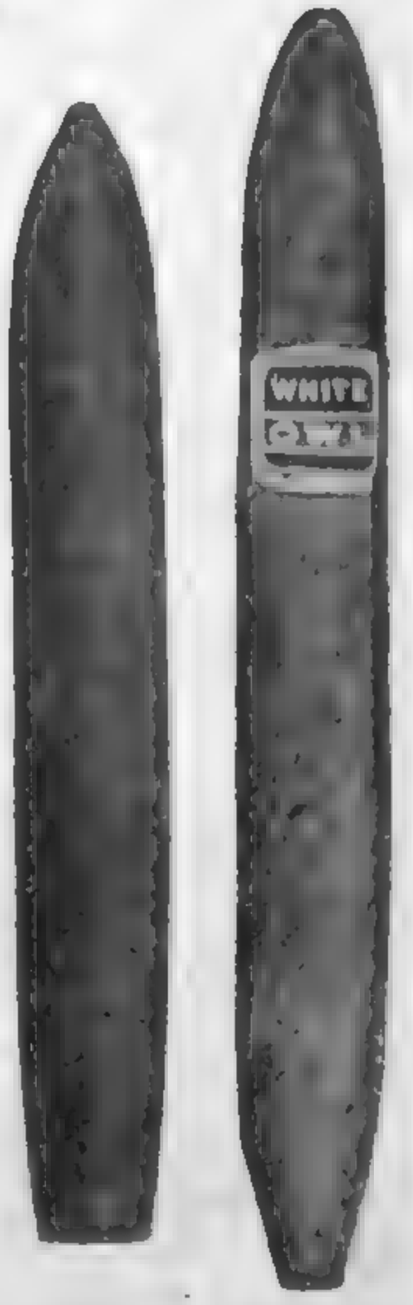


OWL white OWL

THE BALD-FACE—By Hal G. Evarts

THE Blackfeet of the low country and the Shoshones who peopled the head reaches of the river nourished a century-old grievance which hinged upon one point—Tumwa the grizzly. The Blackfeet held that Tumwa, the yellowish-brown grizzly, Saka-Tumwa, the silvertip, and Logo-Tumwa, the bald-face, were three different kinds of bear, while the Shoshones had it handed straight down from Manitou, their revered god and ancestor, that they were but three different color phases of the same beast. It was a fact well known to both tribes that when any bear was killed in his winter den it was found that his stomach was shriveled into a solid rubbery knot. Agreed upon the fact, they differed as to the cause.

The Blackfeet insisted that the bear gorged enormously prior to entering the long sleep of hibernation and that the stomach contracted for the purpose of extracting the last ounce of nourishment from the food. Pakatan, head medicine man of the Shoshones, let it be known to his people that the bear fasted for the last few days before denning. The stomach having nothing to keep it distended, the natural consequence was that it shrank.

There was but one way in which to settle this dispute; and in the time-hallowed manner in which all peoples before or since have adjusted their grievances, so the Blackfeet and Shoshones prepared to settle this. They painted for war.

The legends of those who keep no written records but instead pass history from generation to generation by word of mouth are apt to become a trifle distorted as time goes on. The white men knew this and when the last of the Shoshones told the first of the whites that the big tracks had always been seen in the hills since their forefathers first came to the headwaters of the river the white men, knowing that the Shoshones had lived there for perhaps a thousand years, were inclined to doubt. But knowing too that the grizzly lives a long life, perhaps even longer than man, and having themselves seen the great prints, the white men were prepared to admit that the monster silvertip had been leaving his tracks in the hills for some time. In reality he made his first tiny tracks in the melting snowdrifts when he followed his mother from the den on the very spring that the hills first echoed to the war whoops as two mighty nations battled over whether he should later go to sleep with a full stomach or on an empty one.

He was a lone cub and his mother had gone into the winter in good shape. Bears vary greatly in size at maturity—as do men. The Shoshones knew from Manitou that the condition of the she bear when she dens in the fall predetermines the eventual size of the offspring who come forth with her in the spring.

But Logo, the bald-face cub, did not know that the great god Manitou had so prearranged things for him, and if he had known he would have cared but little. It was sufficient for the moment that he could enjoy the delights of the open sidehill after the months in the gloomy hole, its opening blocked by feet of snow, in which he had been born the size of a squirrel and had grown to the proportions of a badger without ever a glimpse of daylight. His mother did not seem hungry and ate only a few bitter twigs and blades of grass before retiring once more to the mouth of the den, where she slept for a day and a night.

Even at this early age Logo gave indisputable evidence of what he would be at maturity. His shoulder blades slid up and down under the loose skin when he walked and gave him a lurching, swaggering air. He had not the timidity of the young of other beasts. In his veins flowed the blood of a thousand generations that had trod the forest ways before the bark of the magazine gun had been heard in the hills—and every living thing had given trail. Only when tired or hungry did he return to his mother to sleep beside her.

A new note roused him from one of these fitful naps. He could not locate its source. It seemed to fill the whole expanse of the hills, borne on every breeze. He sat on his haunches and cocked his head sidewise as he listened to a distant drone that swelled and receded, rose again, but never died.

Far below on the banks of the Stinking Water a thousand savage throats were chanting the birth song. A plaintive wail issued from the tepee of Striking Eagle, chief of all the Shoshones, and the chant rose excitedly. Leonona, squaw of Striking Eagle, had brought forth a child.

There was a strange mark upon the infant's breast. Pakatan was with the child and the chant swelled in volume as the rumor spread that very soon now he would interpret the meaning of this queer sign for his people. There was the silence of death as Pakatan threw back the tepee flap and stood before them. He paused impressively before speaking, then violently struck his breast.

"Mighty warriors of the Shoshones," he then began, "Manitou has sent us a proof of his children's wisdom over that of the braggart Blackfeet! Upon the breast of the infant chief is a mark the meaning of which is as dim to you as the trail of the trout in the streams, but to Pakatan it is as plain as the tracks of the bull elk in the snow. The mark is the sign of the bear! The grizzly, the bald-face and the silvertip are cunningly blended in the one sign, proving them to be the same. The son of Striking Eagle shall possess the qualities of all three. There will be a cub with a white face and a pelt of shining silver born of a yellowish she grizzly. As surely as the young chief shall live to rule all men, so shall the cub live to rule all the bears of the hills until such time as men with faces as pale as the forehead of the bald-face and natures even more fierce shall come to the banks of the Stinking Water. The son of Striking Eagle will live to know many of the white men and at last will come one with the courage, strength and beauty of the silvertip and he shall find our maidens even more lovely than his own. His blood will mingle with that of Shoshone chiefs.

"The young chief's reign will accord with that of the grizzly king. When the great bear dies, then shall the chieftain be called to Manitou—but not until three days after the passing of the bear, one day for the grizzly, one for the bald-face and one for the silvertip."

Pakatan paused in his flow of barbaric eloquence. Then:

"Manitou wills that the child be named Tumwa-Ka-Tin, Three-Bears-In-One, and thus throw the lie in the teeth of the Blackfeet dogs."

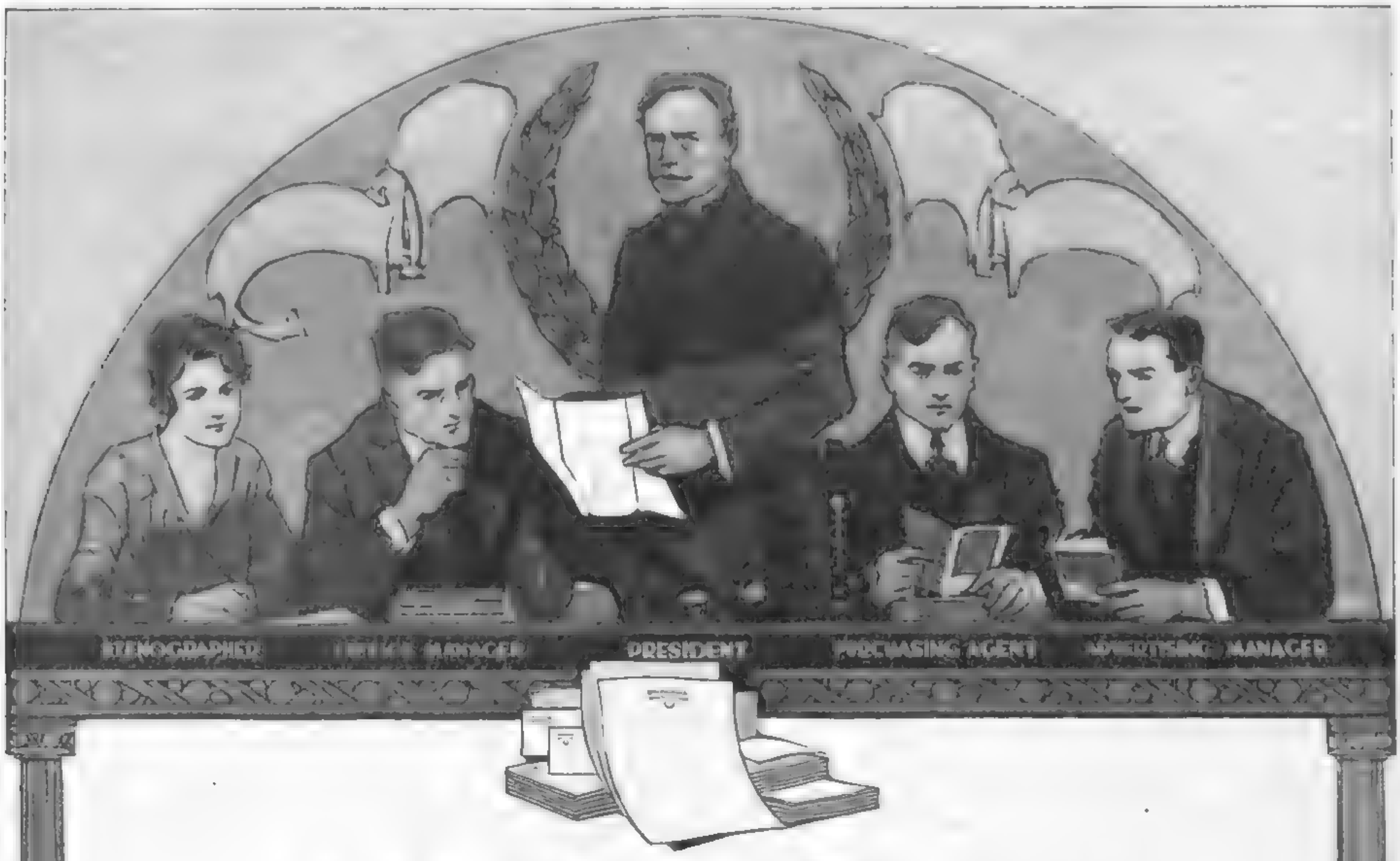
The chant rose and swelled in a frenzied tribute to the infant chief and the volume of it rolled off across the hills. Far up on a spur of the Wapiti Mountains, Logo, the bald-face cub, placed his forefeet on his sleeping mother and growled back defiantly across her at the sound.

This roused the old bear and she rose and left the den. She returned to it no more, but lingered in the vicinity for some time, eating increasing quantities of grass and bitter twigs each succeeding day. Then she headed down across the hard-packed snowdrifts of the spruce slopes toward the lower valleys. At frequent intervals she raised her nose and sampled the wind. Logo, emulating her example, also elevated his little muzzle and sniffed. The second day of their forest travels the wind bore an odor that was delicious. The exercise of the past few days had stimulated a desire for some other form of nourishment to supplement that furnished by his mother. The grass and bitter twigs had relaxed the old bear's

PHOTO BY G. M. A. DANFORTH BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Logo Was Restless and Frequently Moved Out for a Look Round

(Continued on Page 36)



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(Continued from Page 34)

intestines until she felt capable of relishing solid food. They headed straight into the wind and came at last to the remains of a winterkilled elk and feasted with satisfaction upon this ancient relic.

The old bear's feet were tender from long disuse. She lingered near this first find of the season, bedding down near by and returning frequently to feed.

Logo's education progressed with each new day. He sprang from a race of thinking animals. Combinations of sights, scents and sounds were stored as facts in his busy little brain. Also tastes, for in addition to holding the world's record for sleeping and fasting the bear is the free-for-all champion eater of the universe. His menu is as varied as that of most other animals is limited and as a direct consequence his sense of taste is as sensitive as that of other animals is dull.

Logo's sense of smell was the most highly developed, but the Shoshones had been told by Manitou that this wonderful nose was but for the purpose of detecting new morsels of food to tempt the palate. And Manitou must have spoken truly, for no single new object caught Logo's eye but what he tested its edibility with his nose. The fact that his fare now consisted almost exclusively of meat did not affect his continual sampling of all else. The rich meat was somewhat concentrated, so he ate quantities of elk hair, grass, pine needles and shreds of bark for roughage.

As the wind shifted the old bear changed her bed. Day after day the wind bore straight from the elk to her and kept her informed of all that transpired there. She waddled forth and warned off each new intruder. From this Logo knew that the elk belonged to them. All things moved aside for his mother.

Once sure of this Logo appointed himself custodian and undertook to drive off all comers who would feed there. It was great sport to chase black and brown bears much larger than himself. On the third day the wind spoke of an alien presence and he rushed forth to find a great he grizzly enjoying his first mouthful. He gave one startled grunt and moved off before the cub's puny rush, casting many an apprehensive glance behind him.

Logo swaggered as he returned to his mother, his back roach bristling and a growl rumbling in his throat. He knew now that he was indeed a terrible fellow before whom all other living things gave trail. He had no slightest doubt but that it was his own personal prowess which they feared.

The old bear's stomach was distending rapidly and the net increase in the amount of each succeeding meal was marvelous. At the end of a week the elk was but a pleasant recollection, and Logo followed his mother on in search of more. Her pads had now toughened and she fed but once or twice at a spot. For a month they shifted back and forth, scouring the hills for the remains of the winterkilled and hauling the refrigerated carcasses from the drifts.

In one deep pocket they found the last resting place of a dozen elk. Here for the first time Logo learned that others were sometimes permitted to share the neighborhood of their own choosing.

Two grizzly families fed in the pocket. It surprised him that his mother did not drive them off. Instead, when he showed symptoms of clearing the field himself the old bear flattened him with an admonitory forepaw. The tap was no gentle one, and he desisted, not from fear of the beasts before him but from certain knowledge that he would once more feel the weight of her paw—the one thing on earth he had discovered to be more powerful than himself and consequently the one thing which he respected.

Logo concerned himself with facts alone, the reasons for the facts being immaterial to him. One fact was apparent. His mother did not wish him to drive these others off. He decided to let them stay, but behind this decision was a reservation to the effect that they had best look out for him. The old she grizzlies were inclined to be friendly, and each mother kept a wary eye upon her own offspring lest they precipitate such widespread trouble as to draw their elders into difficulties.

A she grizzly with two cubs fed upon an elk near the one selected by Logo's mother. One was Tumwa, a brownish-yellow cub; the other was Saka, a handsome little silvertip.

In less than an hour after his arrival Logo started off upon one of his rambling excursions. Halfway between the two elk he came face to face with Tumwa exploring among the pine needles between two drifts. Logo looked back to make sure that his mother was not watching him and bore valiantly down on Tumwa.

Logo Started Off Upon One of His Rambling Excursions

Tumwa, having a brother, was already an experienced fighter. Every day he had a number of lively brawls with Saka. A horrible shock of surprise flooded Logo as the brown cub instead of fleeing for his life whirled and met him with tooth and claw. Tumwa cuffed him with his forepaws, trampled him with his hind feet and bit his ear almost simultaneously.

Logo was roughly handled before he recovered sufficiently to protect himself. But he came of a stanch breed and it never once occurred to him to give back an inch. He returned blow for blow, his one consuming desire that of retaliation. They raged all through the timber, cuffing and hugging and slamming against rocks and trees. Their feet churned the surface of the oozing spring drifts to slush which soaked their fur as they rolled in it. Logo grew very tired and would have stopped except that there is no such thing as quit in the composition of a young grizzly, that quality coming only with the experience of age and even then only in the shape of mature judgment.

It was Tumwa who led the way to settlement of the dispute. He too dealt only in facts, and he was well aware of one fact of which Logo was ignorant. This fight differed from Tumwa's daily bouts with Saka only in the one detail that he was somewhat less well acquainted with Logo. It was a positive certainty that when these rows lasted too long his mother intervened. He knew that the time limit had been reached and was apprehensive of feeling a sudden numbing stroke of her paw. She raised her head and looked in his direction—and Tumwa simply ceased hostilities. Logo administered a few finishing cuffs before he discovered that Tumwa was no longer on the warpath.

Tumwa turned over a few pine needles with his forepaw and shoved his nose among them as unconcernedly as if nothing at all had happened. Logo descended from his perch on the drift and buried his nose beside that of Tumwa. He had learned a new fact. Old grizzlies, with the exception of his mother, were perfectly harmless. They knew his prowess and fled from him. With grizzly cubs it was different. They were the only living things with courage to face him. Tumwa was a fighter after his own heart. He decided that the brown cub was a fine fellow—a stanch warrior like himself, and he had great respect for his late antagonist.

They lingered in the pocket for a week and he had frequent bouts with both Saka and Tumwa.

Then he learned still another fact. He saw their mother discipline both cubs. He was forced to revise the fact that big grizzlies were harmless. It was somewhat confusing. Some old bears could inflict harm upon some young bears, yet all old bears could not inflict harm upon all young bears. This was very curious. He had no knowledge of relationship upon which to base it. There seemed to be no set rule in this matter. From its very haziness he sensed that this was but a part fact. But he stored that part away in his keen little brain, even though he could not know that other parts so stored in the future would eventually piece out the whole.

At the end of a month carcasses were harder to find and the straight carrion diet was beginning to pall. They varied the menu with the larvæ of insects under rocks and in rotten logs, tearing the latter to shreds in their search. They ate bushels of wild onions and other bulbous roots. Logo nipped off many different varieties of tender buds with the same relish as browsing animals such as the moose and deer. He gorged on green grass and enjoyed it as thoroughly as the grazing elk, and no otter in the streams was more fond of trout than he. They ranged on the open sidehills and he burrowed tirelessly for a ground squirrel or a nest of mice.

There was one animal, the porcupine, which he did not understand and about which he was therefore curious. He spied one of these quill hogs before his mother scented it, the wind being at her back. When the strange beast merely squatted down some distance ahead instead of giving trail Logo bristled with rage. His mother noticed the roach rising along his spine and looked up to see what it was all about. She gave a startled grunt and as Logo made the first forward lunge of his rush she reached out for him with her forepaw and scooped him end over end. He brought up against a tree with a jar which dislodged his intent. She repeatedly impressed it upon him that he was not to molest these animals.

The Shoshones knew far more of the teachings of Manitou than the white man knows of the workings of Nature. The white men believe that Nature has endowed all other animals with an instinctive knowledge which leads them to avoid the porcupine. Manitou had let it be known to the Shoshone that this avoidance comes to pass in the same instinctive way in which the scorched papoose dreads the cook fire in the tepee.

Logo chanced across a porcupine when far from his mother. The menace of her paw was a menace temporarily removed. Nevertheless his approach was cautious. He reached out a tentative forepaw. There was a single lightning flip of the murderous tail and Logo fell backward, bouncing about in terrible agony. No less than two score quills were driven solidly home in paw and forearm. After a few acrobatics occasioned by the first shock of surprise and torture he would have attacked again with grizzly tenacity, but his mother arrived in time to discourage this.

He pulled out the stubborn quills with his teeth. Many were broken off and worked deep into the flesh. After his rage had cooled and his pain grew hot he was conscious of still another fact—that the porcupine was bad medicine for small bears. He was very sore for weeks. The deadly little points worked through and festered under the skin. He walked on but three legs.

During this period their trail once more crossed that of Saka and Tumwa. Saka, too, held one foot carefully suspended. One side of Tumwa's face was swollen twice its natural size. He was gaunt and thin from eating little to save the pain the operation brought him. Both were filled with instinctive knowledge and porcupine quills.

Logo learned many new and interesting things each day, but principally he learned of food. He even ate sand and mouthfuls of fresh earth and clay. As the season advanced he added every new berry as it appeared and for two months he lived on almost an exclusive fruit diet. Wild strawberries, service berries, chokecherries, red raspberries, gooseberries, currants and the seed pods of the wild rose all swelled the list of edibles.

It was in the berry patches that he first learned a part fact which dovetailed nicely with another part previously stored away. In the hills they had crossed many trails of animals who left a very rank scent. His mother had frequently circled spots from which this scent came fresh. He had neither sight nor sound of these beasts to associate with their odor. Therefore while scent was even more actual than sight to him, yet it was only a part fact until some other sense was added. He judged that they must be some new kind of porcupine from the fact that his mother avoided them.

One day he rambled far ahead of his mother and this scent came from a berry patch ahead. He approached it and heard their voices, then saw the beasts themselves—queer two-legged creatures. They seemed to have no quills. He drew near for a closer inspection. There were dozens of the man

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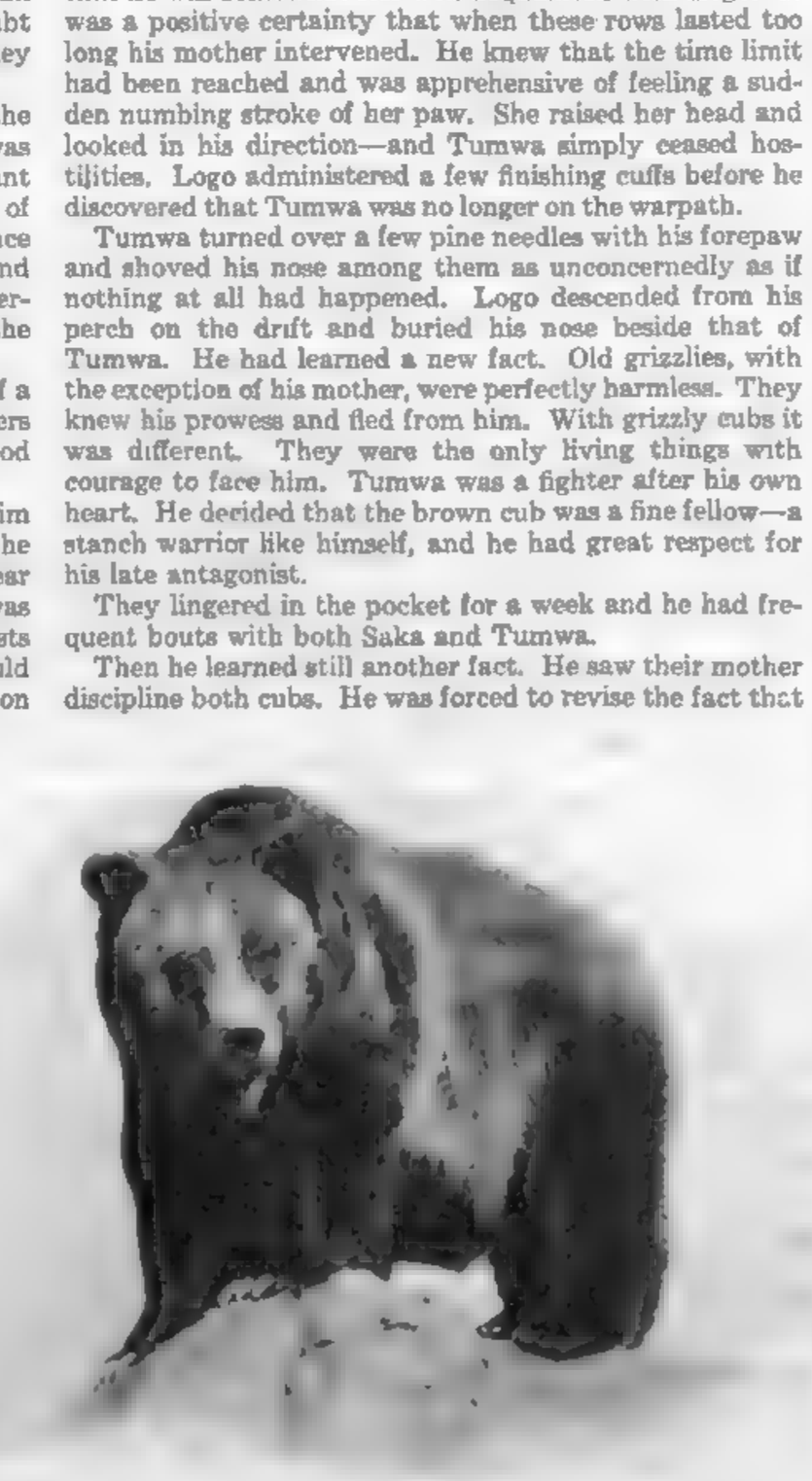

PHOTOS BY ELLIOTT S. BARNES, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

All Old Grizzlies Learn That Men Follow a Trail by Sight, Not by Scent

IF any one of the several uncommon Hupmobile qualities is especially prized by owners, it undoubtedly is dependability.

The unvarying faithfulness of *The Comfort Car*—its thorough *willingness*—are as well known, we believe, as its extraordinary performance and economy.

The fact that the Hupmobile does return a maximum of good service, for a minimum of care and attention, naturally serves to heighten our owners' feeling of confidence.

(Continued from Page 36)

beasts and they drew aside before him, looking anxiously down the slope into the timber from which he had come. His mother caught the man scent and lumbered forward to join him. They forged straight ahead through the berry patch and the prior occupants gave trail as they advanced.

Logo became conscious of a very curious thing which had never before been called to his attention: It required the coördination of three senses—part facts—to round out the whole—the senses of hearing, sight and smell. But after once being completed things which had previously been merely part facts were now capable of being translated into the whole without coördination. He now had only to catch their trail scent in the timber, hear their voices in the distance or see their upright figures silhouetted on some far-off rim—any one of these without the others—to have the knowledge of the whole before him.

The grizzly is a beast of great sagacity, and Logo was capable of associating one known fact with others and thus gaining a third. This process was an unconscious one and therefore hazy, but it was working, nevertheless. His mother avoided the two-legged creatures. When she stumbled full upon them they returned the compliment by avoiding her, and from this Logo came to understand that there was a mutual respect between the Shoshones and his own kind; that they were jointly the rulers of all the hills. Why they should be accorded such sharing of privileges with the grizzly tribe he did not know, but his mother so decreed it.

The Shoshones often noted this cub who followed a yellowish she grizzly, yet whose own fur was dark, almost black, and shot through with long white guard hairs. He had, too, a white face and his belly fur was yellowish. Truly this was the cub of whom Pakatan had spoken.

Late in October Logo lost his ever-present appetite. They were far up on the slope of the Wapiti Divide and the old bear felt less and less inclined to travel. She selected a hollow under the roots of an overblown spruce and deepened it. They evidently sided with the Shoshones in their quarrel, for neither of them touched a morsel of food for several days prior to denning, but instead drank quantities of water, washing their intestines spotlessly clean before retiring to the hole.

Logo was restless and frequently moved out for a look round. This restlessness subsided and he slept while the snow drifted deep across the opening and sealed them in.

The old bear brought forth no cubs that winter. The Shoshones knew from Manitou that a she bear has cubs but every second year and that the young bears follow their mothers both as cubs and yearlings; that it is this fact which leads the unknowing ones—such as the Blackfeet, who speak of yearling bears as big cubs—to believe that she bears produce each year.

Logo spent the following spring and summer much as he had his first, except that in early summer a big he grizzly joined them and traveled with them for two weeks. This old fellow had no love for Logo, nor yet any pronounced dislike. From long experience he had come to look upon a trailing yearling or two as a regularly accepted feature of each succeeding honeymoon.

As the summer waned Logo grew increasingly impatient of his mother's heavy-handed discipline. She seemed not to realize that he was growing up and should therefore be accorded greater privileges; instead she cuffed him soundly and frequently.

When denning time came they were heartily sick of each other and Logo refused to den with her. In any event she would have driven him out if he had so decided. He crawled under a flat slab in a rock slide and let the deep snow form his blanket.

He came forth in the spring a full two weeks before his mother. After the period of relaxing his intestines with grass and stringent twigs he fared forth alone to search for the remains of the winter-killed. At each new find the former proprietor moved off and left him in full charge. Everything was running smoothly, but no more so than he had been led to expect. But at last he learned something decidedly new.

He neared an elk carcass and a great he grizzly fed there. He failed to move off as the young bear approached. It was high time that this big gray beast learned who it was that came. Logo growled a warning, but the old fellow paid no heed. He charged headlong—and the big silvertip calmly knocked him thirty feet with a sweep of his paw. He knew from long experience that a two-year-old grizzly was not accompanied by a terrible fighting female. Logo rushed again with redoubled fury and again the old bear knocked him end over end. As he prepared for his third attack the big grizzly whirled on him with bared teeth and bristling roach. This young fool who so persistently disturbed his meal should be accorded some drastic lessons in proper conduct.

Fears Nothing on Earth Except a Man With a Gun

The memory of his mother's punishing paw welled up out of the past, coupled with a part fact stored away long ago: Some large grizzlies could inflict hurt upon some young grizzlies. It was sound judgment, not fear, which caused Logo to turn aside in his third rush and keep on going. Many grizzlies have been born with a tinge of yellow in their fur, but no single one with a yellow streak. Logo had merely learned a lesson which all two-year-old grizzlies must learn.

His further schooling followed unpleasantly close upon the first. Two grizzly cubs approached an elk upon which he fed. When he failed to leave both youngsters charged him. Logo sent them sprawling, and their squalls of rage as they bounced valiantly back to the attack roused a very sleepy old she bear some distance away.

Logo had never concerned himself over why big he grizzlies had fled before his tiny rushes when he had been but an insignificant mite of a cub. The answer was now thrust upon him.

A furious fighting avalanche bore down on him. He was juggled horribly from side to side. Savage teeth tore at his neck and great mauling forepaws hammered him. Flashing claws raked him from end to end. Eventually he found all four feet upon the ground at once and fled with the enraged mother in hot pursuit. By virtue of his greater speed he escaped with his life.

Many men have found that a two-year-old bear can run away from their hounds, where an older heavier bear plays out. The Shoshones knew from the wisdom of Manitou that there is a reason why a grizzly is speedier in his youth than at maturity; that lacking this speed all grizzlies would surely die as two-year-olds as a direct consequence of their own indiscretions.

Logo was much battered and he sulked among the rims, rolling in the mud of the elk wallows to keep the flies from his wounds. Here he came face to face with another mud-encrusted figure. Tumwa, too, had been learning things. Later he met Saka similarly plastered with mud.

He rapidly learned the lessons of his own kind, but he was long in learning the lessons of man. He met many Shoshones in the hills and they respected him. In the valley of the Stinking Water the tepees in their villages were as numerous as the burrows of prairie dogs in the foothills. He feared them as little as he did the timid elk and deer. He avoided them less and less as no new reasons occurred to prove their right to share privileges with the bald-face kind. The memory that his mother had usually circled their camps was the one dim restraining touch which held him back from invading their main village with as little impunity as he felt in going among the elk herds. He had never seen evidence of their quills.

In his fifth year Logo first learned one of the reasons why grizzlies sometimes disliked the man scent. He passed what appeared to be an unusually solid arrangement of windfall logs wedged in between close-growing trees. It was open at one end and a large piece of meat was suspended at the far extremity. He entered and tore this down. He heard logs sliding solidly into place behind him, but paid no heed. Not until he turned to leave did he discover that his way was blocked. Even then he rambled round the pen, not fully realizing for some time that he was really trapped and shut off from the free hills. But at last he knew.

The man scent was heavy and he knew this for their work.

High above in their hunting camp in the sheep country a band of Shoshones listened to the bellowing roar as he battled for hour after hour at the logs. The bear pens were used year after year and this one had grown old. When the Shoshones slipped through the trees at dawn they found that a joint had given before his heaving strength and the bear was gone.

Thereafter Logo despised the man scent and where feasible avoided it, not from fear but from a vast dislike of this reeking odor which recalled the hours he had spent walled in by logs. A new sound was now heard in the hills; a roar which rumbled and echoed among the rims. Black-powder muzzle-loaders—trade guns in the hands of the warring Blackfeet and Shoshones. At first the source of these sounds was unknown to him, but eventually he knew and associated them and the reek of powder fumes with the man scent.

As he grew older he increased his range. He left his tracks on the Gibbon and the Firehole, the Yellowstone and the Buffalo Fork of the Snake. But always he came back to sleep the long sleep in the Wapiti Mountains, the place of his birth. And as he looked down from the valley rims he noticed that the tepees in the swarming villages on the banks of the Stinking Water grew fewer year by year. The strange roars in the hills were much more frequent, sometimes thundering for hours at a time, accompanied by the savage war whoops of those who bitterly defended or contested Logo's right to feed or fast before denning.

The war parties that followed the game trails through the hills were but half their former size, then but a fourth—a fraction. In his youth Logo had seen these parties winding in single file as far as his eye could reach, the finery of the gayly bedecked warriors glistening like the scales of a many-hued serpent twisting its tortuous course across the hills. By comparison they now seemed but marauding bands, not the assembled fighting strength of a nation. As these bands wound up some valley or filed past him in the night Logo noted a giant warrior at their head towering almost a foot above his fellows. Tumwa-Ka-Tin, the young ruler of the Shoshones, led the thinning ranks to battle and all enemies gave trail before his prowess.

The crashing reports grew less frequent, then very rare. Logo threaded the valley of the Stinking Water in his thirtieth year and as he passed along the banks he stopped and stood swaying from side to side as he looked across at a few shadowy figures squatting round a fire on the opposite shore. The firelight reflected on but a score of tepees on the spot where a thousand lodges had once stood. A mighty warrior stood before the blaze and his voice boomed across the waters as he sought to infuse his few followers with his own never-failing courage. But the spirit of the tribe was broken and Logo saw no more war parties in the hills. They did not even hunt, but gathered about the council fires and made medicine to Manitou while the squaws gathered grasshoppers and berries and dried them for winter food. Of them all, only one hunted for red meat which would put new life and heart and courage in the men.

Tumwa-Ka-Tin scoured the hills for meat. His trail crossed Logo's many times and the big grizzly came to know him—the first man he had singled out as an individual, having always before classed men as a whole. But always the Shoshone chief had known Logo from other bears. As a cub the wise men had pointed him out as the bear of Pakatan's prophecy and now that he had attained such size there was no doubt upon this point. Logo frequently saw the brawny chief with a whole buck or bighorn ram slung across his shoulders. Sometimes they met face to face and each veered from his trail to let the other pass. And each time Tumwa-Ka-Tin gave the greeting sign used between the highest chiefs.

Except when mating with some she bear Logo was fond of company and often traveled with other big grizzlies, Saka and Tumwa among the rest. There came a day when the three of them wandered up the

The Shoshones Knew That a She Bear Has Cubs But Every Second Year

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Times have changed since Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE thought of all the world as a stage.

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When the olden plays were first put on at that queer little cockpit in London called the Globe Theatre, the audience had to *imagine* suitable settings to the action of the drama.

How the old playwrights would have been amazed and delighted by Paramount Artcraft Pictures, in which are supplied all the living realities of romance—scenery, climatic conditions, tall forests, salty oceans and the very flesh and blood of men and women!

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*Wm. S. Hart in	"Wagon Tracks"
Houdini in	"The Grim Game"
Lila Lee in	"Heart of Youth"
Vivian Martin in	"His Official Fiancée"
Wallace Reid in	"The Lottery Man"
Maurice Tourneur's Production	"The Last Line"
George Loane Tucker's Production	"The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick in	"In Mizzoura"
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NEW YORK

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

Affairs and Illumination

A Good Example of Street Lighting in Salt Lake City. Three Luminous Arc Lamps are Placed on Each Post

OUTSIDE of food, water and air, light is perhaps the most important boon to mankind. For hundreds of years the human race has been wrestling with the problem of producing artificial light to banish the hours of darkness Nature throws upon us. Not one person in ten realizes that the science of illumination is one of the rare arts of the present day and that industrial efficiency, health and happiness depend in great measure on our skill in the production and proper utilization of artificial light.

For forty years prior to 1855 the average home procured its light from sperm oil and candles and used 25 candle hours a night, or 9000 per annum, costing $22. Then kerosene was produced for illuminating purposes and for the next ten years people got 50 per cent more light at the same cost. In 1875 gas had been introduced and the average family was using about 35,000 candle hours at an annual cost of $30. Prices were later cut down and families increased their consumption of gas so that the average home consumed 76,000 candle-power hours a year at a cost of less than $30. In 1905 kerosene lamps were fast disappearing, while electricity and the gas mantles were coming in. The average home now used 200,000 candle-power hours of light annually at a total cost of $20. At the present time the maximum daily light requirement of an average American home is 360 candles, or 18 times that of a century ago. The cost now per family for this far greater light is only two-thirds what it was then. Expressed another way, the cost of lighting per unit to-day is less than 3 per cent of what it was in the early days of sperm oil and tallow candles. For one cent in an average community we can now purchase sufficient electricity to operate a 16-candle-power lamp for five hours.

There are upward of twenty-four million homes in the United States. Of these only nine million are lighted by electricity. Last year 180,000,000 incandescent lamps were sold in the country. Of these 89 per cent were tungsten. Ten years ago nearly 93 per cent of all the lamps sold were of the carbon-filament type. Then the average candle power per lamp was 19; to-day it is 52. As a reminder of the amazing growth of things electrical it is interesting to know that in the United States there are now 5543 central-station companies that provide current for 12,859 communities. Of these stations 1411 are hydroelectric in whole or in part. It is estimated that this use of water power saves the nation 20,000,000 tons of coal annually.

But just how are we translating all of this satisfactory growth into a benefit to American industry? In no way more than in the progress of lighting devices and methods. The modern illuminating engineer will tell you that his business is something more than plain engineering. He will explain how his work is closely related to physiology, psychology, ophthalmology, architecture, interior decoration, fixture design and other liberal and fine arts.

Just for example, take the lighting of a theater. In the old days little thought was given to anything except the simple requirement that there be a sufficient volume of light. At present the engineer considers carefully the effect that certain lighting arrangements will have upon the patrons of the theater. He will tell you that there must be a system of lighting that will not prove to be a disturbing influence. The illumination must be such that it will not detract from the pleasure of little visits between the acts; it must take into account the use of opera glasses by the inquisitive ones; it must foster the spell cast upon the audience so they will not realize the sham of it all.

Back of the stage in the dressing rooms the lights must cater to the temperamental eccentricities of the artists. On the stage the effects must be realistic, or the interest and value of a scene are destroyed. Out in front of the theater the lights must attract the passer-by and indicate not only the manager's desire for patronage but also the warm and inviting qualities of the house.

The modern theater manager knows that the success of his performance may be limited by the fatiguing discomfort that results from too great glare due to light sources placed in the range of vision and the resulting depressions of vision caused by viewing objects beyond these sources. The highest efficiencies and the best psychological effects can only be obtained when the architect, the interior decorator and the illuminating engineer properly coöperate. There must be an intelligent selection of tints and colors for reflecting surfaces and general decorations. It is also necessary that consideration be given to the tonic effects of red, the sedative effects of blue and the absorptive qualities in the decorations. The manager would be no more foolish if he placed a poor actor in his cast than if he ignored the delicate problem of theater illumination.

Here in the United States each year 25,000 persons are killed or permanently disabled, 500,000 are seriously injured and more than 1,000,000 are slightly injured. Expressed in dollars alone, this loss is tremendous. Anything that can be done to reduce or eliminate this condition is worthy of careful consideration. Deficient industrial lighting is an important cause of accidents. A majority of our lighting installations in factories, shops and mills are improper and inadequate. This is due primarily to praiseworthy but ill-advised attempts to better the plant illumination on the basis solely of providing a greater candle-power output. The questions of distribution, diffusion and absence of glare are either unknown or not appreciated. As to savings in fuel through the reduction of light, gross ignorance is frequently exhibited. Take the simple case of a landlord who owns an apartment house minus an elevator. On one of the stairways he cuts out a 25-watt lamp that has been burning ten hours a day. This saves him one-eighth of a ton of coal a year, but if during that time a single accident occurs on the unlighted stairway involving the loss of only one day's time the economic waste from a coal-producing standpoint would be sufficient to operate the lamp for ten years.

How many thousands of accidents occur in storage places and dimly lighted shops no one knows. When illumination is poor, raw materials and finished products are often piled in uneven tiers, which fall over at inopportune moments. Tools and finished parts are stored on shelves and are placed so near the edge they fall on unsuspecting workmen. Recently in one plant a young man was storing small-diameter steel rods. Unnoticed by him one of the rods protruded a foot beyond the edge of the shelf and in passing he received a jagged cut that nearly destroyed his eyesight. There was no lamp where the accident occurred.

In some supposedly well-lighted works many employees are injured, not as a result of insufficient illumination but because of poor light distribution. A certain workbench was well illuminated by local lights with proper reflectors, but the bench cast a shadow and the general illumination was not sufficient to offset the shadow. There followed a sequence of small accidents due to the toppling over of partly finished work piled in the shadow. When a lighting arrangement was installed that eliminated the shadows the accidents stopped.

In a chemical plant was a passageway that was not often traversed and which as a consequence was not lighted. A carpenter was called in to do some general work. In the passageway a cup had been placed to catch the drip from a slight nitric-acid leak until repairs could be effected. The carpenter, assuming that the cup was placed to catch oil drip, poured some of the acid on his saw and then rubbed it with his hand. Before neutralizing agents could be applied the man's hand was badly burned. If there had been proper illumination the workman would have noted that neither the color nor the consistency of the acid corresponded to that of an oil.

Many workers labor along painfully, not realizing that their unusual fatigue comes from glare or light reflection. An investigator noticed that a workman at a stamping press continually stood at one side of his machine. The man explained that he could not see in any other position. The inspector discovered that there was plenty of light, but the man was working on large tinned sheets and when in front of his machine a dazzling reflection was directed toward his eyes. Though the shop foreman was going to solve the problem by getting a larger tungsten lamp, the trouble was easily removed by simply adjusting the local light so as to change the angle of incident and reflected rays.

Here is a simple statement that would save hundreds of thousands of dollars annually if it was known and observed by every man in America who runs a shop or bosses men:

The loss of illumination due to the coating of reflectors with dirt may result in a loss of light equal to 60 per cent or more before attention is given to the fact that they need cleaning.

It is often possible to reduce the current consumption in a plant 25 or 50 per cent through the systematic cleaning of all reflectors and lighting equipment. By adopting this simple plan of cleanliness it is often possible not only to

(Continued on Page 42)

THE thing that decides any business man in favor of the Republic, is the overwhelming evidence in its favor. He cannot escape the facts of the wonderful Republic performance, because 60,000 users testify to them. And he knows that these 60,000 owners endorse Republic Trucks only because their service record is unequalled.

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(Continued from Page 40)

eliminate the need for an additional installation of lamps but it is frequently the case that a company may thus reduce the necessity for using all of those already installed. In some works managers have contended that the cost of systematic cleaning is greater than the benefits derived, but such an argument is too false to deserve serious attention. Lamps that are properly placed can always be reached. If this is impossible it is easy to replace fixed lamps in high places with others that may be lowered.

Ever so many instances are on record showing the direct relation between poor illumination and accidents. One great industrial association made a study of the subject and found that the percentage of accidents in a long list of plants was only a little more than one-half as great during the hours when all the work was done by natural light as during a late-afternoon hour when artificial light was used to supplement natural light. A similar frequency was also noted between the winter days with fewer hours of sunlight and the longer summer days. Another survey proved the greater frequency of accidents in plants where the walls were dark and rough than in similar plants where the walls and ceilings were kept smooth, clean and of light color. In this connection just remember how much easier you got round on a night when the ground was covered with snow. Everything was so plain and the visibility was twice as good as on other nights when the ground was bare and the landscape bleak.

One engineering authority states that his experience in manufacturing plants shows that the installation of scientific systems of illumination will produce the following benefits: There will be 10 per cent more output, 25 per cent less spoilage, 26 per cent fewer accidents and 25 per cent better workmanship. There will also be more light per unit of current consumed, less sickness, decreased labor turnover and—if desired—twenty-four hours' utilization of facilities.

In support of these statements it is interesting to read the report of a large insurance company. In this report the writer says that "A survey of 91,000 accidents from the company's records for the year 1910 shows that 23.8 per cent were due to improper illumination." The author explains that there are now fewer such accidents, due to the progress in illumination, but states that: "There is foundation for the assumption that 18 per cent of our industrial accidents to-day are due to defects in the lighting installation. On that basis the services of 108,000 men for one year are lost annually because of insufficient light."

As to the question, What constitutes good lighting? the best answer may be found in Nature. Light without stint is not the answer. Often the sun's rays are too intense, and here we have an example of light without stint. Experts now concede that the ideal illumination occurs on a cloudy day, when light from the sun must pass through a screen of vapor and clouds before reaching us. So it would seem that Nature herself is at her best when supplying a semidirect form of lighting.

But this is not all. It has been further discovered that not only must the illumination be uniform in diffusion and intensity on adjacent walls as well as on working areas but the light must be of the proper color to suit the purpose for which it is employed. All classes of work do not require the same intensity of lighting. Again, red and yellow light rays have greater penetrating power than blue rays. Consequently in such places as foundries, where there is a heavy, cloudy atmosphere, the red or yellow rays serve best. As for the much-talked-of glare, this is something difficult to define. An automobile headlight at night may be dazzling and hurtful to the eyes. The same light may be operating just as fiercely at noontime, but, when viewed against a background of daylight, may be hard to recognize. Likewise there are conditions in shops where glare is present in sufficient degree to work injury to a workman's eyes, and still the man's mind may not be acutely conscious of any such dazzling light. Someone aptly said that "Just as dirt is matter out of place, glare is light out of place."

A lighting expert called my attention recently to carefully conducted lighting tests at various plants to discover the value of good lighting in definite terms. In an iron-pulley shop the consumption of electricity amounted to 0.27 watt a square foot. The daylight effect, except on one or two machines, was negligible. The windows were few and dirty. A lighting committee took hold. The electrical consumption was increased almost seven times and the average illumination approximately twenty-five times. The new installation consisted of 200-watt reflector-equipped units mounted 10 feet above the floor. The testing engineer's own records showed an average increase in production of 20 per cent. The proprietor's figures indicated an increase of 35 per cent in output.

An interesting case was that in a western machine shop. Here an elaborate test was to be made. A new lighting equipment was put in for one month and a record procured. Then a second and better system of illumination was installed and records of production for a second month were obtained. The testing engineers had planned that during the third month the plant was to revert to the original system of lighting. When this was broached to the management of the operating company the officers flatly refused to go back to the old scheme of illumination, stating that the increase in their production as made possible by the improved lighting was vastly more important than the testing engineer's desire to procure entirely unbiased data. The higher efficiency and production were determined by a study of eight operations. The increase ranged from 8 to 27 per cent, the average being 15 per cent. This test was significant, because the original illumination coming from 100-watt lamps was held to be at least 20 per cent superior to that of industrial lighting generally.

There were many other tests. One was in a shop handling heavy steel parts used in trucks. The improved lighting resulted in a production increase of from 6 to 14 per cent in three operations. The cost of productive intensity was one and one-half per cent of the pay roll. In a carburetor-assembling shop the men had to handle small parts and make delicate adjustments. The management, appreciating the value of good light, had installed an equipment well above the average. However, a new scheme of illumination was put in, and though the test was made just after the signing of the armistice, when company efforts were slackening, the productive intensity of the shop was increased 12 per cent. Because the number of workmen was large and the rate of wage high, the increased production was procured at a cost of only 0.9 per cent addition to the pay roll.

If the statement is true—and excellent authorities say it is—that here in the United States we lose $150,000,000 each year through industrial spoilage, nearly $30,000,000 of which is due to poor lighting, then there is a real need for better illumination in our many factories and mills. In addition, if we are injuring 108,000 workmen annually because of deficient light, then surely there is cause for urgent remedial measures. The time has come for us to banish the accumulated mass of ignorance on a subject of first importance. A walk down the main street of the average town will disclose the horrors of poor lighting. A short talk with the average merchant will convince the skeptic that even to-day the rank and file of business men entertain only a hazy idea of the value of good lighting to business. Most merchants and industrial managers will tell you that their light bills are already too high, while at the same time the lamps that burn above them are dirty and the reflectors black.

For this reason we say: "More power to the illuminating engineer! May he stop selling merely lamps and current and devote his efforts to selling illuminating service."

Nine times out of ten the thing a customer is willing to pay for is not identical with the thing the salesman is trying to sell. Too many people lose weight trying to sell a cause to a fellow who is perfectly willing to buy an effect. The coal man tells us how many British thermal units there are in his particular grade of coal, while he should tell us how many loaves of bread we can bake with each pound. The man in the garage tells us his gasoline has a specific gravity of 68 degrees Baumé, but the thing he ought to state is how far we can go on a gallon. Such things we should understand.

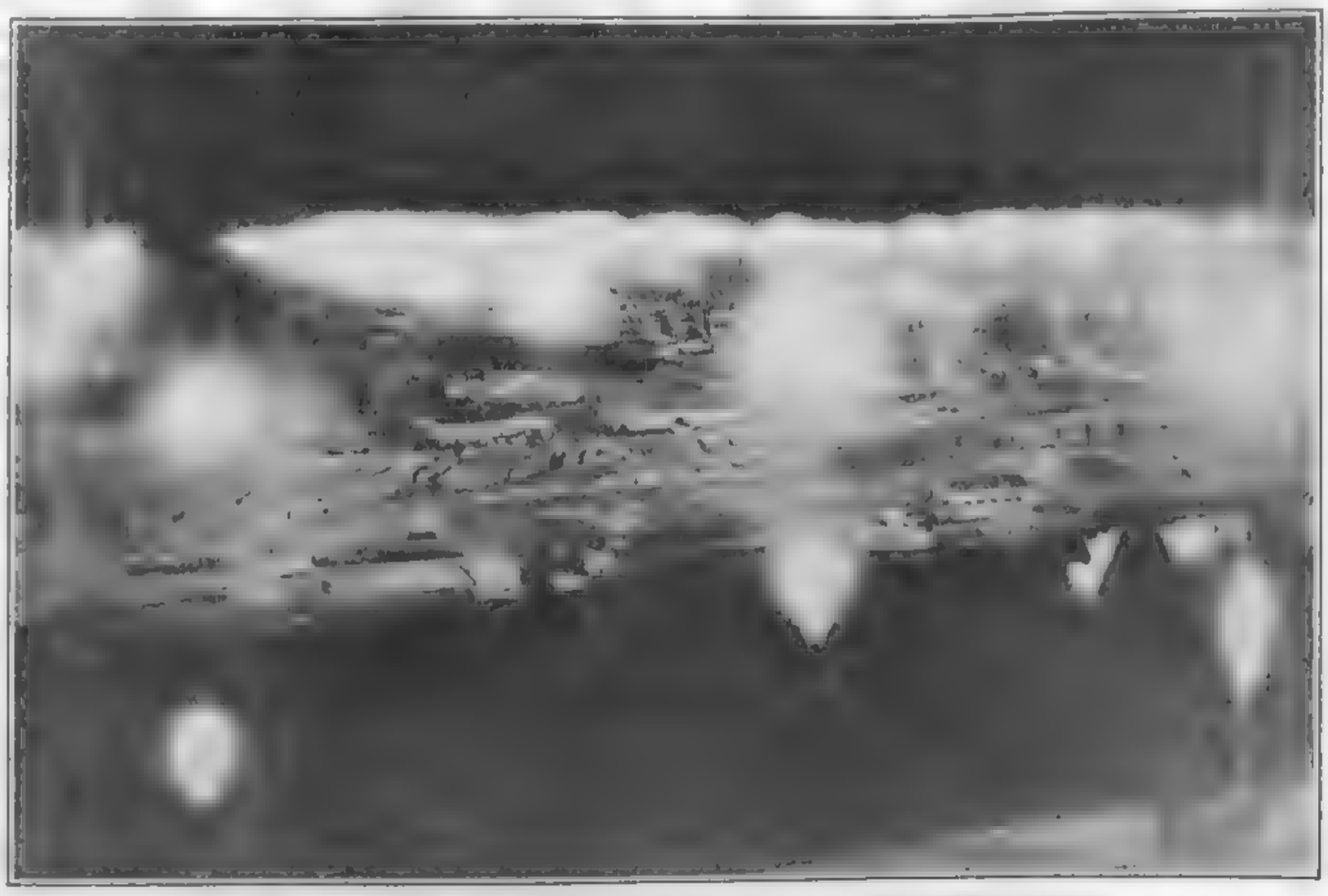
We are told that the application throughout American industry of our best present knowledge in the lighting field would result in a 15 per cent increase in industrial production. By using our pencil we find that this increase is equivalent to the production of an army of approximately 1,500,000 workers who consume neither food, clothing nor wealth in any form; an army that produces without additional factories or machinery; an army that gives at least two-thirds of its wages to be divided between capital and labor. Surely here is some opportunity, if those who know will only start a vigorous campaign to sell effect instead of cause; tell us why we should buy so much illumination and not so many lamps. What we want to know is how more and better light will add to our individual wealth and happiness—how we can work as well after night as during the day. The reason we lack natural ice is because the season is so short. Tell us how to floodlight our ponds and rivers and cut ice at night. Let us know also how to build roads after dark, when traffic is light, run our big steam shovels and operate our dredges in the hours after sundown. Perhaps the illuminating engineer can solve a lot of our puzzling problems. At any rate the country is ready and willing to be shown how to start a double shift and make up our losses incurred in the war.

Measuring Light-Strength

NOW we have an instrument that should answer a long-felt want and add largely to the health and efficiency of mankind generally. When we want to know how warm or cold is the office or room in which we are sitting we consult a thermometer. The human body is not always an infallible guide as to temperature. If we climb a mountain or go up in an airplane we can quickly discover the height to which we have ascended by looking at our barometer, which measures atmospheric pressure. We have reached a point in our scientific development where we are able to measure speed, pressure, current and a hundred other things simply and quickly. About the only deficiency we have suffered in our everyday life has been an easy and convenient scheme for measuring the intensity of our artificial illumination.

A very recent invention is that of Dr. Clayton H. Sharp, who has perfected an ingenious,

(Continued on Page 44)



Night View at the Famous Hog Island Shipyard, Where a System of Floodlighting is in Use

Driver—P. E. Frost, Franklin Dealer, Portland. Observers—W. R. Cutter, Vice President, J. R. Libbe Co., Department Store, Portland; F. A. Cutter, Cumberland Rubber Co., Portland; A. Cole, newspaper representative.

FRANKLIN CAR Reliability and Air-Cooling Superiority Again Demonstrated by a 98.2 Mile Non-Stop Low-Gear Run Ending at the Top of Famous Mount Washington.

On August 17th, a Franklin stock model touring car ran all the way from Portland, Maine, to the top of Mt. Washington in New Hampshire on low gear without a stop. This remarkable feat is the latest public proof of the superiority of Franklin Direct Air Cooling (no water to boil or freeze).

This car, just such a one as thousands of Franklin owners are driving all over the country, carried three official observers besides its driver and averaged 11.1 miles per hour—*on low gear*.

The Franklin had already run ninety miles on low gear without a stop before reaching the base of Mt. Washington—in itself a test never duplicated by other cars.

Then, without halt, came the real task the Franklin had set out to perform—a climb to the top of Mt. Washington, an elevation of 6293 feet.

Road and Weather Conditions Make Feat More Notable

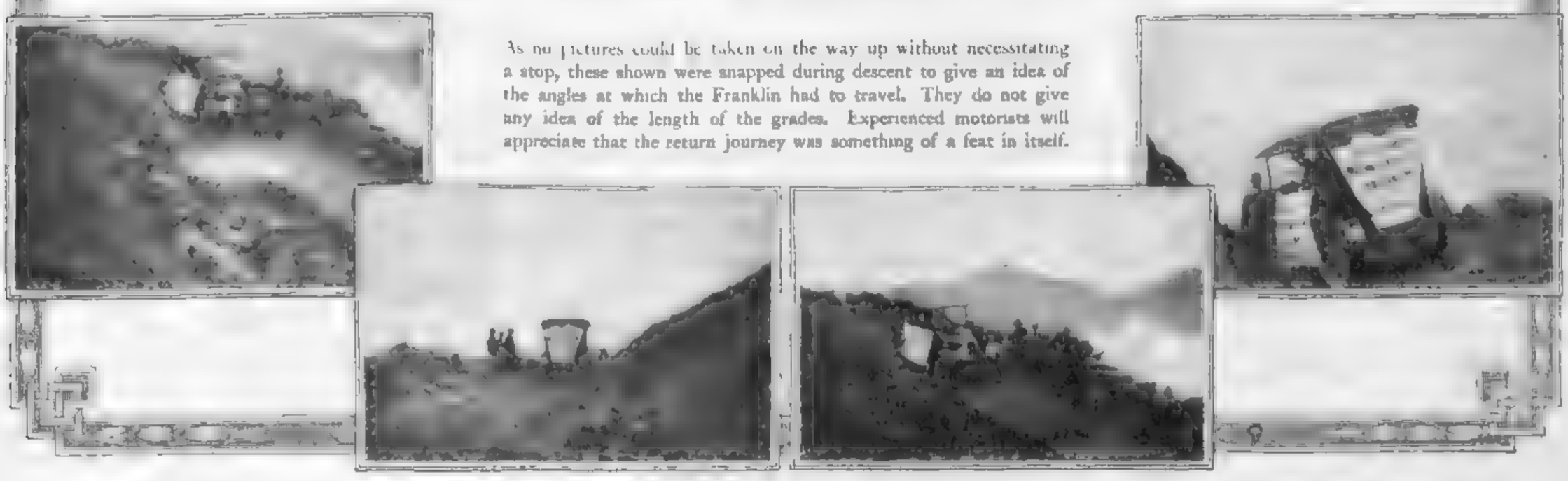
Rain soaked, slippery roads; no chains; no stops permitted—these were the added difficulties to a performance generally considered impossible even under the best conditions. But the Franklin reached the summit, overcoming the final obstacle of a 27% grade, in perfect running shape and returned to Portland the same day.

By official observation, the Franklin did not show the slightest trace of wear and tear or over-heating, its engine performing with absolute regularity on all grades as well as on level going.

Ability for eighteen years to demonstrate consistently this kind of performance is what has made the Franklin known as the most practical fine car.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N.Y.



As no pictures could be taken on the way up without necessitating a stop, these shown were snapped during descent to give an idea of the angles at which the Franklin had to travel. They do not give any idea of the length of the grades. Experienced motorists will appreciate that the return journey was something of a feat in itself.

(Continued from Page 42)

noncomplicated machine which readily measures the illumination intensities of rooms, offices, factories and, in fact, any inclosure that is artificially lighted. The arrangement is not only accurate but is so light and compact that it can be carried anywhere, which quality of portability insures its eventual wide use in one form or another as a common necessity.

The basic principle on which it operates is very simple and may be readily demonstrated by means of a piece of white cardboard containing a small opening over which has been placed a piece of white tissue paper. If the cardboard is held between the eye and a light source the tissue paper spot will appear brighter than the white cardboard. On the other hand, if the spot is viewed with the eye on the same side of the cardboard as the light source the spot will appear darker than the white cardboard. If the illumination on both sides of the cardboard is the same the tissue-paper spot and the cardboard will appear to be of the same brightness.

The above principle is applied in the following way: Instead of cardboard and tissue paper the screen consists of a piece of clear glass on which are two thicknesses of paper, the one which contains the round holes being fairly opaque and the other highly translucent. This screen forms one side of the light box, which is so constructed that the screen is illuminated from within to a much higher intensity at the right end than at the left. The exposed side of the screen is very nearly uniformly lighted, and the round spots appear brighter than the surrounding screen at the right end and darker at the left. It is evident that at the point where the spots change from brighter than their background to darker the illumination on both sides of the screen is—as with the cardboard illustration — approximately the same. When the instrument has once been calibrated the illumination intensity indicated on the screen may be read at a glance.

The human eye is capable of adapting itself to illumination intensities which range from a small fraction of a foot candle to several thousand foot candles in value. At very low intensities the eye does not receive sufficient light to enable it to distinguish details; and at very high values a blinding effect, which also obliterates detail, is experienced. Between these limits there is a wide range of intensities where good vision is possible. Considerations of economy usually limit the intensities employed in artificial lighting to the lower values of this range. So closely is the lower limit approached in general practice that it is necessary in designing a lighting installation to take into consideration such factors as the color of the objects requiring illumination, for objects are only seen by the light which they reflect. Dark objects, of course, require higher intensities than light ones for equally good vision.

For example, a jewelry store in a small town may be brightly lighted at an intensity of 4 foot candles, whereas a jewelry store located on a prominent business street in a large city will require—to be considered well lighted—an intensity of 6 or 8 foot candles. Again, the cloak-and-suit department of a large store will require a higher intensity than will the white-goods department. An industrial plant engaged in rough-box manufacture will be well lighted at an intensity of 3 foot candles; if accurate cabinet work were the product an intensity as high as 6 or 8 foot candles would be desirable.

An auditorium or church will require from 1.5 to 3 foot candles, while the show window in a city store should have from 10 to 50.

A private office will need from 4 to 7, but a drafting room requires from 8 to 12 foot candles. Such fine work as watchmaking, engraving, typesetting and shoemaking should have from 10 to 20-foot candles.

By means of Doctor Sharp's device the school superintendent can tell at a glance whether his classrooms are sufficiently well lighted to meet the requirements laid out by the illuminating engineer. As a result, there will be fewer students going home with a headache. The factory superintendent can estimate at once whether his workrooms and hallways have sufficient light. The office manager can easily determine whether each employee is working under proper conditions. Result—better health, more production, greater safety and increased satisfaction.

Not long ago I heard of a minister who made a great discovery. Some of the male members of his congregation went to sleep in spite of his best efforts at oratory. The women folks stayed awake. The reverend gentleman commenced to search for a possible reason for the phenomenon. A little science was brought to bear on the subject and the conclusion was that the men were lulled into a slumber by a glow of light that had been located above the pulpit. The investigation brought out that the women's hats shaded their eyes, while the bareheaded men were wholly unprotected. At any rate, as the story goes, the misdirected light was eliminated and the masculine members of the congregation are now wakeful and interested listeners to the minister's sermons. I would not be so bold as to state that in all cases it is the intense light and not the sermon that makes the audience sleep, but the thought is worthy of attention on the part of many a doubtful preacher.

A Street of Gambling Houses in Macao, the Monte Carlo of the Far East

The Metal of Romance

IF I WERE offered my choice between an ounce of silver and an ounce of gold I would lose no time in taking the yellow metal. My net gain by doing so would be something like $19.50. But if some master of magic threatened to change me into one or the other of the two metals I should pray that he make me a unit of silver, so that I might travel to India and the Orient, there to see the continuation of a civilization centuries old. I would become part of the inner life of people who have the mysteries and traditions of thousands of years behind them—nations that prefer the old and the familiar and no more understand the Anglo-Saxon of to-day than he does them.

If I were an ounce of silver I should probably be born in North America, for of the world's total production of the white metal last year, about 77 per cent—138,000,000 ounces—was produced in the United States, Canada and Mexico. After first seeing the light of day the chances would be about seven out of ten that I should finally land in India or China. If in India, I should likely be made into jewelry and would represent a part of the wealth of some native whose earthly possessions would be clearly visible in the form of bracelets, rings or neck ornaments, worn almost continuously for the sake of safety.

"Why not keep their wealth in the form of money deposited in a bank?" you ask. That's a part of the story and will be explained in due time. However, let me get back to the beginning and try to show how, though we in the United States control the production of silver, the world's markets for the white metal are governed by the hundreds of millions of disciples of Buddhism, Hinduism and Mohammedanism who live on the other side of the earth.

Many years ago the price of silver exceeded that of gold. To-day it is the most common of all the precious metals. The bulk of it does not come from silver mines, but as a by-product from gold, copper and lead mines, a few ounces of silver per ton giving the ore a workable value. In times past the price of silver was greater than that of gold, but the ratio of its value to that of the yellow metal steadily decreased until it reached a point where its value was but little more than one-fortieth the value of gold. In 1916 the price of silver was 57 cents an ounce; to-day it is $1.16. Thereby hangs a most human story of war and politics; a story that renders doubtful the love and loyalty of one-quarter of a billion people in India for the stern system of imperialism that holds them tight; a story that emphasizes the fierce ambitions of the great nations of Europe in the matter of territorial concessions and trade domination.

Let us start by getting a few basic facts fixed in our minds. First, as is generally known, China and India have a silver basis for their national monetary systems. Though the world's production of silver last year was only 180,000,000 ounces, the normal production is 200,000,000 ounces. Of this huge total the Chinese take approximately 35,000,000 ounces annually and India takes 70,000,000 ounces. In average years the United States uses about 2,250,000 ounces of silver for coining and absorbs 30,000,000 ounces in the arts. The rest of the world uses about 20,000,000 ounces for making coins and the balance goes for such things as jewelry, photography, electroplating, marking ink, surgery and hair dyes. It is plain, therefore, that the two big nations of Asia use considerably more than one-half of all the silver produced each year.

When an American or an Englishman goes to China he runs up against a peculiar situation in respect to money. He finds a people who believe that gold is a fine metal—but only for use in their teeth. As a result the gold that China imports goes into dentistry, and nothing pleases a Chinaman more than to be able to exhibit a row of teeth luxuriously plastered with gold fillings. This is considered a sure sign of substantial prosperity.

Then the stranger will find that in China there were few coins up until twenty years ago. The people made their exchanges by an elaborate system of bookkeeping. Now there are 10 and 20 cent pieces made of silver and two kinds of copper coins—one being a small coin known as "cash," and the other a larger coin, or penny, known as "10-cash." The poor people, who constitute the greater part of the population, use the copper coins almost exclusively. If something is priced at five cents the purchaser buys it for "50-cash."

The Mexican silver dollar of course is in use in China and has been for about seventy years. However, the rich Chinese living in the large cities are about the only natives who ever use or even see a real silver dollar. The Mexican dollar represents "1000-cash."

The big unit of money as well as a common unit of weight in China is the tael, which is cast in the shape of a horseshoe and consists of so many grains of silver, varying in weight from 480 to 560 grains, according to the particular Chinese province that happens to issue it. This lack of uniformity exists all over China and affords a profitable business in exchange for the foreign bankers, who thrive on the settlements that are made by traders

(Concluded on Page 157)

Just arrived- new crop almonds

When you see this message in your grocer's window, you will know that the fresh crop of almonds, which for days past has been traveling by carloads to all corners of America, is ready for your Thanksgiving feast.

Not just almonds—but Blue Diamond Almonds, the finest grown—big, soft-shelled, full-meated, fresh "from the valleys of California."

Use Blue Diamond Almonds as a relish, blanched and salted. Use them in cakes and candies—or right from the shell for munching before, during and after the feast—at Thanksgiving time and all times.

Almonds are best when right from the shell—crack them yourself and get *all* their flavor and goodness.

CALIFORNIA ALMOND GROWERS EXCHANGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
A non-profit organization of 3,009 American Citizens

BLUE DIAMOND
BRAND
Almonds
from the Valleys of California

To our friends The Retailers:

If you are not well stocked, call upon your wholesaler at once. The holidays are the natural top-notch selling season for almonds, and this year the demand will be heavier than ever.

Keep Blue Diamond Almonds out where your customers can see them. Utilize the window-display material enclosed in every bag of nuts, and send at once for the beautiful window sets we will supply as a background for your almond display.

The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

Mrs. Joe Buey

MRS. JOE BUEY isn't seen in the stores once a month, and then she buys only calico and gingham and muslin which she makes up herself. After she appears on the streets the people feel uncomfortable for days—she looks so frail, overworked and wretched. People can't understand how anyone is able to live and look as bad as Mrs. Joe Buey does. She has worn the same hat summer and winter for years and her appearance gives one the queer feeling of hearing a strange noise and thinking maybe it is a ghost. People know there is no such thing as a ghost, but they used to think there was no such woman as Mrs. Joe Buey.

He Says Kate Brown Is as Good-Looking as Mlle. Cavalieri

It is generally said Joe treats her better than their children do. Joe is a teamster and works as steadily as work offers, but when not otherwise engaged he stays round home and helps his wife, which the children never do. The teacher once sent a Buey boy home from school, and next morning the boy's mother appeared, imploring the teacher to take him back. She didn't claim her son had been mistreated; she just asked that he be given another chance, and was such a picture of woe that the teacher relented. When her baby is ill she is so poor that she is compelled to take it to the doctor's office, and Dan Sayer says the most pitiful sight he ever saw is Mrs. Joe Buey carrying her sick baby to the cheapest doctor in town, as she knows she can't get credit anywhere else.

John Davis

A TRAVELING man yesterday gave John Davis, the grocer, a twenty-cent cigar. John Davis has been selling cigars at his grocery store and smoking twenty years—and a good cigar made him sick.

Taylor Ward

IT IS generally said certain mean men in this town should be chased out for the general good; and Taylor Ward says that if the meanest men should be voted on all of us would get votes.

Uncle Jimmy Haskins

WHEN there is anything going on in the surrounding country some of the town men drive out. The habit not only brings trade but extends our acquaintance.

Last week I drove out to attend the golden wedding of Uncle Jimmy Haskins. There were a good many children and grandchildren present, and all the neighbors; and after dinner Uncle Jimmy and his wife told reminiscences.

Mrs. Haskins remembered little but hard work. It seemed wonderful to me that a woman should work as hard as she did, even in the early days, and she made out quite a case, I thought, against her daughters, her daughters-in-law and the other women present.

I suppose Uncle Jimmy worked hard too, but he didn't say much about it. I was struck with the fact that the most remarkable event he could recall in his history was that he once killed a squirrel with a rifle after several other men had fired at it repeatedly. Here was a man seventy-seven years old, yet he had no other adventure worth recalling. Uncle Jimmy has five sons, who are prosperous farmers, and four daughters, who married good men. He is a man of fair intelligence and ability, yet he has nothing to boast of except one lucky shot at a squirrel!

Uncle Jimmy went to work early. I heard him recall that he did farm work when he was six years old and that his father used to complain bitterly that the boy had been a burden until he passed into his seventh year. For seventy-one years therefore he had been going to bed only to be called in the morning to go to work, and nothing remarkable has happened to him except shooting a squirrel.

I have heard it said that every man's life would make a book if candidly written, but probably this is a mistake; certainly Uncle Jimmy's memoirs would be rejected by a publisher. In his day there were bears and deer and buffaloes, but he never killed one. He was once young and rode about looking for adventure, but never found any.

In the early days there were bold and wicked men, but they never disturbed him. For seventy-odd years he has locked his doors and fastened his windows at night, but has never been robbed. In seventy-seven years he has never had an illness worth recalling. The wind and lightning have threatened more than three-quarters of a century without hitting him.

I have been thinking of Uncle Jimmy's humdrum life and am compelled to confess that so far mine has been much like it.

Gus Sanderson

WHEN the railroad decided to extend, Gus Sanderson had a tip that a town was to be built in a cornfield twenty miles west to be called Prairie View. So he went to an ignorant Indian, who didn't know anything, and offered him thirteen thousand dollars for forty acres adjoining the proposed town site. The Indian accepted the offer, and everybody abused Sanderson for cheating a poor Indian. They said Sanderson having had the benefit of public schools and civilization and newspapers was an intelligent and learned man and that therefore he should not have robbed an ignorant Indian who had never had any advantages.

For two or three years Sanderson was held up to public scorn because of the transaction and there was a good deal of talk about his tainted money. One pastor refused to accept a donation from Gus because of the transaction with the Indian, and the pastor was generally praised because he was high-minded.

But the boom at Prairie View did not develop as was expected. The land is not now worth half what Sanderson paid for it. There is now indeed some sympathy for Sanderson and people say it was a shame for a smart Indian to rob a fool white man.

Tom Harrison

OLD Tom Harrison, who was very old, very poor and lately rather weak-minded, died last night. There was not a dissenting voice. We all said, "He's better off."

Usually in case of a death many say, "It's too bad." But the decision was unanimous in old Tom's case.

Judge Terry

WHEN Roscoe Terry, the lawyer, came to town we somehow knew he expected to be called judge, and so he has been known ever since. He is quite old now, somewhat deaf and being cared for by his children. Having long been a widower, he has no wife to talk to and is alone a great deal, so his children pay the hired girl an extra dollar a week to listen to him politely while he settles things and criticizes what he reads. The hired girl is a Swede and doesn't understand half he is saying. A man doesn't care to quit expressing his opinions because he is old. The Swede girl is wise enough not to reply to his arguments, so he soon settles the questions he discusses and goes off to read and find something new to be indignant about.

Kate Brown

WHEN the weather is bad there is no amusement in this town except to listen to George Buck tell about his trip to New York, where he heard the opera and saw nearly everything. He says Kate Brown, who works at the restaurant, is as good-looking as Mlle. Cavalieri, the famous singer.

Old Mr. Neal

PEOPLE probably live as long as they ever did. I believe old Mr. Neal is as old as Methuselah—if he would admit it.

Bill Alvord

EVERY two or three years Bill Alvord returns from the city to permit us to shake his hand and be proud of him because he has a job paying eighty-five dollars a month. But we're not so glad to see Bill as he thinks. After people haven't seen a man for three or four years they don't care if they never see him again.

Martha Wendell

BEING an only child, Martha Wendell was notoriously spoiled by her parents. She lately married Tom Mason, and as Tom comes of an old-fashioned family where the children were compelled to mind he refused to have a spoiled wife, so he insisted on certain things and his wife carried them out. But she did nothing a wife should not have done. Indeed she became an object lesson to shiftless young married women, since she was useful, sensible and a good wife and home maker.

But I wish you could have heard the fuss the neighbor women made! They said Tom Mason was a slave driver, though he asked nothing of his wife she should not have done, and she confessed to me only lately that she loves her husband and is happy. The bride's own mother says her daughter was spoiled and that her husband has made a woman of her. But the neighbors are not satisfied.

Chris Halleck

THE women won't believe it, but I once knew a widower named Chris Halleck who didn't like to marry the second time. He did it, but the day of the wedding he looked as though he had been called upon to attend his own funeral. He loved his first wife, but something caused him to marry again. Maybe it was the fact that he had two little girls he could not properly care for. He tried housekeepers, but couldn't get on with them and finally began going with another woman. He was married one evening without his little daughters knowing it. Then he returned home and spent the night with them. For hours he tried to tell them, and was afraid. But along toward morning he screwed up his courage and told them, and they clung to him and sobbed and the father sobbed with them.

I don't know that a man ever died of a broken heart—possibly no woman ever did either—but Chris Halleck died of something very much like it. His marriage proved to be a mistake. His second wife wasn't kind to his little girls and Chris couldn't stand that.

Belle Ransom

NOW that I am getting to be an old fellow, I don't mind telling about my first love affair. When a man is young he denies he ever had any love affairs. He says he is still waiting for his ideal. I confess I found mine years ago. She was a school-teacher named Belle Ransom and the finest woman I had ever seen. I not only worshiped her in secret but openly. But a cloud came over our happiness—a man named Mendenhall. The teacher used to give me notes to take to Mendenhall, and I was torn between love and duty; I wanted the money she gave me to carry the notes, and I hated to do it. I redoubled my efforts to be nice to her, but Mendenhall won. She quit teaching school and went away to a distant town to live. I have never seen her since.

They say a man soon forgets a love affair, but it isn't true. Last week a tall young man called on me and said his name was Fred Mendenhall; that his mother was Belle Ransom, my former school-teacher, and that she had asked him to call on me. I thought it was rather indelicate, sending her son in to see me.

Martha Wendell Was Notoriously Spoiled by Her Parents

Charley Grover

IN MY neighborhood there lives a family named Grover—the mother and father and five little children. Whether I am in my room at work or sitting on the porch,

Continued on Page 173)

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF

GROWTH

In 1901 an idea was worked out in the little factory shown above. This idea was that the engine power of a truck should be delivered close to the rim of the driving wheels by means of internal gears, and that the load carrying member should be entirely separate from the driving mechanism.

It was the elemental principle of leverage applied to driving a truck, plus the common sense of freeing the driving mechanism from strain.

In eighteen years this idea has built a great industry—the largest plant in the world devoted to the manufacture of rear axles for motor trucks.

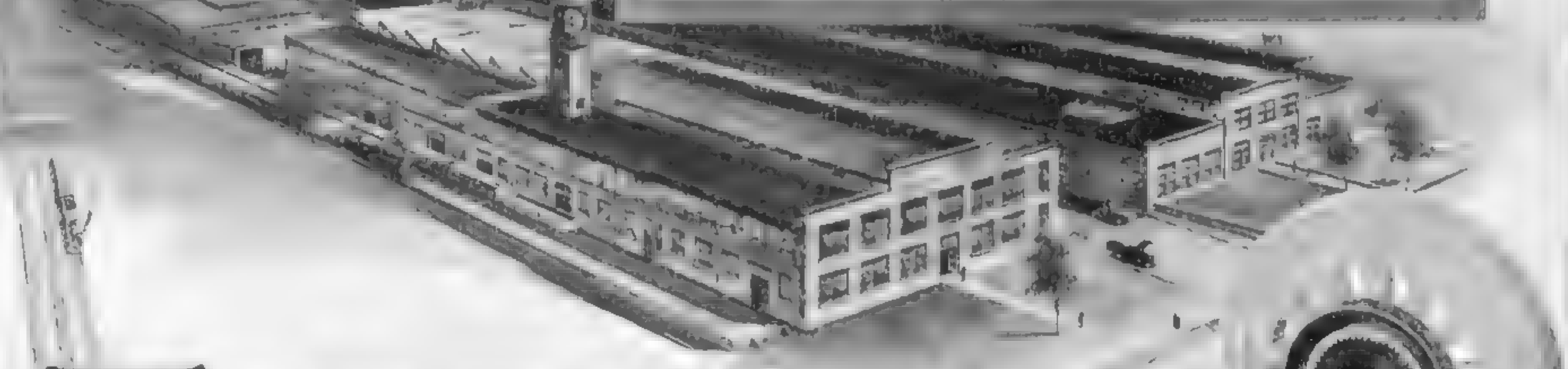
Torbensen Drive has not changed in basic design. The first experimental axle was *right*. Improvements have been made, processes have been developed, materials have been refined and standardization has been brought to a high level; but the *principle* has stood the test of eighteen years.

Torbensen Drive means definite savings in gas, oil, tires and repairs. It means efficiency, economy, and performance.

The TORBENSEN AXLE CO.

Cleveland, Ohio

Makers of Front and Rear Truck Axles



TORBENSEN DRIVE

INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK No. I

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

Courtesy of The International Film Service Company

HEBE *for Doughnuts*

THE "dough-girls" who put the doughnut on the map "over there" are the world's greatest authorities on how to make 'em so they hit the spot. The picture above shows Margaret Sheldon, the original Salvation Army "doughnut girl" working in the recent Salvation Army drive, having a smoking-hot time selling doughnuts made with HEBE at 25c apiece to the crowd at State and Quincy Streets, Chicago. Her production couldn't keep pace with the demand—which was a large-sized testimonial for quality. See her recipe elsewhere on this page.

HEBE

Pure Skimmed Milk Evaporated to Double Strength
Enriched with Cocoanut Fat

is first aid to housewives in their cooking and baking. It is good in coffee, too. HEBE improves the quality of doughnuts. It is equally good in making rich, creamy soups and sauces. It helps to make bread and biscuits light and fine.

HEBE is a wholesome and nourishing product that will help keep down the cost of your cooking and baking and at the same time increase the nutritive value of your foods. Order HEBE of your grocer today.

A booklet of specially prepared HEBE recipes will be sent free on request. Address Home Economy Department.

THE HEBE COMPANY, 3101 Consumers Building, CHICAGO

Salvation Army Doughnut Recipe

By MARGARET SHELDON

5 cups flour	3 tablespoons baking powder
2 cups sugar	4 teaspoons ground mace
4 tablespoons lard	½ tablespoon salt
½ can HEBE	1 cup water

Mix into a stiff, soft dough and fry in deep fat.

This recipe makes 60 doughnuts. For smaller quantities use proportionately less ingredients.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hugh Wiley *(An Autobiography)*

IN OREGON, at the age of nine years, I resolved to be an outcast. Up to that time I had lived with my parents and other friends, including an insanitary Indian by the name of Joe. This Indian, when not engaged in whittling cedar sailboats for me on the banks of the Columbia River, worked at the liquor business as a nonproducer. Joe had competition for a while, but just before his funeral he became the unchallenged champion of the nonstop whisky drinkers of the great and only West. I liked Joe, especially

(Concluded on Page 133)

Temple Bailey *(An Autobiography)*

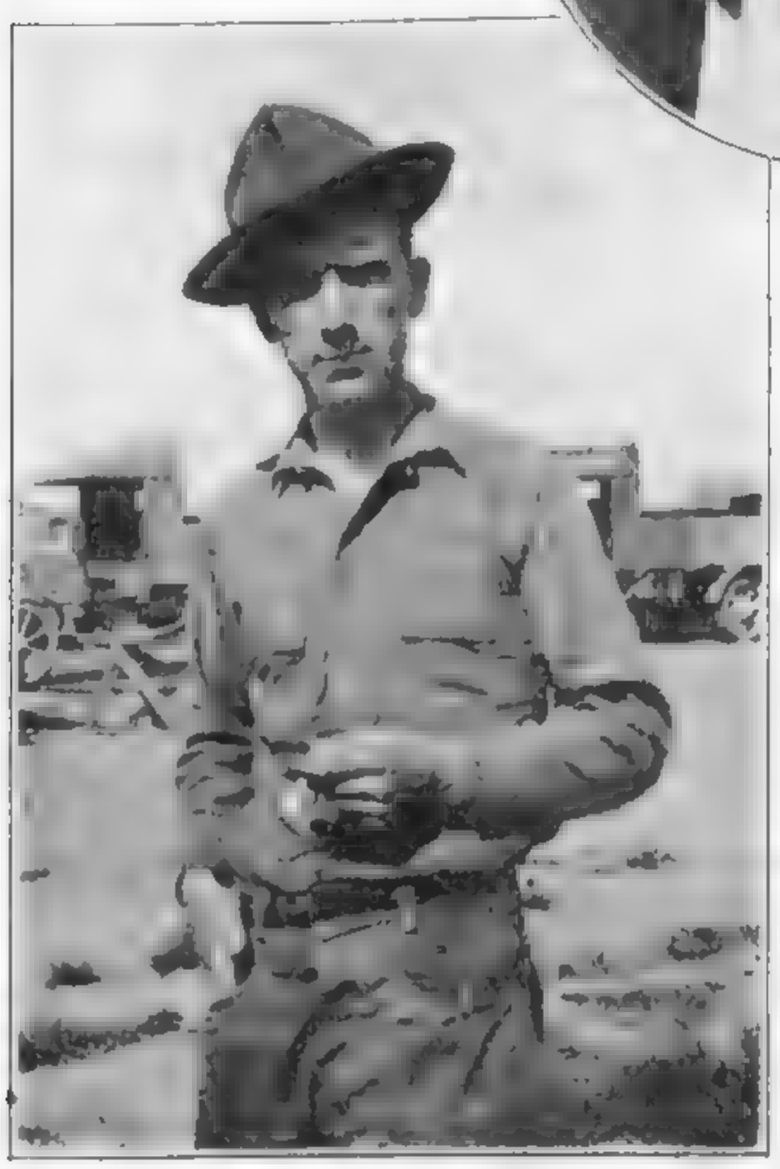
IN MY early writing days a suddenly illumined correspondent wrote, "I understand that Temple Bailey is no gentleman." In spite of a style which has since been called by critics unmistakably feminine, I was addressed for years by publishers, editors, and those who knew me only through my stories, as "Mr. Bailey": a mistake which would not have occurred had I used the "Irene Temple" which is my full name, and which has belonged to more than one generation of my family. Yet had my readers known me always as a woman, I fear that I might have missed many delightful letters. There were men who, believing me a man, wrote without self-consciousness. There were women who, believing me a man, wrote with entire self-consciousness There was one darling old lady who told of her school-teacher days in Minnesota, and of a little lad whom she had taught: "I can see him now as he stood in front of my desk in red tippet and red mittens, with his mischievous eyes meeting mine. My name was Mary Blank. The boy's name was Temple Bailey. Are you the boy?"

There were girls, too, whose youth flamed in every line, and whose letters I left unanswered lest I destroy their belief in a fire which matched their own. In reading some of these youthful screeds I was assailed at times by a sense of double personality, as if I were not in the least a sane and rather well-balanced person with a flair for writing romances, but a Byronic masculine who burned midnight oil, and rose and fell to temperamental heights and depths of ecstasy and despair!

I have never burned midnight oil, and I have always envied those who do. I have a feeling that Kipling and Conrad and Wells and Snaith and our own Tarkington and Margaret Deland must have moments when they rise from

their beds and dash off masterpieces by candle dips. As for myself, a typewriter and three hours in the morning do the trick. There is never a fine frenzy. I wish there were, and hope for it.

For the rest, I love opals, the ocean, orderly living. My political allegiance went to Theodore Roosevelt, and now that he is dead I look for another of his kind to lead me. I like old-fashioned churches and old-fashioned houses. I like up-to-date ideas and new fashions in clothes. I am neither Bolshevik nor Bohemian. Yet a strain of Spanish gypsy blood may account for certain wayfaring moods in which I travel north, south, east and west. I am an American and love mine own people. And since I am of Massachusetts ancestry, of Virginia birth, with years of residence in Washington, and other years of sojourning in New England, the Middle West and on the Coast, I know the lands of Bret Harte, of Mark Twain, of Mary Wilkins, of Thomas Nelson Page. I wish sometimes that I knew only one section that I might make it in a literary sense my own.



May Edginton (and Her Son)
(An Autobiography)

IT'S the most difficult short story to write, this: One is anxious to find a crisp beginning and a sparkling finale—but as yet I only have the beginning, not a very adventurous one at that. The finale is not yet, for which I am thankful, for my feeling is that one will never get enough of life if one lives it every moment.

I was one of a large and jolly family, and didn't think of writing until after I'd slaved really hard for three or four years—beginning before I was eighteen—at teaching. It was hard work for little pay—but mine was not a rich family, and I had to do something or literally pauperize at home. I discovered a facility for writing short stories; I wrote hard; saved a little money; threw up teaching, and came to London to make my way, quite alone, totally ignorant of how to do it or of the ways of a big city.

I am bound to make the disappointing statement, though, that adventure ended where it began. My way was smooth; editors friendly; I discovered in myself another capacity, a business one. I never had an empty pocket; I never starved in a garret. I worked hard; and I began a banking account with a feeling of pride unrivaled by anything since! I played hard. I loved life. I still love it. I love it more and more.

You see there is no story at all!

Nearly seven years ago I married F. E. Baily, the editor and writer; my small son is now four years old. I don't know if the editors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are going to publish his picture with mine—but in case they do I want to say firmly that he isn't so hideous as he looks therein!

He didn't like the photographer.

Do believe me; because, as a mother, I am really wonderfully impartial.

THE GENIUS—By Stuart Rivers

Every Morning They Told Him What They Were Going to Do and How They Were Going to Do It

THE little stationery store was sandwiched in between a house of red brick that had been left over from the days when Greenwich Avenue was the promenade of fashion and a butcher shop that carried a side line of fish, oysters and crabs displayed in the window. It was a curious little hole in the wall and it somehow gave the impression that it was trying to hide behind its own newspaper stand, an ambition that was certainly possible, for—low-browed and ages old—the little store was neither prepossessing nor in the least degree aggressive.

After all, and in spite of the gold sign that whined on an iron bar over the door, it was simply a stationery store, where transient trade supplied its wants in unthinking indifference. But then again, it wasn't just an ordinary store, and those customers who came for the second time realized something of this. It was more friendly than just an ordinary store, for there was an air to the little box of a room, an atmosphere that prompted people to hesitate and then, gazing idly about the shelves, decide they needed something else, until they finally left with two or three more purchases than they really wanted.

There was a tangible reason for this, but only a person interested in the whys and wherefores of things would have discovered it. More people came for tobacco than anything else, therefore the tobacco was in the rear instead of by the door, and as a man lit his cigar he found himself staring at the bookshelves. Women came for writing paper and magazines, but to reach them they passed the candy counter. Besides all this, little printed cards drew the observer's attention on, always on and round the room.

So even though the place was a collection of conglomerate odds and ends the stock in trade was not allowed to accumulate dust on the shelves and be forgotten; it was sold. Sometimes slowly, but always surely, a consignment of goods found its way into customers' hands and other goods came to fill the empty places.

This was a principle with Davey Grattan, a belief, and it was as far outside his comprehension that goods could not sell as it was that he might sometime make a mistake and stock the wrong article.

If his shop was in some ways peculiar and out of the ordinary, the man himself was only different from the rest of humanity inasmuch as he was more alive than nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand. He was the spirit of the store, the atmosphere of the little room and the personality that created the lettered cards.

Just now he was standing a little back from the show case, inspecting a newly lettered card that he had only a moment before designed with the aid of a bottle of India ink and a camel's-hair brush. Across the top of the sheet of pasteboard was a staring caption whose evident mission was to catch and, more important still, to hold the attention of the passer-by:

CAN YOUR WIFE SHARPEN A LEAD PENCIL?
YOU KNOW SHE CAN'T!
AND NEITHER CAN ANY OTHER WOMAN!
BUY ONE OF THESE PIN-POINT PENCIL SHARPENERS!
GET IN STRONG WITH THE MISSUS!
15 CENTS!

"That ought to do it," the man said aloud, his head on one side as he continued his study of the poster. "Unless—no, it ought to be the woman's point of view—yes—let's see——"

Taking a new sheet of board he resumed his artistic efforts, tongue between his teeth, head thrown back a little as he worked intently with the brush.

Possibly twenty-five years of age, this young-old man had watched the Village Store grow out of the meek beginning of a news stand on the corner. His face, drawn into hard lines that spoke mutely of a life wherein toil and labor had been uppermost, gave the impression of advanced years, also his shoulders—stooped a little—also his hands. Youth ran riot, however, in his gray eyes that gleamed from under heavy brows, and his mouth, which smiled as easily as Davey breathed.

After a time he stepped back again and viewed this new sign with evident satisfaction. The lettering was a little neater than on the other and he had spaced his words with a trifle more care.

The sign read as follows, and Davey smiled a little as he studied it:

OF COURSE A WOMAN CAN SHARPEN A LEAD PENCIL!
BUT NO WOMAN LIKES TO CUT HER FINGERS!
ONE OF THESE PIN-POINT PENCIL SHARPENERS
WILL DO IT FOR YOU WITHOUT DANGER!
GET ONE FOR
15 CENTS

"That's it," he went on with a laugh. "That'll sell 'em!"

Conviction was dominant in the man's whole being. He knew. This particular article of trade had been an inspiration of several weeks before, and even as he read the announcement in a trade journal he had visualized his campaign of advertising.

"Yes," he decided at last, "it's the woman's point of view first."

Fifteen minutes later the sign had been placed in the front window, a space cleared for a display of pencil sharpeners and Davey stood on the pavement viewing the effect with critical gaze.

"All right," was his verdict. "Now we'll see what happens."

It was more than half an hour before anyone entered the shop. Then a girl with large brown eyes and a dimple in each cheek looked in through the doorway and entered as she caught sight of Davey's head as it poked up over the counter.

"Hello, Julia!" he exclaimed, glancing up and discovering her. "I'm glad you came in. I want to show you something—need your advice."

He led the way outside and pointed to the advertisement of the Pin-Point Sharpener.

"What do you think?" he asked. "Would that make a woman mad?"

"Mad?" the girl repeated.

"Sure! You know all right. First I thought of saying something like 'You can't sharpen a lead pencil if you're a woman, but you can with one of these Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners!' That wouldn't have done, would it?"

The man was all intent on his idea and the girl watched him with a curious light in her eyes.

"You see," he went on, giving her no time to answer, "you can't get a person sore—that's bad; or if you tell a person he can't do a thing that's just the thing he wants to try and do. Understand? Now that sign tells her she can sharpen a pencil, but it suggests that she might cut her finger. Get my idea?"

The girl laughed as she walked back into the store.

"What a funny person you are, Davey!" she said at last, leaning back against the counter. "Taking all that trouble for a sign to go over a pencil sharpener. Why didn't you just say 'Pencil sharpeners, fifteen cents'? Wouldn't they have sold just as well?"

"Maybe," he returned thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose they would. But it wouldn't have worked out a principle. Now, in this one ——"

A customer interrupted, and five minutes later when he was again free Davey's mind had shifted to another line of thought.

"There's only one trouble with those pencil sharpeners," he explained to Julia, who had picked up a magazine and was idly skimming through the pages. "They're great little things, but there isn't a chance in the world of ever selling a person a second one. Now my idea would be this: You see how the blade is fastened in. You can't get it out, but if it were made detachable—put on with screws, you know—you'd have a chance of selling a customer some extra blades, like safety razors."

"But won't these get dull?" the girl put in, the same amused smile on her lips.

"Ah!" Davey exclaimed. "Of course, but you can't raise that doubt in a customer's mind. If the blades were detachable you'd have a selling point. He'd think he was buying something that would last him for the rest of his life."

"But good gracious, Davey! They're only fifteen cents apiece!"

"Well, yes, but it isn't the price, it's the principle!"

"But where does it all lead?" the girl broke out suddenly. "You just stay here in this little store and ——." her voice faltered as she turned her gaze out of the open doorway.

"Yes," he returned slowly, watching her face, "but some day ——"

"It's always going to be some day!" Julia cried impatiently. "You're so much interested in advertising, why can't you go out and get a position where you can amount to something, not be just a storekeeper?"

"I know," Davey answered, a little touch of sadness creeping into his voice. "But I'm learning the principles here, first-hand principles—the reasons, the big answer to it all!"

A pause followed his explanation, but Julia refused to meet his eyes. She only continued to look out of the doorway, where the street cars were clanging past and some soiled children were playing on the sidewalk.

"I came in to see you about—about something, Davey," she said at last, turning and facing him. "About our engagement." *(Continued on Page 53)*

Made with either the large or baby lima beans

Lima Beans and Bacon

12 Ways to Save Meat Dishes

Meat is Your Largest Food Expense

Here are some delicious dishes arranged in attractive menus to help you keep the food bills down.

They were created, tested and proved by the School of Domestic Arts and Science, Chicago—recognized authorities on foods.

They are efficient meat substitutes made with succulent lima beans which are rich in body-building protein.

Protein is the main food-element in meat. But the same protein in lima beans costs only half as much as it costs in meat.

So when you serve meals like these you save half the cost of meat, which is your largest food expense.

The other foods in these menus in each case provide all the fats, starches and minerals that are needed for a balanced meal.

So there's no loss in food value because the meat is omitted—you get perfect nutriment.

These meals are as good for children as for grown-ups, so the whole family can enjoy them. And they are tempting to the palate—you can serve them as often as you wish.

Note their variety and simplicity. Try one of them now. By using these menus in rotation for one meal a day you'll save bother and money; and serve daintier, better meals.

Cut out the memo-menu above as a reminder in ordering today.

Mail the *coupon* to us and we'll send you (free) other balanced menus suggesting delicious meatless meals.

Be Sure You Get Real Limas

Be sure that you get *genuine lima* beans. Your grocer can supply them—either the large or baby size. They come from California and are grown near the sea.

Don't confuse them with "wax" or "butter" beans. *Lima* beans are sweeter and more delicate in flavor. Once you know the genuine *Seaside* brand you will always buy these beans. Lima beans are the "protein" beans that take the place of meat.

Try them now—cut out these recipes—ask your grocer for Seaside—specifying which size you want—the large or baby lima beans.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE LIMA BEANS

Large succulent beans, rich in protein. Thin-skinned, tender and delicious. Don't confuse with "wax" or "butter" beans. The limas are sweeter. They have a nut-like flavor found only in genuine lima and baby lima beans.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE BABY LIMA BEANS

One of the most delicious beans ever grown is the baby lima. Small in size, very tender and flavory. A highly nutritious bean. Use them if you wish in any recipe that calls for "lima beans," for they are the same as "limas." They are different in size only.

California Lima Bean Growers Association

Oxnard, California

Cut This Out and Keep It

MEMO-MENU

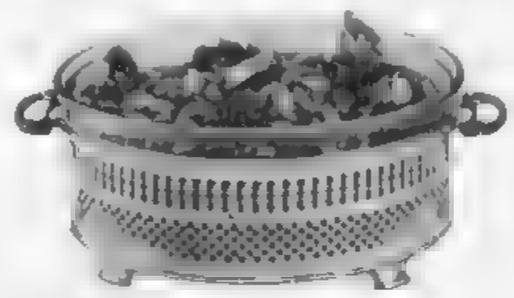
Clear Tomato Soup ***Lima Bean Loaf**
Cold Slaw
Steamed Fruit Pudding—Hard Sauce

This menu furnishes a stimulating soup; a rich protein dish in the lima bean loaf; a vegetable and salad combined in the cold slaw, and a satisfying dessert.

* See recipe No. 1 below.

Try These Menus—Send Coupon

Baby Limas or Large Lima Beans may be used in these recipes.



***Lima Beans en Casserole**
Buttered Asparagus on Toast **Tapioca Cream**

This dish contains as much protein as one pound of roast beef and costs less than one half as much.

* See recipe No. 2 below.

***Lima Beans with Bacon**
Harvard Beets—Apple Sauce—Oatmeal Cookies

The lima bean dish with the bacon supplies the protein and fat, the beets furnish the mineral salts and the simple dessert supplies the carbohydrates.

* See recipe No. 3 below

Recipe No. 1—Lima Bean Loaf

1 cup dried lima beans
1½ cups bread crumbs
1 cup milk
1 egg, slightly beaten
Salt
Pepper
1 tablespoon bacon fat or butterine

Wash and soak the beans over night. Cook until soft. Drain and rub through a coarse sieve. Add other ingredients, turn into a greased mold and bake in a moderate oven Serve with white sauce or tomato sauce. Serves about 5.

Recipe No. 2—Lima Beans en Casserole

2 cups dried lima beans
Cold water to cover
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Milk
Butter

Soak beans over night in cold water, drain, add hot water, using just enough to cover beans. Simmer until beans are tender and water is absorbed. Put into casserole, add seasoning, dot with butter, add milk to partially cover beans and bake in a moderate oven. Serves about 5.

Recipe No. 3—Lima Beans with Bacon

2 cups dried baby lima beans
Cold water to cover
Butter
Pepper

Soak beans over night in cold water, drain, add boiling water to partially cover. Simmer slowly. Season, add butter, and serve garnished with bacon. Serves about 5.

Cut This Out and Mail It

California Lima Bean Growers Association
Dept. A—Oxnard, California

Please mail the nine additional menus and recipes for meatless meals, free.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Dealer's Name _____

BREAD

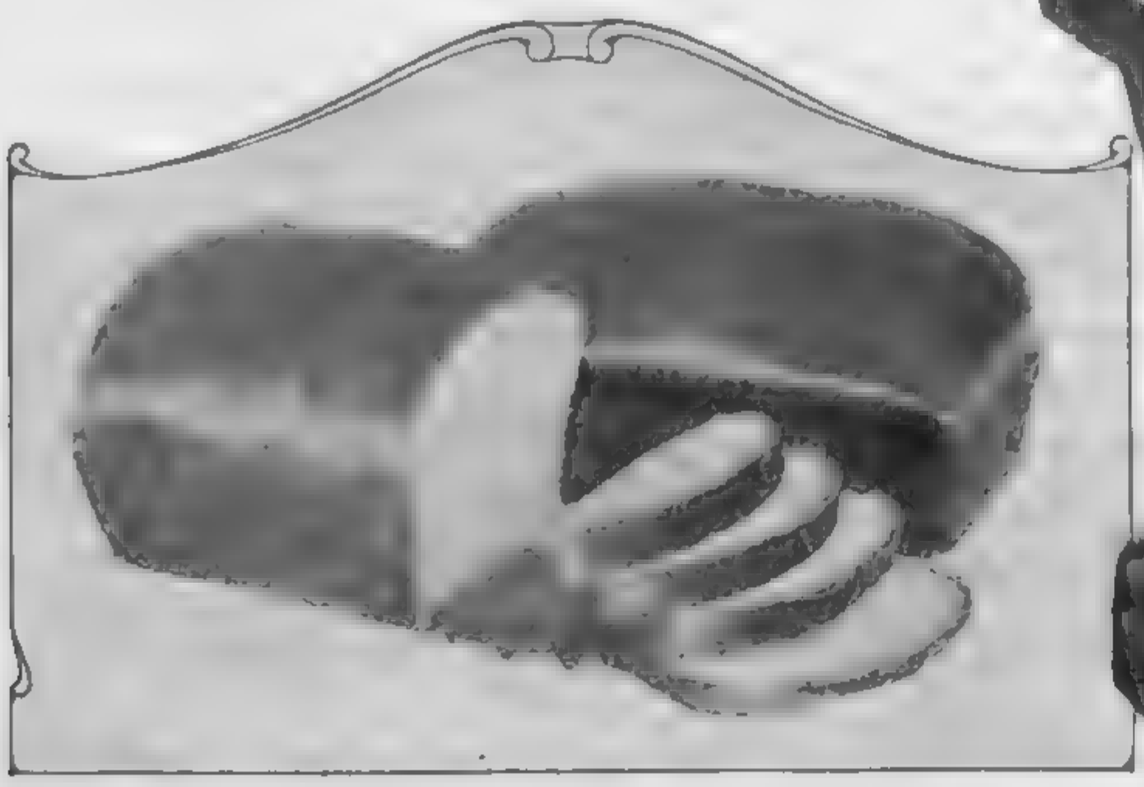
Bread is a dynamo of energy. It supplies the body with power to accomplish great tasks.

It builds and sustains muscle, bone and brain.

Bread gives to the worker of every class a wealth of strength and vigor. To young or old, it supplies an abundance of energy.

Bread is Nature's most complete ration. It is wholesome, it is nutritious, and in this day of high-cost-of-living, it is extremely economical.

Bread is your best food, eat more of it.



Nearly all bakers use FLEISCHMANNS YEAST because it makes the best bread

(Continued from Page 50)

The man remained silent, but as he waited a little puzzled frown wrinkled his brow.

"I don't think I can go on with it!" she blurted out. "I can't!"

"You want to break it off?" Davey asked, his voice heavy and dull. "You mean it's all over?"

With the girl's nod the lines in Davey's face seemed suddenly to deepen, grow more sharply defined, and the youth in his eyes faded like mist before the sun.

"I guess I've felt this coming," he said after a long time. "Maybe you didn't know it, but you've been changing toward me for the last couple of months. I'm awfully sorry, Julia—I am. I didn't know how to help matters, so I just let 'em drift. Yes, I saw it coming all right, but I couldn't help it. I don't blame you. I'm not the sort of man for you, that's all. I'm too old. I've had to work too hard and I don't know how to play."

"But you could be," Julia exclaimed, "if you'd only take a chance and go somewhere out of this store!"

"Maybe," Davey answered doubtfully. "But the store is all I've got and it's doing pretty well too. Last month I paid the advance in the rent and had some left over to put in the bank. It wasn't much, but it was some." Pausing for a moment, he added, "But I understand, Julia. It isn't any use talking it over. I'm just kind of an old hack and what you want is some fellow that can give you a good time. Maybe you don't know it, but that's what you want. You give me the ring back, Julia, and we'll wait a few months. Maybe I can come round to your point of view, and maybe you can come round to mine. Maybe by that time I can let down a bit; things might go better here—or something."

Slowly the girl drew a ring set with a pitifully small diamond from her finger and passed it into the man's hand. Her mouth trembled a little and as she tried to speak her voice choked with a suspicious huskiness.

"Don't feel too bad about it, Julia," Davey said. "We'll know better in a couple of months. In the meantime maybe you'll come in to see me?"

"Certainly I will!" she exclaimed. "And can't we go to a picture show sometimes like we always have?"

"Sure!" was his answer. "We won't be engaged—that's the only difference."

"I hope you understand, Davey," Julia began after a short pause, but a gesture of one of his big hands interrupted.

"Of course I understand. Gee, I'd be a fool if I didn't. What you tell me only follows along the line of another principle that I've learned since I've been in this store. Give a person time to make up his mind and he'll usually buy what you want him to. If you try to force him you might as well put the goods back in the case. That's it, Julia. When you make up your mind—in the meantime suppose I keep the ring."

He watched her go with a sinking feeling round his heart. Somehow his figure seemed to have shrunk until his clothes hung from his shoulders in loose folds. The quality of age about his features had heightened and his eyes were pathetic. Dropping into a chair behind the counter and holding the ring between his finger and thumb, a sigh escaped from his lips, a sigh of intense longing and regret.

Removed from the Village Store by some hundreds of miles, the low glass-roofed buildings of the Tanner Manufacturing Company spread like card houses for acre after acre on the outskirts of Hardford. A dozen campaigns of national advertising had put them on the map, and for a score of different articles Tanner was a household word in every state in the Union.

Tanner himself was totally unlike what everyone pictured him to be, for he was short, fat and roly-poly, with frank, open, blue eyes and a babyish mouth that was only guileless and as sincere as a twenty-dollar gold piece.

But for all his looks he had been the moving spirit behind the Tanner Manufacturing Company. He had wrought from a shoe string and a tin can, as he was fond of telling people, and he always leaned back in his chair and put his pudgy finger tips together when he said this, but the visitor—if he was clever enough—saw another story behind the man's words, the story of another struggle.

Instinctively he looked about the office for the men who had helped put the Tanner Manufacturing Company on the road to fame—the assistants who had helped the man sitting in the chair on the other side of the big mahogany desk. And this, though it was never told to visitors, because it was one of the business secrets of the firm, was the real ungarnished truth of Mr. Tanner's success, for he had come into the world with a horseshoe in either pocket and had spent his ensuing years in finding other pockets for other horseshoes. Of course the horseshoes weren't real—instead they were executives. But heavens above, the man seemed to have the very luck of the gods in choosing those executives!

Carter for one. He was the mechanical and technical engineer who worked positive miracles in the shops. Browne had his finger in this too, but he spent most of his time with his models, for it was his brain that conceived most of the product that was stamped with the Tanner Manufacturing Company's brand. Streeter and little Lathrop were also up on the firing line, with French in the office and taking charge of the credit department. The whole thing was like a football team, working in complete harmony, and the only person about the plant who had no niche of his own, no real work, was Tanner himself.

Of course he showed up in the gilded office every morning about ten o'clock and the rest of the crowd came in and told him what they were going to do and how they were going to do it, but sometimes they forgot and things went along just the same. That was part of the system he had installed, but the system was so completely perfect that he had almost systematized himself out of a job.

Maybe he felt this and maybe this was the reason he took the stand he did about the Pin-Point Pencil Sharpener. Carter and Lathrop and French all said that it wouldn't sell in a thousand years. Browne agreed with them and added that if Mr. Tanner really thought they needed a pencil sharpener he'd get busy and design one. All this touched the old man on the raw, because the Pin-Point Pencil Sharpener was his own particular pet design that he had thought out one night while he was trying to go to sleep.

In the end they couldn't budge him—he simply balked like a mule—and Carter with tears in his eyes spent untold dollars on a stamping machine and reamers. Streeter took on a force to do the packing and shipping and Lathrop added the advertising to that already overburdened department.

Then they all stood round waiting for a good chance to say, "I told you so!"

"It isn't the money he gives a damn about!" Carter exclaimed at French, as though he was at the bottom of the trouble. "It's just because he thinks we've begun to take over too much on our shoulders and he wants to show us that he's still boss round here!"

"Nonsense!" French declared. "He believes in the silly thing! It's the first time he's ever had an idea along the mechanical line, and when Bell talked over his first telephone he couldn't have felt any bigger than the old man does. The mere fact that we're getting out a dozen of the greatest lines in the country doesn't interest him at all. This whole bloomin' plant might have been put up solely to produce Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners; and what's more, he doesn't give a tinker's cuss about anything else. Let him have his head, Carter, something will stop him. At least he can't manufacture 'em and give 'em away."

"I saw Lathrop going in with some boards—looked like charts," Browne put in. "What's that for?"

"Ask Lathrop, if you want to hear something," French laughed. "He worked till one o'clock last night on those charts and he was down here before breakfast to finish them before the old man got here. Lathrop says he's going to swear out a warrant for the old man's arrest."

Lathrop said a great deal more than that, but he was precious careful to keep it under his breath.

"That's all right," Mr. Tanner finally agreed after a close inspection of the boards that had been fastened to the wall of his office. "Now, Lathrop, I'll tell you what I want. A good big map of the United States mounted in a frame, and a lot of white and red-headed pins. When we get an order we'll stick a pin in the town and when we get a repeat order we'll stick a red-headed pin in. What do you think of that idea?"

"But you've got all that," Lathrop objected, "in this chart of the States. You'd only duplicate things with a map!"

Mr. Tanner made a clicking sound with his tongue and looked at Lathrop reproachfully. "You can't see a chart like you can a map!" he exclaimed. "A map's a map and a chart's a chart! That pencil sharpener's a mighty good thing, Lathrop, and I want to watch how it's doing. Get a map, and I'll post it up to date."

Lathrop produced the map as he would have produced the North Pole if Mr. Tanner had asked for it, and the president spent an enjoyable hour and a half sticking the little white-headed pins in to the board.

The effect pleased him when he surveyed the result, but also it suddenly dawned on his mind that the pins were unquestionably scattered, so scattered indeed as to be hardly noticeable from where he stood, and he was forced to move closer to realize that any pins at all were fastened in the map.

West of the Mississippi was as devoid of pencil sharpeners as when the red man trailed the bison across the trackless plains. Michigan had one pin. Chicago was represented by two pins, but Mr. Tanner could have passed his hand across the Middle Atlantic States without removing another pin from its hold. The South had done better, here and there the pins raised their white heads from the Cotton Belt until they died a natural death as they struggled in the colder climates. One straggling marker pointed to New York and that was the last until the final pin reared itself from the little black spot of Portland.

Mr. Tanner frowned and reached for the telephone. Getting Lathrop on the wire he instructed him to double the advertising on the Pin Point.

"And produce some results," he added, hanging the receiver on the hook and turning his attention to the board headed, "Order Chart."

Here again the evidence of unused space was strikingly pronounced; in fact, most of it was unused, save where a line of customers' names stretched across perhaps a quarter of the board. Under these "1 gr.," "½ gr.," "¼ gr.," had been inserted, but never by any chance was it more than a gross, and those "1 gr.'s" stood out like beacons on a foggy night.

"Well," Tanner mused aloud, lighting a cigarette and blowing the smoke pensively at the chart, "that bird down in New Orleans ought to do pretty well and that fellow in Dallas—funny about that gross going to Tampa. If Tampa can sell a gross of Pin Points that fellow in New York ought to sell a million. He'll do well—Grattan," Mr. Tanner added, noting the name. "Why, New York ought to be good for a hundred, maybe two hundred, agents. Anyway, we'll see."

They saw. But strangely enough it was not quite in the way Mr. Tanner had dreamed.

In time a few more white pins were added to the map. The West gradually dotted itself here and there and even out on the coast a white head stuck up from the dull pink of California, but thus far Mr. Tanner had looked at the little box of red-headed pins in vain and returned them to the drawer of his desk. Apparently the United States was as completely fed up on pencil sharpeners as though they had been given away with packets of cigarettes for the past hundred years.

"Didn't I tell you?" Carter exclaimed gleefully. "You couldn't give those confounded things away to an Eskimo!"

"One bird sent in a second order," Lathrop put in as he passed through the office. "I just came from in there. You might think the old man had been left a gold mine overnight."

That was the first repeat. The order came from "that fellow Grattan down in New York."

"Well," Mr. Tanner mused, watching the stenographer write "1 gr." in Grattan's square, "of course New York will do well. That's a pretty big town down there—there are a good many people who need pencil sharpeners. Now Chicago'll repeat and then New Orleans and after that ——"

And the man sat on the edge of his desk and stared at the map for the next half hour.

But Chicago failed to repeat, so did New Orleans. Only New York after a few weeks came across again. The third gross, and once more the stenographer wrote "1 gr." under Davey Grattan's name.

Mr. Tanner was worried and when he was worried it usually ended by his taking his place on the edge of Carter's desk. This time it was about again doubling up on the Pin-Point advertising.

"But confound it, boss!" Carter exclaimed after a moment's thought. "The thing isn't practical in the first place."

"What do you mean, isn't practical!" Tanner cried. "You mean the sharpener isn't any good?"

"No—no, I don't mean that," Carter hedged. "But it's too old-fashioned. In this day and age who is going to spend time twisting a pencil into a little chunk of brass! There isn't an office in the country that isn't supplied with a pencil sharpener like that one." He pointed across the room to a shelf. "That thing works with a crank—sharpens a pencil in half a second."

"Yes, and you have to get up and walk all the way over there!" Tanner interrupted. "With the Pin Point ——"

"Fasten it over here, if you want to!" Carter broke in. "Anywhere—the point is you don't have to do the work yourself. Those cost eighty-five cents. Your fifteen-cent article doesn't stand a ghost of a chance. Business men aren't counting pennies in this generation."

"Well," Tanner plugged on doggedly, "there's one man selling 'em—that fellow down in New York. He's just ordered his third gross. If he can sell 'em, why can't anyone else sell 'em?"

"He's probably giving them away as an advertisement. A pencil sharpener with a box of writing paper. But you can make up your mind to one thing, he hasn't sold three gross—that's four hundred and thirty-two—Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners for honest-to-goodness money! If he could do that he wouldn't have to sell pencil sharpeners—he'd be out selling steel bridges!"

"That's a lot of bunk!" Tanner exclaimed, getting down from the desk. "A lot of claptrap bunk!"

And giving Carter a look of utter contempt, he turned and strode heavily into his own office.

In the back of Tanner's head, however, Carter's words stuck fast and took root, and the more he studied the order chart the more he began to wonder and speculate on the ways and means "that fellow Grattan" had used in disposing of those Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners.

"Eighteen and a half Greenwich Avenue," Tanner mused aloud, turning his eyes from the chart and gazing out of the window. "That's down there somewhere in Greenwich Village—Bohemian quarter. I wish to the Lord I knew why that particular spot in the United States was

so badly in need of pencil sharpeners! Bohemians—let's see—artists—but hang it all, there can't be four hundred and thirty-two artists going round with their tongues hanging out for pencil sharpeners! I wonder if that bird could be selling 'em—selling 'em with good old-fashioned salesmanship!"

A half hour longer he remained in his chair, then he rose abruptly and calling his secretary informed her that he was going to take a flying trip down to New York.

"I'll be back to-morrow," he explained, reaching for his hat. "Tell Carter I'm going to try to get him that steel he's been hollerin' about for the past week."

The last Pin-Point Pencil Sharpener of Davey's second gross went to old Mrs. Ripley, who kept a boarding house round on Charles Street.

"I dunno how it is," the old lady mumbled, extracting three nickels from her bag and passing them into Davey's hand, "that I never come to think about a pencil sharpener before.

"Ain't been more'n a week ago that I bought a pencil, then went home an' hacked it all to pieces with a carvin' knife. This'll work, will it?"

Without giving the man time to answer she continued, casting a shrewd look into his face: "They tell me you an' Julia Weaver have broke things off. Too bad, Mr. Grattan!" She paused, her eyes disappeared among the wrinkles of her face and she added: "If you was half as spry in makin' love as you are in makin' folks buy things you'd see with half an eye that she's havin' a fit till she gets that ring back on her finger. Mrs. Calhoun and me was talkin' and ——"

"I don't know," Davey interrupted. "We went to the movies last night and she didn't say anything."

The old lady sniffed her contempt.

"Say anything!" she gasped. "The only way she isn't tellin' you is shoutin' it at you. Land, I don't know what you expect!"

"We didn't exactly break things off—that is, not for good," Davey explained after a moment. "I just wanted to give her a chance to make up her mind."

"Stuff and *nonsense*!" Mrs. Ripley exploded. "Give her enough time and she'll make up her mind that she don't want you! In my day ——"

A voice from the doorway interrupted and Davey looked over the old lady's head square into the full-moon face of Mr. Robert Tanner.

"I'm looking for Mr. Grattan," began Mr. Tanner. "David Grattan—know him?"

"I'm Mr. Grattan," Davey smiled. "Something I can do for you?"

Mrs. Ripley, instead of taking her departure, bestowed upon the gentleman one careful look of scrutiny. It missed nothing from the top of Tanner's hat to the soles of his shoes, and quite suddenly Mrs. Ripley decided to remain. This was all out of the ordinary, decidedly so, and the old lady moved to one side, taking up her position near the magazine counter, where she picked up a book and stared unseeingly at the cover.

"I want Mr. Grattan, the proprietor of this store," Mr. Tanner persisted, his blue eyes, full as keen as Mrs. Ripley's for all their baby innocence, sweeping the four walls and coming at last to rest on Davey's nose.

"That's me," Davey nodded.

"Oh! Well, I'm Tanner," the other said. "Tanner of the Tanner Manufacturing Company." And he held his hand across the counter.

"Is that so!" Davey exclaimed.

It was maybe five seconds before he said this, but just in time he remembered who the Tanner Manufacturing Company was and what they had to do with the Village Store.

"We're about stocked up on pencil sharpeners," he went on, using his regular editorial "we" as the fat man remained silent. "Got in a shipment from you the other day."

"I didn't come down about that," Mr. Tanner explained. He was conscious of a keen sense of disappointment as he viewed the man before him, for there was nothing in Davey's loose raw-boned figure which seemed to indicate that he had the making of a super-pencil-sharpener salesman. As the last straw Mr. Tanner looked down and caught sight of Davey's big hands as they rested on the counter. "No, I didn't come in to sell you any pencil sharpeners," he continued hesitatingly. "I—I—well, I was just going through—happened along this way."

"Mighty glad to see you!" Davey interrupted heartily. "That's a great little article you people are turning out. Making a good thing of it, I'll say. With millions of women in the country needing 'em, you ought to make a fortune."

"Women?" Mr. Tanner repeated.

"Sure!" Davey always had a way of rushing his words. "Sure, women! That's who I'm selling 'em to. Did you see my sign in the window? Well—say, just take a peek at it. Of course you'll think it's pretty crude—it is, too, but you wouldn't believe how it does the business."

He was out from behind the counter and had Mr. Tanner by the arm.

"One thing I'm going to tell you about," Davey went on as he propelled the fat man through the door, "if you won't think it's too fresh.

"Of course it was your design and maybe you had a reason to make the blades—there, what do you think of it?"

Mr. Tanner stood and read the sign that held a message of hope and sympathy to every woman who had ever struggled with the stub of a lead pencil and an ancient kitchen knife. Possibly he read it several times, certainly he stood there long enough to learn the words by heart, but the expression on his face gave Davey no inkling as to what the man's inner thoughts might be.

"What was it you were going to tell me?" he asked, walking back into the store.

"Oh, yes!" Davey exclaimed, following at Mr. Tanner's heels. "About the blades. I was wondering if you could make them so they'd come out—put 'em on with screws, you know."

"Yes," the other nodded, seeming to find a new interest in Davey's face, "that could be done. But what's the idea?"

"Why, make a repeat proposition," Davey hurried on. "One blade gets dull, change it and get another. It isn't so much the money. It's just one of my principles to bring people back into the store. Think that's a good idea?"

Very slowly Mr. Tanner nodded. His blue eyes were a trifle wider than ordinarily and his mouth had the same expression that it did when Carter came in and fully agreed with him.

"You figure everything that close?" he asked.

"Sure!" Davey laughed. "But you understand, it's only because there's a principle in it—not always the money. I suppose it's more the fun of the thing, just to be sure that you know how the average human will think; and if they think that way, how they'll act."

He laughed again and continued:

"I'm kind-a funny about things like that. Always like to figure 'em out. That sign in the window, for instance. First I had it to read, 'No woman can sharpen a pencil, but she can with one of these Pin-Point Pencil Sharpeners!' But that was dead wrong—you see it, don't you?"

"But no woman can sharpen a pencil," Mr. Tanner mused.

"Never argue with a woman!" Davey exclaimed. "Never tell 'em they can't do anything never tell anyone they can't do anything, but especially a woman, because that's the thing she'll try and do in spite of Billy be damned! See now? Simply a principle! You can apply it to people like you measure off cloth by the yard."

"Who taught you all this?" Mr. Tanner asked. "How'd you learn it?"

"No one," Davey returned, his face suddenly growing serious. "No one but me. Unless the store taught me. It's funny."

"I guess I've heard enough," Mr. Tanner said after a moment. "How much will you take to come up to the Tanner Manufacturing Company and give us the same amount of brain effort that you've expended on this store?"

"How much—what?"

Davey stared.

Mrs. Ripley gripped the magazine a little more firmly and concentrated her attention on the fact that she must not turn round.

"I'll tell you what I came down here for," Mr. Tanner said with a sudden mopping of his face with a handkerchief: "That pencil sharpener is my own idea. It's a good one, too, but somehow it doesn't sell—no repeat business at all—and I want a man to get after it and put it across. There's opportunity up there with us—loads of it. Carter found it, and Carter started with me at thirty-five per the day he got out of college. Do you want to go on keeping this shop more than you want to come to work for me at five thousand a year?"

A long quivering sigh escaped from Mrs. Ripley's lips and both men turned to stare at her where she stood engrossed in the adventures of some queen of the movies.

The old lady's emotion somehow broke the spell of Mr. Tanner's words. It was not that the statement and the amount that he had mentioned were any the less impressive; it was simply that Davey had had that moment in which to collect his scattered faculties, and now he smiled a little as he met the other's eyes.

"That sounds pretty good to me," he said. "Mighty good."

"Call it a deal then," Mr. Tanner answered. "You can hang your hat up with us as soon as you want to." Half turning toward the door he paused and added, "By the way, you're single?

"Good!" he went on as Davey nodded. "I wouldn't want a married man in the job I'm going to hand over to you. All right, I'll see that you get a contract and ——"

"Wait a minute!" Davey interrupted. "I can't take the job then. You see, I'm not married now, but I will be before I can get up there."

"No," Mr. Tanner said with a shake of his head, "I couldn't use you as a married man. See here! You've made a success of this store by putting all you had behind it. You couldn't have done that if you'd been married, and that's the way it is with my proposition. You know the old saying about two masters? That's me! I believe in it! That's one of my principles!"

"Well, I'm sorry," Davey returned. "I'd like to tackle that job, but—well, I've got a girl I wouldn't give up for your whole plant! You understand? Hope there's no hard feelings."

At the doorway Mr. Tanner paused and stared at Davey for a full half minute. Once it seemed as though he was on the point of speaking, but finally with a little shake of his head he turned and walked out.

Mrs. Ripley put her magazine down with a slam.

"Well!" she exclaimed, facing the man as he leaned over the counter, elbows spread apart and chin in the palms of his hands. "Up to now I always thought you was considerable of a fool, Davey Grattan, the way you've gone about making Julia Weaver your wife, but I listened t' what that man said to you an' I came right suddenly t' the belief that you ain't been the fool at all. It's been that girl o' yours an' just as soon as I get a good chance I'm goin' t' tell her so!"

Davey's laugh followed the old lady from the store, but for a long time after she left he brooded in silence, absently watching a fly that had been caught by a piece of hanging fly paper. Somehow the shop was a little more barren than he had ever seen it look before; he noticed how the paint was coming off the wall over the magazine counter—and after all, what a silly sort of stock in trade he had to sell! Foolish little toys and penny candy! Davey shook his head and sighed. For the first time in his life he had let down and relaxed, and he caught himself wondering if it was worth while going on with anything.

The following morning brought rain to the outside world, a mean drizzle from out of a leaden sky, but to the Village Store well, roses and sunshine, little laughing brooks and green things shooting up along the edge of a meadow were morose pale things in comparison to the flood of happiness that rushed over the young-old face of Davey Grattan when Julia Weaver walked through the doorway and demanded her engagement ring.

"I saw old Mrs. Ripley this morning," she sobbed in embarrassed explanation. "She told me what happened here yesterday afternoon. Oh, Davey! Did you do it for me, because you loved me better than you did your principles and the advertising?"

"Oh, my Lord!" Davey gasped, staring at her in astonishment. "You thought I was so much interested in selling things that I didn't have time to love you! Was that it?"

Julia nodded and buried her face against his coat.

"Oh, my Lord!" Davey groaned again. "And I thought I knew something about women!"

He was a messenger boy who had advanced to the age where all messenger boys seem to stop and he ambled into the store with his cap on one side of his head and a cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth.

"Say!" he exclaimed in his peculiar language, grinning as he caught sight of Davey and Julia. "'S this-ah-Mister Grattan?"

Davey stared and nodded, but only after a moment of hesitation.

"Sign 'er," the boy said, and he thrust a yellow envelope and a black-covered book up under Davey's nose.

They read the message together—while the mature youth appropriated the better part of a tray of candy. At the same instant they caught the big story of success and his laugh mingled with her sudden sob of happiness.

The telegram was signed "Tanner," and over this were a few badly typewritten words that glowed like diamonds in the sunshine.

"Bring your wife if you have to," Mr. Tanner had written. "But get here quick! Still no repeats on Pin-Points!"

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It's a fact that soil and climate have a direct bearing on the production and quality of fruit. Oranges from California and Florida—pineapples from Hawaii, apples from the famous Valley of the "Big Y"—all noted for their excellence and quality.

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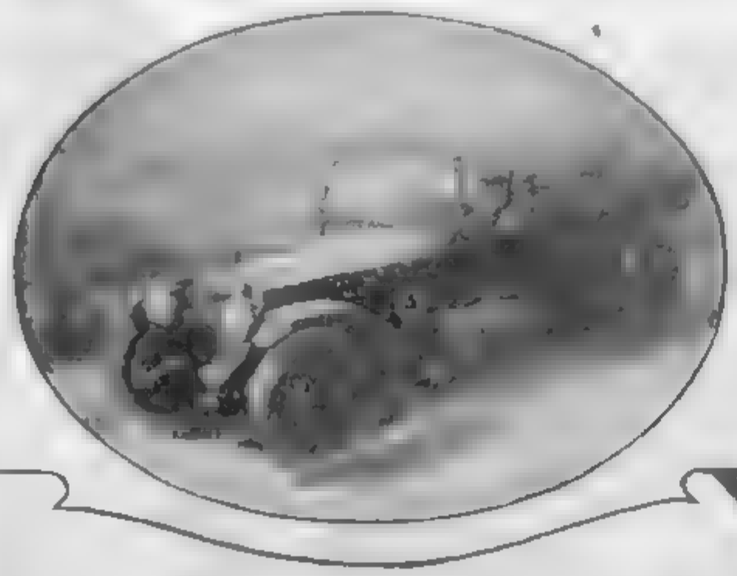


OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 24)

Blurt glanced up and down the deserted block, opened the little gate with great care, tiptoed up the walk, the steps and along the narrow veranda, examining the three windows minutely until at one he was rewarded by the discovery of a triangular tear in the veiling shade. By stooping a little and placing his eye close to the windowpane he obtained a full view of the interior, which was illuminated by the soft glow of lamplight.

Directly before him sat Miss Livingston, relaxed in a big easy-chair which looked like a relic of bygone age, but still possessed much dignity and strength. She had discarded her trim business suit for a soft, voluminous negligee that clung to her slim figure in caressing folds, displaying the unexpected roundness of her limbs and exposing to view the creamy whiteness of her bare arms. Her lips were half parted in a smile of drowsy contentment, the cause of which was not far to seek.

Behind her stood an active though aged person clothed in gray goods of an ancient cut and long wear, capped with lace, bespectacled and plying with one hand a brush while across the other she held suspended the fragrant loosened flood of Miss Livingston's lovely hair. In the background of this highly intimate scene hovered Mr. Alexander Sutey, evidently ill at ease, and with good cause, for upon a too-close approach he received a smart slap from the brush, bristles first.

Owing to the loose construction of the old window sashes Mr. Blurt could hear the murmuring voices, and by deliberately eavesdropping he managed to catch enough words to run a thread through the conversation. He was largely aided in this reprehensible enterprise by the rumbling remonstrance of Mr. Sutey under punishment.

"Here, you, Anna," he protested, but with surprising meekness, "can't you remember to use the back of the brush? The last time you did that I got took up for measles."

"Pity you didn't stay took," replied the old lady spiritedly. "You old gallivanting ne'er-do-weel. Get into the kitchen until you're ready to go home to the wide world. I want Miss Phyllis to tell me how the mere sight of you almost led her to the police station."

Sutey mumbled a reply inaudible to Blurt, raised his arm quickly as though to ward off a second blow, and retreated through a rear door. For a moment there was silence while the old nurse brushed with the long, soothing sweep of a practiced hand; then she asked in a voice which had become all tenderness: "Don't you want to tell, sweetheart?"

There was a long pause before the girl replied: "I don't know. The day has been so amazing, so long, so crowded, so ——"

"So what, dear?" prompted the gentle voice.

"So uprooting," finished Miss Livingston with a sudden rebelliousness in her tone.

As she concentrated her thoughts on the events that had befallen since eight o'clock of the morning of this very day her face lost its look of unmasked repose, her eyes narrowed, her brow returned to its frequent tiny frown and a flush of anger stained her smooth cheeks with a glow that was brighter than their normal color and a little forbidding, as though it shared the sharp distinction between warmth and fire.

"Nanna," she said finally, clasping her hands about her crossed knees, bending slightly forward and staring so directly at the little tear in the curtain which was serving Blurt as a wide window on her world that he started back precipitously before his reason had time to tell him his fears were groundless, "I met a man today—a real man, walking round in a boy's young skin. His eyes were looking for something fine, yet you knew they had seen every little thing there is; his lips didn't let out a single unkind word to anyone, but you knew there's no word they hadn't said. He's dreaming the things I've always believed. He's a good man, Nanna, and just meeting him for a day has frightened me out of myself, shaken me, torn at something that is rooted too deep, down here."

She clutched at her breast with one hand, leaned farther forward, buried her face and burst into tears. Nanna dropped the brush, seated herself on the arm of the big chair, gathered the sobbing form to her breast and rocked it gently to and fro.

"There, there, my own dear," she murmured; "there's no man on earth worth the tears of your lovely eyes. Think no more of him, darling."

"It isn't him that makes me cry," gulped Miss Livingston. "It's myself, the cold shell of me, the heart that rattles round in it when I move."

"There, there, sweetheart," repeated Nanna; "don't you be crying for any man in the world."

The girl released herself, drew sharply erect and threw out her arms in a wide gesture as though she demanded space to stand alone. With her head upthrown, her eyes opened to their fullest, her loose hair cascading over her shoulders and the white column of her throat rising amid its divided golden flood like a pulsing band of light, she presented a picture as lovely and heartrending as the first apple tree that blooms in the spring.

"You won't believe me," she said, more to herself than to Nanna—"you won't believe that it's myself that made me cry. Oh, Nanna, I am like this house—terribly clean, small, hidden, divided from everything round. My walls are thin, too, and when you rap on them you hear the echoes of all the lives that have gone before. Why, that's what I am, an echo of beliefs and customs, of big tenets and little rules of thumb. I know that outside there's a world of great beginnings, a world of quite new sounds, whose echoes are all ahead, but not for me, Nanna. No power can lead me out into it; I'm this little house, so old behind its fresh white face."

"There, there, sweetheart," repeated the old nurse once more; "don't you be crying for any man."

Miss Livingston surrendered to Nanna's fixed idea with a despairing sigh that broke into a smile as radiant, as all-embracing as it was sudden; she threw her arms round Nanna and hugged her.

"You darling!" she cried with laughter in her eyes. "You saving grace! You incarnate and persisting echo!"

"Here!" answered Nanna. "No calling me out of my name, please, to cheer yourself up! Now let me go. I feel a stepmother's breath between my shoulders; it's that old rapscallion has gone out the back way and left the door open."

Blurt caught the warning in the words, but it came too late; he heard a shuffling step, saw Sutey loom, a darker shadow in the night, fearfully watched him pass and make for the gate. He gave a sigh of relief but swallowed it a little short of completion, for the giant did not leave the yard; he stood leaning against the gatepost, filled his pipe with tantalizing deliberation and lit it.

Blurt flushed red with anger at himself; he was fairly trapped between Miss Livingston and Mr. Sutey, emblems of innocence and disrepute, and felt like a smeared mixture of both. Which should he do, rap on the door as if he had that moment arrived or sneak out, trip up disrepute and make a run for it on the slim chance of escaping recognition in the dark? If he chose the first of these dubious alternatives, what was he to say, how explain his advent at that hidden spot? Hesitation left him but a single course; he tiptoed along the veranda, down the creaking steps and along the walk, stooping over with the intent to grasp Sutey's ankles and yank them from under him.

"Good evening, Mr. Blurt. What are you walking that funny way for?"

Blurt drew erect with a jerk; the shamed glow of his face amounted almost to an illumination, in the light of which he realized that Sutey's before and behind were practically identical, owing to the cloud of hair that completely encircled his head, and that he had been facing him throughout his absurdly stealthy approach.

"Sh-sh! Sutey," he whispered hoarsely. "Come away from here."

He slipped through the gate and hurried toward the Avenue, looking over his shoulder to make sure that his retainer had obeyed orders and was following. Under the screening shadow of a towering apartment house he stopped and waited. Sutey drew near, and by the light of the street lamp the fact that he was in a highly nervous state would have been apparent even to a passer-by; his small eyes shifted this way and that, his whole vast frame seemed to be cringing and wrinkling in an effort to turn into a worm and crawl away. These signs meant much to a man of Mr. Blurt's experience; he instantly divined that Sutey's abnormal self-consciousness had led him to the belief that he himself, not his prowling employer, was appearing in the rôle of culprit.

"What were you doing in that house?" demanded Blurt promptly.

"Nothing," snuffled Sutey.

Mr. Blurt's arms shot forward, his hands grasped great masses of silken beard and held them gently but firmly in response to the fearful tremor that shook Sutey from stem to stern.

"D-d-don't," stuttered the giant.

"I'm not going to hurt you, Sutey," said Blurt, "unless you oblige me to; though I've often wondered how far I could swing a bull by his tail. What relation are you to Anna? Why do you let her spank you?"

"I'm married to her—more or less," grumbled Sutey.

"Just what do you mean by 'more or less'?" demanded Blurt after a weighty pause, to allow himself to absorb the surprising news.

"I go there once in a long while," explained Sutey, "but I used to be there all the time."

"I see," said Blurt. "Now you can explain why you didn't tell me all about Miss Livingston when she first appeared."

"You didn't ask me," complained Mr. Sutey.

"I gather you have known her long and well?"

"Long and well!" repeated Sutey with an unwonted fixed gleam in his eyes. "I've known her ever since before she was born. I've known her three times over—in herself, her mother and her mother's mother."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me there's anything to criticize in Miss Livingston, you old reprobate?" demanded Blurt, his grip tightening.

"Not a single thing," replied Mr. Sutey with impressive emphasis. "Mr. Blurt, she's just something that keeps on happening. There ain't any criticism in saying that, is there?"

To that question Blurt was not prepared to make immediate reply. He released Sutey and stood staring at him for a long moment in silence, as though striving to determine just where in the big cowardly frame was located that germ of originality which spells character whatever the apparent barrenness of its habitat and the immediate surrounding country. The faint indications that Sutey had a philosophy were astounding enough in themselves, but the conviction that no power on earth could dig up that philosophy to the light of day and show it round turned the timid giant into a ninety years' wonder and gave him the rare air of a potential miracle, held perpetually in suspense.

"Sutey," said Mr. Blurt, "I caught sight of you following Miss Livingston, and as it seemed a little strange to me, not knowing the circumstances, I felt bound to investigate. I'm glad you have been able to explain the matter. Go down to the studio to-morrow morning and clean up, but don't let anyone in. I shall probably take a day off."

With those words he turned and walked thoughtfully away. A quite new brand of loneliness assailed him as he realized that casual contacts alone, no matter how inspiriting, are not enough to give man a continuing sensation of participation in the warm Gulf Stream of happy people that weaves its hidden way through the cold wide world.

In spite of the fact that he had done nothing all day but rub up against and into a variety of personalities he was lonesome as never before. It made him angry, and when Mr. Blurt was enraged there were few things he wouldn't do on the mere suspicion of an impulse.

He drew out his watch and saw that it was nearly eight o'clock, climbed into a taxi and told the cabman to stop at the first telephone booth. In a few minutes he had a book and was looking up Miss Nameless' number. He took down the receiver and was feeling for a nickel when it occurred to him that the chances of that particular person's being free for the evening or himself was a shot so long that no gambler even out of his senses would play it. He returned to his cab and gave the Nameless address.

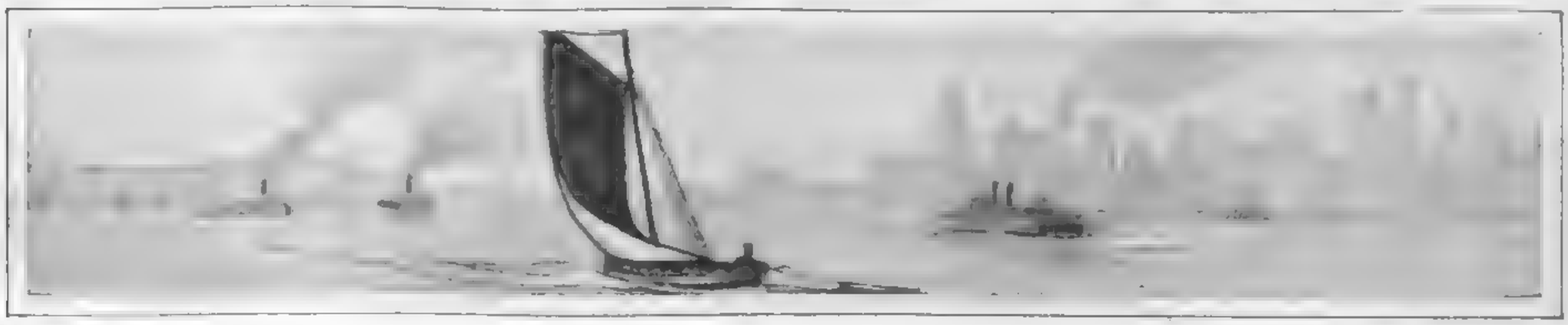
There are some men who meet an all-important minute through pure luck, there are others who are carried to it by a very real force recognized lately and only in the unwritten lexicons of the United States under the term "hunch." Mr. Blurt belonged to the latter category; even without a cab and with his eyes closed the driving power of this vaguely defined inner impetus would have carried him straight to the Nameless door and brought him face to face with an astounded flunky at the very crucial moment when the young lady he sought was about to issue forth with two aunts who didn't like each other to an opera that she herself detested.

"Is Miss Nameless at home?" asked Blurt of two popping eyes mounted on a florid face under a thatch of powdered hair and over an array of nearly bursting buttons.

"Miss Nameless is not at home," replied the butler without the slightest hesitation, staring at Mr. Blurt's natty but anachronous attire.

"Oh, yes, I am!" said a voice from behind his bulging padded shoulders, a voice of a timbre which once heard lingered forever in the treasure house of memory.

The butler stood aside with malicious alacrity, as if to say by that withdrawing gesture of his whole person: "You will



interfere, madam. Well, just see what you've let yourself in for."

"Good evening, Mr. Blurt," said Miss Nameless promptly, holding out her hand to give the hall-mark of welcome to her greeting.

She was wrapped in a cloak of a peculiar blue, striking to the eye, yet as soft as the bowl of heaven on a sunny April morning; behind her stood the aunts, more roughly but no less gorgeously clothed for the transit from hall to limousine, limousine to lobby. Blurt's mind prodded him with the reminder that it had called his attention to the waiting car and that it was not its fault if he was now in for an awkward act of prompt withdrawal. He was seeking desperately for the right word—if there was one for such an unwarranted occasion—when Miss Nameless spoke again, this time to the two aunts.

"I am so sorry," she said, "you will have to go on without me. And please don't send back the car. Will you come this way, Mr. Blurt?"

He thrust hat, stick and gloves into the butler's unnerved hands and bowed low as he passed the elderly ladies, partly out of deference, partly because he feared he might betray his amusement at the way all remonstrance had been left suspended on their severely puckered lips by their niece's summary dismissal and prompt departure from the hall. She had been rude both to him and to her aunts in not offering an introduction, but he recognized in that very rudeness a rapierlike stroke of finesse as swift as it was masterly. She had saved him, the situation and herself.

He followed his guide through a formal drawing-room, a slightly less formal drawing-room and a dining room, in each of which Miss Nameless paused just long enough to give him a chance to glance round and pray that she would go on to a kinder atmosphere. As though in answer to his prayer she opened a door into such a library as is the beating heart of a great house; it was a room crowded with worn books, worn furniture and worn memories of all the ages known to print, a brown room of mellow lights and deep inviting shadows, of smells of old leather, old oak and a pungent wood fire sparsely lighted, for incense, not for warmth.

"My wrap, please," said Miss Nameless, turning her shoulders toward Blurt with that demanding gesture which makes of so slight a service as the lifting of a cloak a symbol of favor and bestows a nuance of intimacy as delicate but as ravishing as the scent of unseen roses blown across a hedge.

Blurt lifted the light burden and for a moment held its softness crushed in his hands and against his chest while he stared spellbound at the beauty his action had disclosed. It was not the large dark eyes that held him, nor the mobile lips, nor the small head poised on slight but exquisitely rounded shoulders, nor the curve of the white bosom, nor yet the dark chalice of the dress in which these charms were cupped. All these things existed not for themselves, not necessarily for Miss Nameless, but as an indivisible whole which breathed to his senses the single word "woman."

Into his trance came the sound of her voice: "Do you think it's too 'Lo! and behold'? My dress, I mean."

Blurt turned to drop the cloak across a chair; even in flippancy, he thought, her voice was not robbed of a certain innate dignity. It still held the power of restraint behind the sound of a distant gong, lightly touched.

"I am afraid I have been rude," he said. "I didn't mean to stare."

"A look like that isn't rudeness," said Miss Nameless as she walked to a couch and sat down.

"What is it then?" asked Blurt, following and turning toward her abruptly. "Adoration?"

"No; oh, no," said Miss Nameless, laughing softly.

Her face sobered. "I'll tell you what it is. Tribute, impersonal homage such as you would give to a masterpiece in marble or in oil. That is all."

Blurt sat down on the couch beside her, clasped his hands between his knees and stared into the dying fire. "You are right," he said after a long pause; "uncannily right. But what do you mean by saying, 'That is all'? A masterpiece is imperishable." He turned to her face. "Do you recognize something within and about you that is undying?"

She met his eager gaze with a look that hesitated between sincerity and trifling, glanced at him mischievously and then with a sweet gravity which brought a peculiar youth to her face as though she had the power to rise at will to the level of truth, where all ages are one and forever young. Slowly she raised her hands to her breast.

"Here," she whispered. "Sometimes."

"How old are you?" cried Blurt, exasperated by the confusion her varying spell had thrown round him. "Why did you come to my place? Why did you go? Why do you see me here? What are you, and just what do you wish from me? Are you woman or maid or—or both? Where is your heart, and to what day do you belong?"

As he shot the string of preposterous questions at her he leaned closer and closer to her face, watching it intently as though he sought solution from its fleeting transitions in expression. She turned her eyes deliberately to his, but some instinct of self-preservation drove him to evade them; he sat back, baffled.

Miss Nameless rose, went swiftly to the wall, pressed a button and flooded the room with light from a ponderous bronze-and-crystal chandelier.

"I wish to give you every advantage," she said in explanation as she turned and walked slowly back to him, stopping as she felt her full figure to have come within the focus of his eyes.

He stared at her unceremoniously, no longer with amaze, but in a purposeful effort at penetration. The slimness of her slippered feet, of her sheer silk-clad ankles; that dark chalice of her dress looking like a pliant wisp of night grown

"Oh, Nanna, I am Like This House—Terribly Clean, Small, Hidden, Divided From Everything Round"

fixed to hold aloft in its gossamer embrace the flushed white dawn of her bosom, her neck and cheeks; above all, her face, now shining as though on the verge of intimate betrayal, now shadowed under the sweep of thoughts that passed like clouds across the infinite spaces of the mind, raised him to the heights of hope for a revelation only to dash him down into despair at the portal of unfathomable mystery.

It was right, he told himself, that words should not issue from such a vision to strive in vain to pin the hovering wings of the unexplainable. In answer to his questions she offered herself—the firm soft texture of her matchless skin to tell her youth; the rapt and luminous stare of the seeker to give reason to any voyage of discovery; the momentary absence of light from her face, that left it a translucent shell to paint in a single stroke withdrawal from any failing tenure, the hunger for some bourne long sought to bid him to her side and then, question to his question: What are you, and just what do you wish from me? Ah, what indeed! Are you woman or maid or both? How often asked, how often wondered! Where is your heart, and to what day do you belong? Silence, long silence of expression, as though in woman eternity can find faint echo!

Such was the nature of the vague, ephemeral, tantalizing yet in a measure soul-satisfying reply that Miss Nameless offered to the sum total of Blurt's rapid-fire series of queries.

It left him dazed, as though he had just walked the dizzy ridge between the wide sunlit valley of infinite revelation and the yawning depths of ultimate denial without toppling into either.

The sensation that now assailed him was one of the pleasurable excitement that is found alone in a feeling of strictly temporary safety; he feared yet he wanted more.

From this point of doubtful vantage his thoughts involuntarily turned back to consideration of Miss Phyllis Joy Livingston as if in the midst of swirling and untried elements his gaze sought to fasten upon some fixed and unalterable landmark in the human stream and steady itself to a safe and sound sense of actual values. Here was no mystery, no will-o'-the-wisp to confuse the eye and reduce grim fate through reckless ignoring to the dimensions of a laughingstock. He saw her clearly, every feature of her, a transparent cameo cut in perennial ice, standing like a monument of endurance under the protection of a distant frozen clime.

What she needed was some hot-blooded man full of the spirit of rescue and self-sacrifice, content to make it his mission to warm her from her established ways and into life; but, given that master solvent, what would be left at the end of the melting? A stream that would flow for a little while and inevitably freeze up again, produce more ice. This conviction came to Blurt absolutely unsolicited; it shocked him, ran counter to every impulse of generosity in his very charitable composition, gave the lie to his professed hunger for the kind of woman that mother used to make, and opened up a vast field of totally unexplored speculation as to the exact nature and possibilities of the eternal verities with which he had been so blithely monkeying. But there it stood—not a surmise, but a stark conviction, something that you could see and had to believe whether you liked it or not.

Throughout this lengthy reverie Miss Nameless stood apparently immobile. Any one of a hundred other women would have done the obvious, broken in upon Blurt's thoughts with some cutting phrase of personal reminder, rushed in uninvited to battle against some influence felt but unseen and unmeasured, to lose the first bout along with considerable dignity through the panic inspired by every invisible foe. But Miss Nameless had more than cleverness—she was possessed of depth, of that close relation to great truths which makes some natures as unfathomable to themselves as to others, yet leads them sure-footed along the path of knowledge. She knew that silence as a power can be broken by a single weapon.

As diamond alone cuts diamond so is silence its own opponent; to Blurt's inarticulate absorption she opposed an immobility which slowly yet steadily mounted to a power of actual eloquence that finally drew his eyes to her face. In a breathless moment forgotten was Miss Livingston, gone were all abstract considerations of monuments, ice and forbidding climes. As by a miraculous and sudden conception he beheld in the figure before him an embodiment of human aspiration, a symbol of happiness not as an attainment but as a continuing pursuit.

"What's in a name?" he cried hoarsely, reaching out and grasping her slim wrists. He felt the pulses in them throb to a quicker beat, leaping to match the pace of his own blood as he drew her with suppressed and tremulous eagerness to a seat beside him. "You are woman, eternal, unconquerable by reason of your undiscovered ways, a breathless pilgrimage without a goal, a little door upon illimitable freedom!"

The flooding words carried her spirit away, led her soul to wandering through free spaces and brought to her face that look, twice fleetingly seen, of enduring youth, of the breath of innocence as a continuing quality destined to thread its devious way, unbroken by mere years, through all the course of life. Blurt stared at her mutely, but in the speaking silence of self-surrender and unquestioning adoration.

She turned to meet that look, answered surrender with surrender, gave him her eyes, open yet guarded as unfathomable pools beneath the play of all the lights and shadows of the changing heavens. He hung above them dizzily as though held by a mere breath from the long plunge into their undiscovered depths. Her mouth curved slowly to a smile. "You saw a prisoner," she whispered in reminder.

"He is gone," murmured Blurt, still gazing into her eyes, "and I am there in his place, so mean, so small, so ——"

She pressed her lips to his and silenced them. Her kiss was like herself, not only passionate, not ardent to a single end, but firm and yet illusive like the unspoken promise in the parting glance of lovers. She locked her bare arms about his neck and drew him to her; cheek held close to burning cheek she whispered, "I love you. I love you because alone of all the men in the world you are the unknown!"

(THE END)

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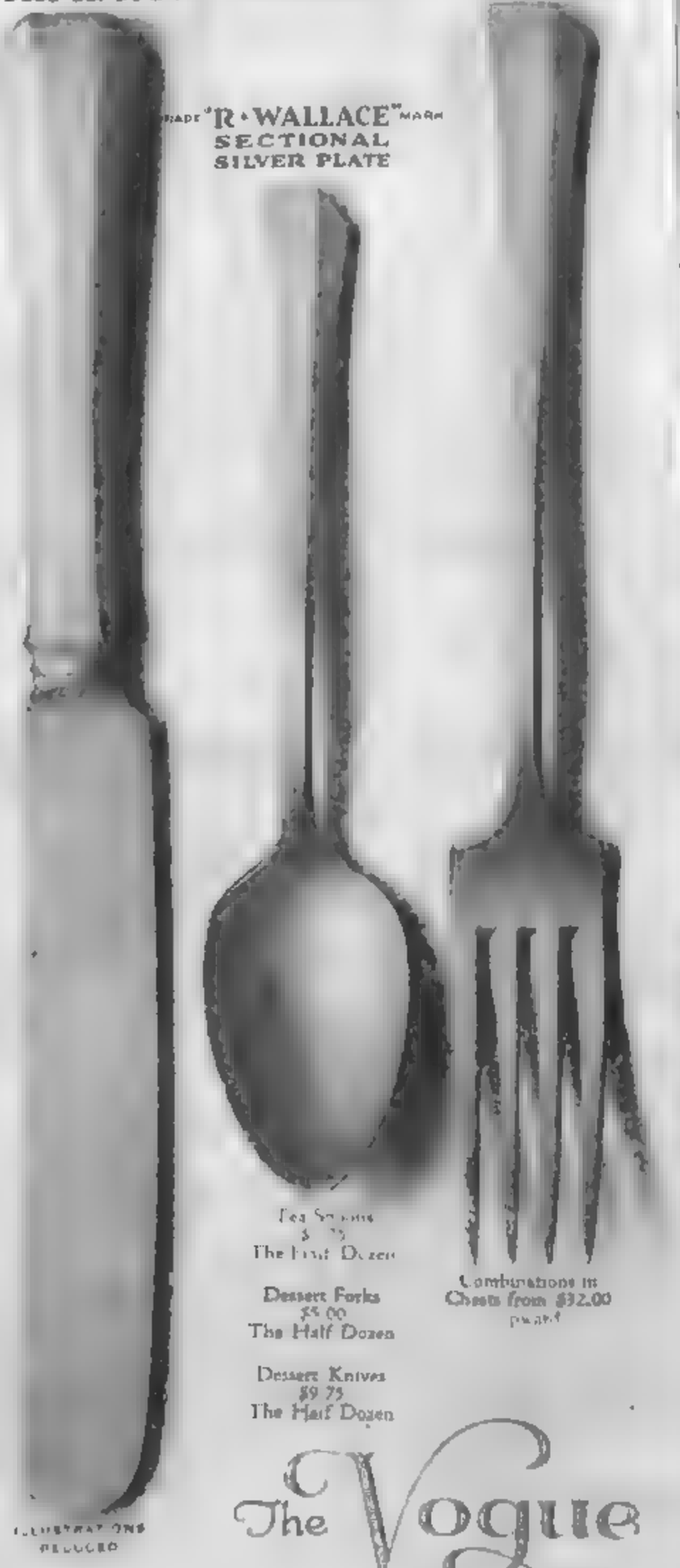

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Send twenty cents for the famous "R·WALLACE" book of Table Settings and Social Correspondence, Wallingford, Conn.

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How pleasant 'tis the mellow shine
Of good mahogany!
The gleam of silver tableware
The glowing lights the China wear
And rainbow glass—how all of us are
Quite happy as we sit me

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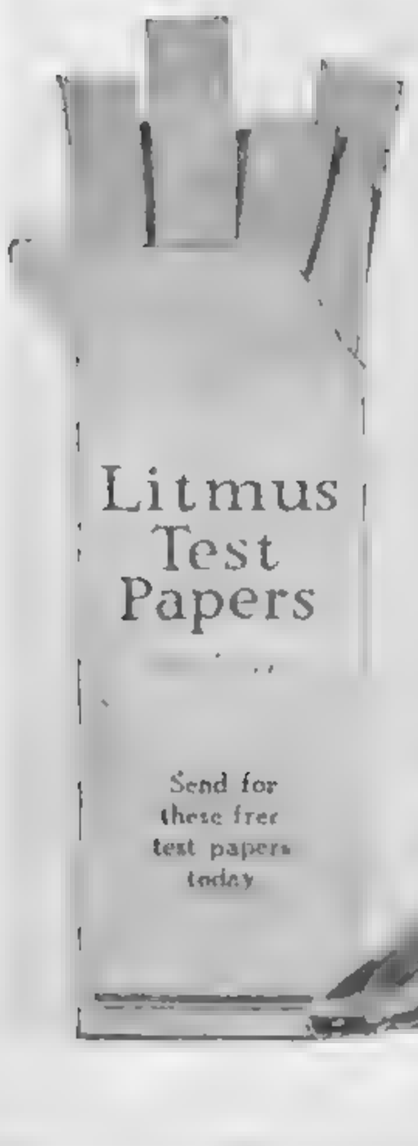

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Sense and Nonsense

Song of the Wander Lure

AROUND the world, around the world,
On all the seas that bound the world,
To mighty peaks that crowned the world
Since Time grew out of Space
The feet of men have followed fast,
The lives of men as dice they've cast,
And ancient thrones and crowns have passed
Because I called the race.
I am the song of summer wind,
I am the sweep of sails;
I am the cry of kind to kind,
The Roaring Forties' gales.
I am the haze on Tuscan hills,
The lilt of Dixie whippoorwills,
I am the magic moonlight spills
Adown Loch Lomond dales.

I breathed the breeze into the sheets
Of galleys from Phœnice;
Columbus heard me call his fleets
And so he knew no peace.
The Drake I summoned out to war
With plate ships to be won;
I am the lonely jungle star
That beckoned Stanley on.
I am the snows on Tibet's slopes,
Sargasso's seaweed on wrecks' ropes,
Ind's caverns where the bat tribe gropes,
The Sphinx's chiseled pile;
I'm Samarkand, I'm Tokio,
Sahara and the Bering Floe,
I'm London, Moscow and Rio,
The Yukon and the Nile.

Around the world, around the world,
Where'er the lips of surf are curled
And challenge of the wild is hurled,
I've claimed men for my own.
And some I've given gold and fame,
And some black sorrow and worse shame,
But still—I called them and they came
To take the trail alone.
I am more strong than hearth or wife
And all things that endure;
I am the new dawn—I am Life—
I am the Wander Lure.

—Steuart M. Emery.

Wasted Novelists

NOT long ago we read some essays purporting to be scientific and written by a professor of the science of economics. A phrase ran through them like one of the leitmotifs in Mr. Wagner's operas—namely: "The massive vested interests moving obscurely in the background of the market."

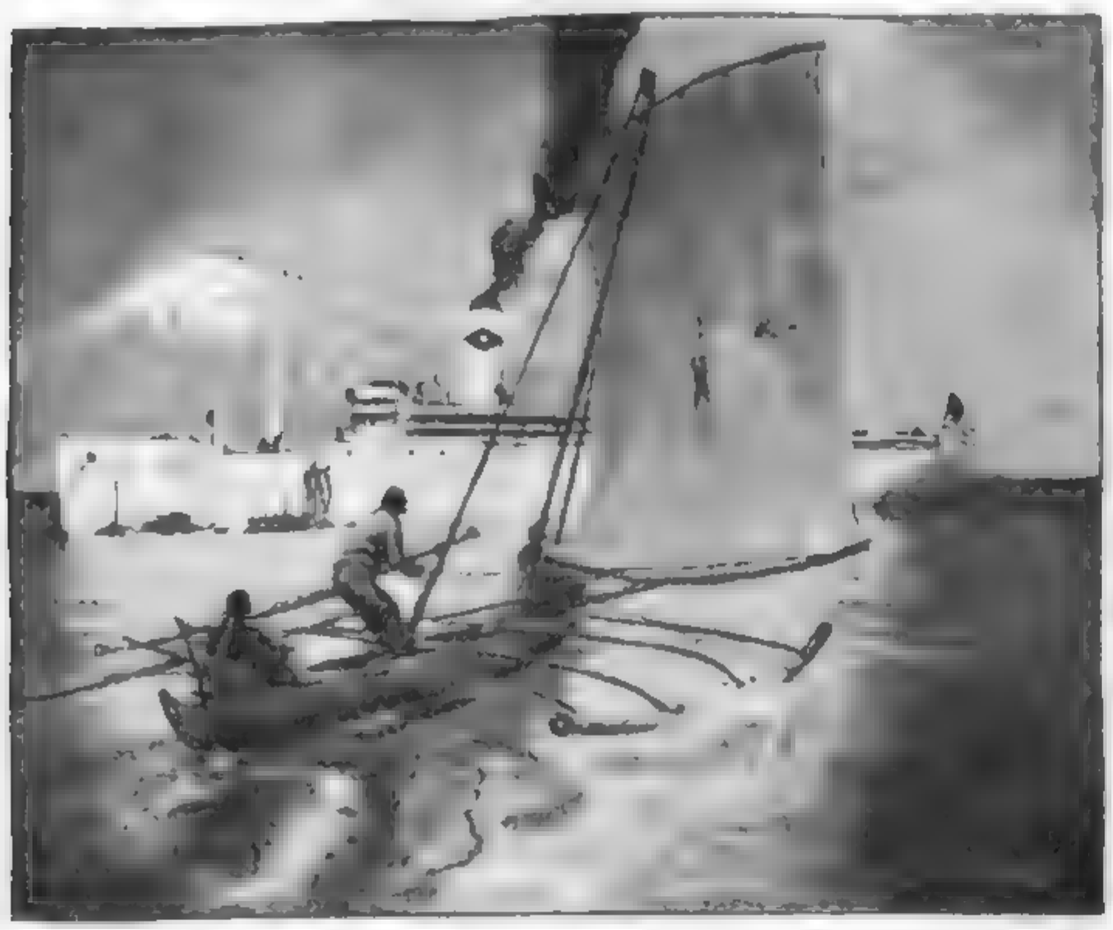
As fiction that phrase is a masterpiece. You see the vast shadowy forms, hear their low growls and enjoy the same thrill as when Sherlock Holmes creeps through the dark passage. As science the phrase is nonsense, because there is no fact to which it corresponds.

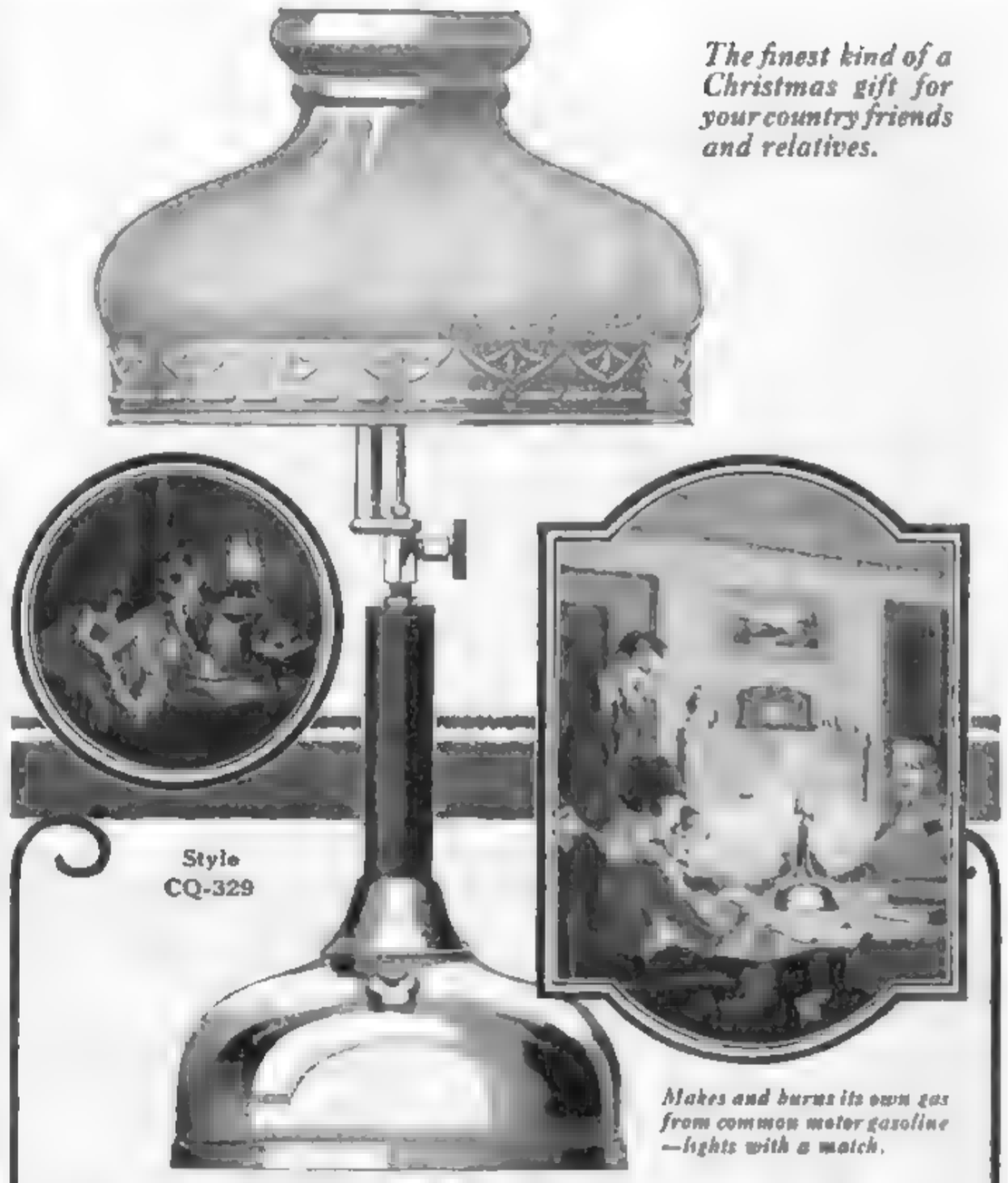
One of the stock devices of a certain school of fiction is to regard the capitalistic system of individual ownership of property as a sort of lodge, much like the Masons or Odd Fellows, to which one gains admission by making an application. When the application is approved and the candidate has taken the prescribed oath of fealty the grips and passwords are imparted to him. In a side room sit the hierarchs who manage the concern—meeting, presumably, every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at two and deciding what the capitalistic system shall do. Hierarch A moves that the capitalistic system shall embark in a world war, which is duly debated and a binding vote taken. Hierarch X proposes that no further concessions shall be made to labor and that the capitalistic system shall forthwith proceed to dig its own grave, according to the Marxian prophecy. The motion is carried, whereupon all individual owners of property are irrevocably committed to that program.

One might exactly as well speak of monogamy in like terms, for capitalism is no more a system, in that sense, than monogamy is. Nobody controls it, nobody directs it, nobody leads it. Some bishops have taken strong ground against polygamy and divorce; but nobody thinks of calling them the leaders of monogamy and implying that their opinions are specially binding upon every man who has only one wife or expects to have only one wife. No capitalistic leader's opinions or wishes are any more binding upon other men who are capitalists because they own property or expect to own property or believe in private ownership of property.

To indict the capitalistic system is as easy as, for example, to indict democracy. Anybody can point out scandalous abuses that exist under the democratic system—lynchings, demagoguery, wasteful and inefficient government, incompetent representative bodies, and so on. Thoroughgoing theorists like Lenine undertake to obviate all that by discarding democracy and setting up a dictatorship. To most people the only hope is not in discarding democracy but in improving it. No particular wit is required to get acquainted with a disease. Cave men did that. Finding a genuine remedy is infinitely more difficult.

Fiction masquerading as economic science not only loses the credit it might claim as fiction, but so far as it has any effect at all beyond furnishing a transitory entertainment the effect must obviously be bad. There is a good deal of it afloat nowadays. A word of caution is in order: Startling statements and startling word pictures that pretend to be scientific—that is, to give facts—should be well shaken before they are swallowed. There are plenty of painful and scandalous facts. But painful and scandalous statements or deductions that are not facts are still more plentiful. Try to get the genuine. Check them up by your own experience and information wherever you can. A healthy, critical Missourianism, that demands to be shown, is especially useful just now.





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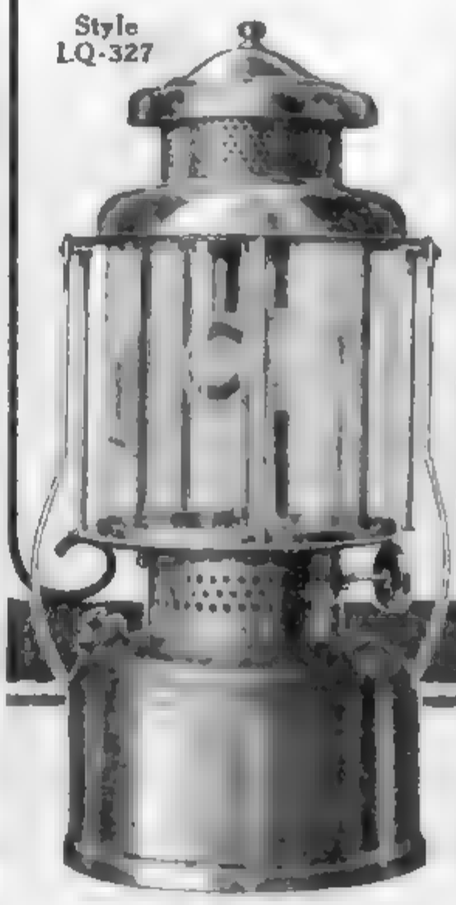
The Quick-Lite—aside from the wonderful light it gives—has many other advantages. No wick to trim. No globe to wash. No daily cleaning or filling, etc. It is really a miniature gas plant—the fuel is common motor gasoline. Also, you will find the Quick-Lite a most handsomely designed lamp, with Universal Shade Holder fitting any style of shade you prefer.

The Quick-Lite Lantern



Is the best light made for out-door night work. It is built and operated under the same principle as the Quick-Lite Lamp. Lights with a match and gives the same brilliant white light of 300 candle power. The wildest storm won't blow it out. Burns in any position. No danger if tipped over and rolled around. Made of durable brass, heavily nickeled and highly polished. Will last for years

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THE LEAGUE OF NOTIONS

(Continued from Page 25)

Henry Kellogg laughed shortly. "I've had a few calls myself to-day. Some of these small dealers round town aren't taking this thing right."

Mr. Bangs addressed himself to Ruth. "Have you been interviewed too?"

"Only twice," she said. "The butcher wanted to know why I'm not satisfied with him, and he couldn't seem to get it through his silly head that I *am*. I couldn't persuade him of the principle. And the other was our coal dealer. Of course we haven't put in our coal order for next winter. It's too early. He—well, he sort of threatened. Not that we need to worry, but he said we're taking an awful chance when we antagonize everybody like this."

"Meaning he'll refuse to sell us? Well, let him," said Mr. Bangs scornfully. "Let him. It's his suicide—not ours."

Nevertheless, he wished that the publicity had been delayed until the club was ready to function. A good field marshal doesn't notify the enemy before an attack over the whole front. Sugden thought that the machinery would be ready in two or three weeks, but during that interval it would still be necessary to deal with the former tradespeople. And some of them might prove crotchety about it. Mr. Bangs had to admit that he couldn't blame them.

As a matter of fact, there was grumbling among the retailers already, and no small amount of heated argument with their customers over the telephone, and a slight advance in prices; but when, on Friday, Sugden announced that he had arranged with Robinson's market, the largest in town, to store for him at a fixed charge two carloads of dry staples, which were sure to be wanted speedily, and could be bought now from a bankrupt wholesaler at a great bargain, a hurricane of protest sprang up on both sides of Main Street and eddied powerfully through the residence section. On Monday the Wellington Retailers' Association sprang into being as a defensive alliance—and the market which was to store goods for the club was denied membership. And almost every local dealer in foodstuffs, including Robinson, had a sale of specials.

"Well," said Sylvia defensively, "the club only talks about twenty per cent, and Robinson's selling cereals at a third off, if you take two cases. And we're trying to save money, aren't we? And our club agreement isn't in force until the club's ready to begin buying, is it?"

Mr. Bangs had to admit that it wasn't, but he thought that Sylvia had transgressed the spirit of the constitution. For himself he saw no harm in buying a few boxes of cigars, ten per cent off and triple certificates besides, making a virtual discount of thirty-four per cent, but that was different. Cigars were luxuries anyway, and food wasn't.

"Robinson's doing the right thing," he said confidently.

"He's modern. Sugden's paying him for storage, and he wants to make a contract with us. He says he can do as well for us as we could for ourselves, if it's a cash proposition instead of credit."

Sylvia's eye wavered unexpectedly. "Ruth's hired a nurse," she said. "Of course that isn't part of the servant problem and she's an awfully nice girl, but she'll have to eat with us. Do you mind so very much?"

"I don't mind anything that'll keep those brats quiet," said Mr. Bangs smartly.

Never before had any single movement got into its stride in Wellington with such alacrity. Sugden announced to the directors that the club would be ready to function on Saturday, and he also reported a total membership of two hundred and seventeen, with ninety nonmembers already put down as privileged buyers. Office space was ready; and a force of clerks, and a dozen telephones, and limitless blank forms and slips.

To deliver orders with special speed—at a slight extra expense—there was a fleet of half a dozen motorcycles with side cars, and two small delivery wagons. And the office adjoined a dilapidated four-story building where imperishable goods were to be carried in stock. Later this would become the Number One Branch of a cooperative department store.

Neat little bronze buttons appeared in coat lapels, and the wearers thereof looked barbers and waiters straight in the eye, and left them tipless and profane. Mr. Bowker laughed lightly at the garage owner who wanted to charge him the list price for a new gasket, and countermanded the order. He could buy it at cost next week. Mrs. Bowker found herself the chatelaine of a province hitherto unclaimed; and for the first time in her life she posed as a civic benefactor. And Mr. Bangs going silently about his business still resented, now and then, the lack of honor in his own country. There were already several little anti-servant eating clubs in his immediate neighborhood, but everybody thought the idea was Ruth Kellogg's. And he was getting very tired of eating every day with two other families. He thought that the other children were teaching Baby Bangs bad manners.

On Friday night three very excited women sat round the Eversons' dining table and wrote out three comprehensive lists. At the same hour downtown in his office Sugden leaned back in his chair and smiled wearily at Mr. Bangs.

"All set!" said Sugden. "Leave go the ropes!"

"Sure?"

"Sure as shooting. I've let contracts for everything I can think of from meat to gasoline. Favored the local crowd as much as possible. Held 'em all up to the last minute, and then jumped. Robinson's Market got the meat contract; they've leased the next building already. Robinson says he netted forty-five hundred dollars last year; I'm practically paying him a salary of forty-five hundred, and getting the meat at cost, and the cost'll be a lot less because he's doubling his business overnight. I've got a year's agreement for green vegetables with a limit of prices on everything direct from the gardeners; the Elite Grocery'll simply clear the stock for us and deliver it for us, and take a flat commission. They yelled hard at first, but it'll save their lives, while some of the others'll bust. And so on right down the line. This is all aiming toward our owning our own stores eventually. Just now we'll only stock what we can't contract to have delivered for us."

"Think we'll really save twenty per cent, Walter?"

Sugden laughed. "I've got advance orders from members that foot up to six thousand dollars, market prices, right now. I figured out what they cost us, just for the fun of it. Forty-two hundred. Overhead's very low. Rebate to members, sixteen per cent on the first bunch of business. His smile presently faded, and his mouth straightened. "There's one thing about it I don't quite like, though. Bowker's been down here twice. He wants me to throw a lot of business to one or two pets of his. His son-in-law, for one."

Mr. Bangs stiffened.

"Well, can you do it?"

"Not at the lowest prices, John. And I tell you frankly there isn't anything in this for me unless I make a mighty good job of it; and if I don't get rock-bottom prices on everything—if I try to please somebody by placing orders out of friendship—you all lose a little."

"Hm!" said Mr. Bangs, looking at the ceiling. "I've been sort of worried about our milkman. He's been so obliging, and his milk's so good, I was hoping ——"

"Milk's an out-of-town contract," said Sugden. "Best quality, and I'll save three cents a quart."

"Just for emergency though, couldn't you ——"

"Couldn't do a thing," said Sugden. "This isn't a sympathy proposition; it's a war on the cost of living. And we mustn't let it become a League of Notions or there'll be trouble."

At home Mr. Bangs told Sylvia that whenever he met that milkman he should feel like a defaulter.

"I shan't!" said Sylvia promptly. "I'll feel like a liberated slave! Why, I just found out that the little cheater was selling it to Ruth for half a cent less!"

It was midafternoon on Saturday when her freedom suffered a totally unexpected shock. She had forgotten fruit, and she automatically telephoned her regular grocer for it.

"Sorry, ma'am," he said. "I can't sell it to you."

"Haven't you got it?"

"Why, yes, but ——"

"Well, please hurry and send it round then, because we've got four children to ——"

"Sorry, ma'am, but I can't sell you nothin'. I belong to the retailers' association. I might have waited a week or two to say this, but I'm sayin' it now."

Sylvia gasped. "You mean you won't sell me anything?"

"Yes, ma'am. This here reform club's cuttin' the underpinnin' out from under our business, and we can't sell nothin' to your members.

"I'm awful sorry, Mis' Bangs. You been a good customer—awful good. We never had no trouble. But we got a pretty fair list of your members, and we simply can't have no dealin's with 'em. I'm sorry, but we gotta take steps."

She was so angry that she rang off instantly and called a second grocer, who listened and said: "Hold the wire," and then shouted: "Hey, Jimmy! Bangs on Elm Street?" At the end of a thirty-second interval he also informed her that he was sorry, and she was still pawing the pages of the directory when Ruth Kellogg came in, white and determined.

"Sylvia! I just went into the Central Pharmacy to get some chocolates. What do you think they said? They said they'll sell us drugs and make up prescriptions, but except for that ——"

Sylvia laughed hysterically. "Don't I know? We're in for it now. The club's got to succeed!"

"Is it worth it? Hadn't we better think it over? If any of us really needed anything in a hurry ——"

"The reason we started the club was to save ourselves money and keep from being sandbagged, wasn't it?"

"But if there's going to be a real fight ——"

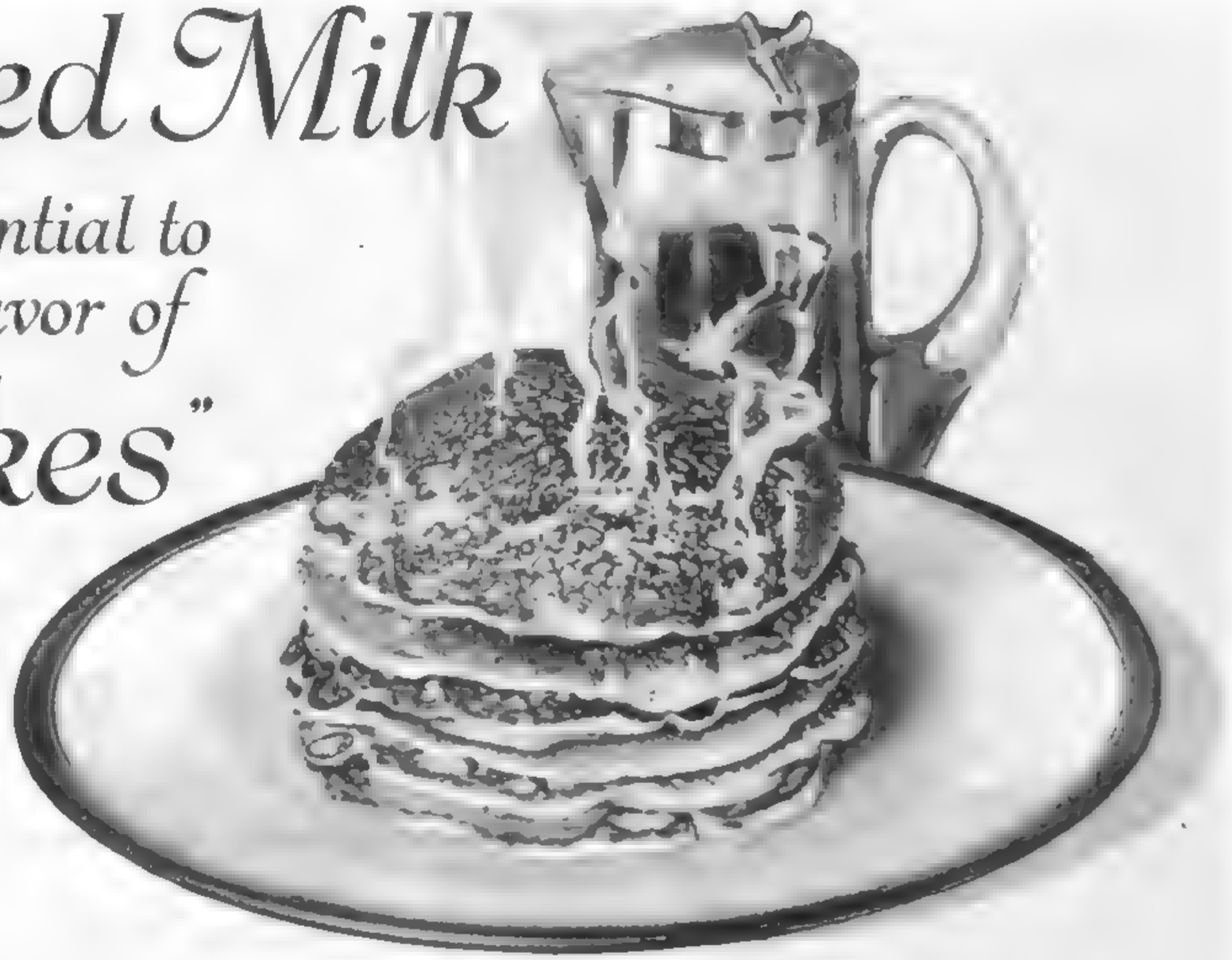
"Then let's fight!" said Sylvia resolutely. "Let's have the satisfaction of being one of the

(Continued on Page 65)

Alternately He Felt Like Thomas Jefferson, Julius Cæsar, Samuel Gompers and David Belasco

Powdered Milk

"—which is so essential to the delicious flavor of Pancakes"



PREPARED pancake flours are ready for the griddle in a few minutes by simply adding water; and the pancakes are so good that it is a waste of time and effort to make the batter in the old-fashioned way.

Grandmother always used milk in her pancakes. Milk is necessary to obtain the right flavor.

How, then, do the manufacturers of prepared flours supply the milk so that perfect pancakes can be made by simply adding water? *Powdered Milk.*

Is powdered milk really milk or is it a substitute?

Powdered Milk is real, fresh, pure milk with the water removed.

Excellent pancakes are made with either powdered whole milk or powdered skimmed milk.

The problem in producing powdered milk is to remove the water without cooking the milk and changing its flavor.

The powdered milk that is not cooked, that has all of its original fresh milk flavor, is

Spell it Backwards

KLIM

BRAND

POWDERED MILK

Klim is produced by forcing the fresh milk through a giant atomizer in the form of a fine spray or cloud into strong currents of warm air. The water is immediately absorbed or evaporated and the solid portion falls like snow in drifts.

When water is added to Klim it is just what it was at first—fresh milk—nothing added—no change in its character or flavor.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

Largest Producers of Powdered Milk in the World

Production in 1918—15 million pounds, equivalent to 70 million quarts.

Klim Brand Separated Milk Powder is manufactured in Canada by the Canadian Milk Products, Ltd., Toronto

How to get Klim for the Home

Since April 1st over 50,000 American Homes have had the opportunity of testing Klim on their tables and in their kitchens.

To give every home the opportunity of learning more about Klim, we have prepared a little booklet

The Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk **FREE**

Learn why Klim is used wherever the best grades of milk are used. Learn why it is ideal for babies and children. Learn why Klim is used in thousands of homes where

Quality and Convenience

are the first consideration. Klim Brand Powdered Whole Milk is as pure, as fresh and as wholesome as the best grades of Certified Milk. Klim has the endorsement of the highest authorities on Milk and Human Nutrition in this country.

This can makes 8 quarts of skimmed milk

This can makes 4 quarts of whole milk

Mail Coupon Today

and learn more about this great discovery which will eventually revolutionize the milk industry of this country.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y. 10

Please send me postpaid your "Wonderful Story of Powdered Milk," as I want to learn how to use Klim.

Name_____

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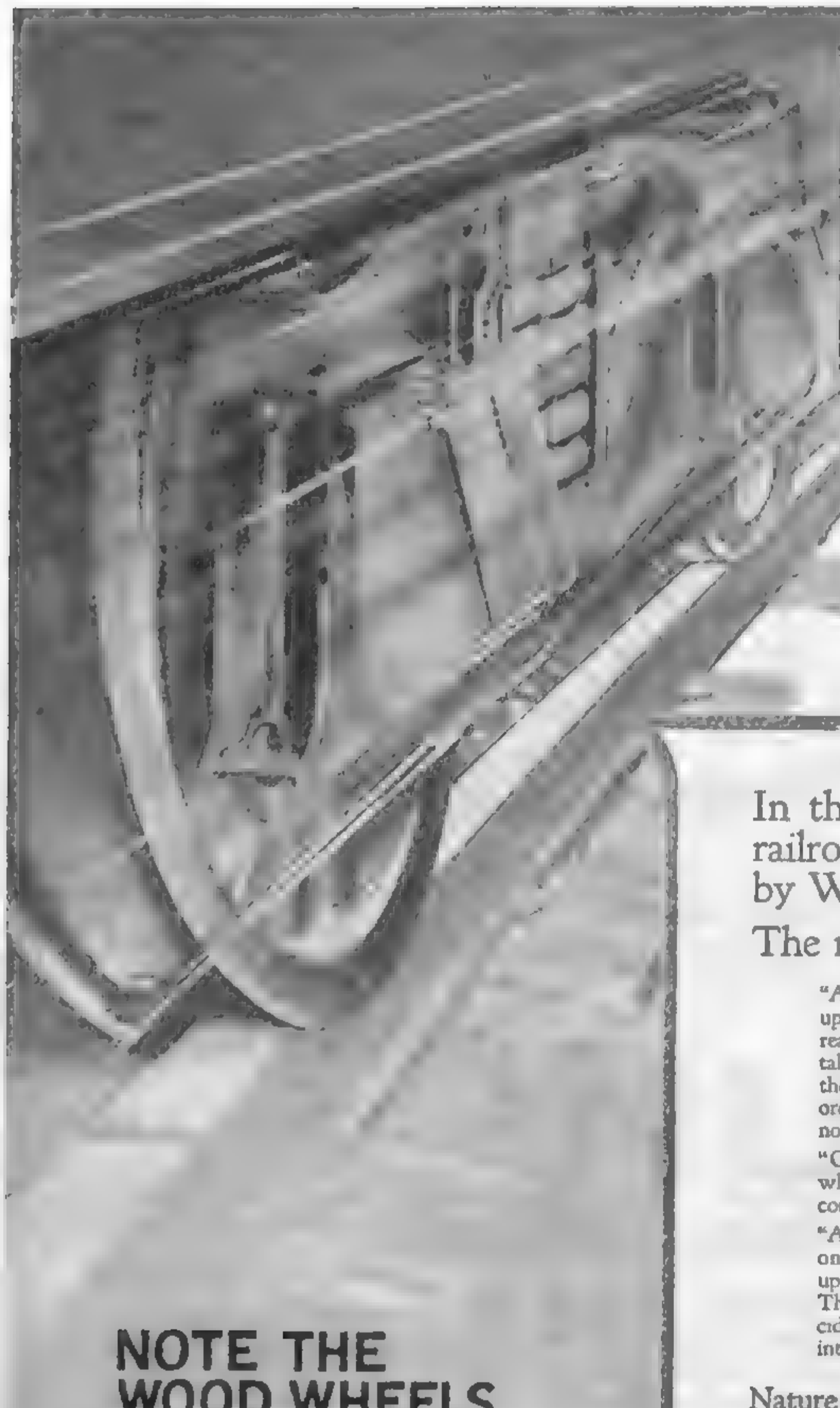
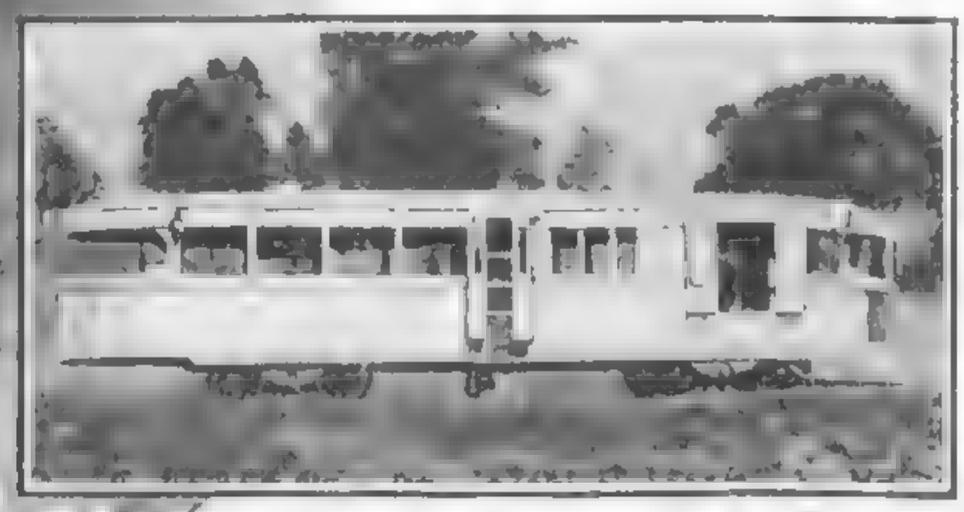
City_____ State_____

Merrell-Soule Company





WOOD Wheels absorb vibration

In these high-powered, inter-urban railroad cars all vibration is absorbed by WOOD Wheels.

The manufacturer writes:

"After a study of several kinds of wheels we decided upon the use of wood wheels for a number of reasons. It was necessary to eliminate entirely metallic molecular vibration due to contact between the steel locomotive tires used and the steel rails, in order that the double annular ball bearings might not be subjected to the vibration mentioned.

"One big result achieved through the use of wood wheels was the elimination of all noises arising from contact with rail ends, frogs, switches, etc.

"After twenty-two months of extremely hard usage on regular schedule, our judgment in deciding upon wood wheels has been entirely confirmed. The railroad officials and their engineers have decided with us that the wood wheel is best for our inter-urban railroad cars."

Nature has endowed WOOD with resiliency. This combined with spoke construction in WOOD Wheels eliminates vibration—and all its consequent dangers. WOOD Wheels are safe.

AUTOMOTIVE WOOD WHEEL MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
105 West Monroe Street Chicago, Ill.

NOTE THE WOOD WHEELS EVERYWHERE

WOOD WHEELS for MOTOR VEHICLES

(Continued from Page 62)

ends, for once, and not just the middle! What's that you've got in your hand?"

"Oh! It was on the doorstep. An advertisement or ——" Here she broke off and caught her breath. "Sylvia!"

Sylvia took it from her. It was a printed announcement from her baker, and it had evidently been phrased by a lawyer. There was no mention whatsoever of the retailers' association; there was simply a bald statement that Mr. Joseph P. Quilty, Baker, of his independent judgment, gave notice that on and after Wednesday, two weeks from date, he would sell none of his products to any member of the Wellington Reform Club, nor for a period of three months to any member who, later than that Wednesday, resigned from it.

The two women stared fixedly at each other.

"Let's see if there's any more out there," said Sylvia at length.

There were seven more, which Ruth had overlooked. Six of them were on the walk, and one was on the lawn; they were all from different tradesmen, and in slightly different language, but the meaning was exactly the same.

At this juncture the Bowker touring car stopped at the curb, and Mrs. Bowker got out solidly.

"Sylvia, dear. Have you seen any of these—these dodgers?"

"I'm making a collection, Mrs. Bowker."

"Do you know what I want us to do? I want you to get your husband as quick as ever you can, to be sure we're within the law. I want us to tell these impertinent people that if they do refuse to deal with one single member of my club—our club—we'll never do a single penny's worth of business with them again as long as we live!"

Sylvia winced. Mrs. Bowker was rich enough to be as arbitrary as she liked.

"But, Mrs. Bowker ——"

"Don't try to argue with me, Sylvia! If the club as a whole won't do it the bridge club will. I've seen the others."

Mrs. Kellogg lifted her eyebrows, but said nothing.

"But, my dear Mrs. Bowker, isn't that going pretty far?"

The chairman of the board nodded until her hat threatened to become unstable.

"Of course it is! So are they. I won't be dictated to by people like that! We're as strong as they are—stronger. And we organized to stop exactly this sort of thing. Are you going to stand by me—you and Mrs. Kellogg—or aren't you?"

Her attitude was highly suggestive of an ultimatum, and Sylvia, with Mr. Bangs' optimism and Mr. Sugden's ability to rely on, and with her own recent irritation waxing high again, spoke up bravely, without further thought: "Yes, Mrs. Bowker, I am. We're stocked up for two weeks anyway, all but perishable things. We'll stand by you."

"Good. That's all. I may ask you to come up this evening. I'll let you know."

She pounced upon her touring car and sped away, grim and determined. Ruth Kellogg with an aimless laugh turned to Sylvia.

"Well, I see the antistrike strike's begun. Are you in Mrs. Bowker's bridge club?"

"Y-yes," said Sylvia modestly. "She invited me."

Ruth continued to smile. She had always prided herself on being democratic and independent, and she was very fond of Sylvia; but at this instant she was another person. Mrs. Bowker was the social dictator of Wellington; but Mrs. Bowker was an officer of the reform club only because Ruth and Helen Everson had proposed her; Mrs. Bowker had just snubbed her, and Sylvia was in her bridge club. And Ruth was afraid that Baby Bangs was spoiling the table manners of the Kellogg children. And those three-sided breakfasts were confusing, and on Sylvia's last vacation day Baby Bangs had hit Dickie Everson over the head with a tin elephant; and neither Ruth nor Helen had dared to spank him.

"I wonder," said Ruth, "if it wouldn't be safer to be just a privileged nonmember."

Sylvia was astounded. "But you've signed the constitution and agreed to stay in for six months."

Ruth gazed at her helplessly. "Sylvia, dear—I've got a thought. It just came to me this minute. I wonder if we feel the way the men in the unions do—all stirred up and wabbly and half scared and awfully touchy—thinking we're right, and yet almost sure the other man may be right, too, and then just following the leader, blind, because everybody else is. And I don't think she's such an awfully good leader anyway. I wonder."

VII

AT THE end of a month the three families agreed to breakfast independently. No one cared to speak out in plain English, but the fact was that all of them had had enough of constant association, and preferred privacy to economy. So they agreed that the children made breakfast rather too confusing, and that it would be far better not to begin coöperating until after nine o'clock.

As far as the activity of the reform club itself was concerned, however, they were increasingly optimistic. Sugden's tremendous energy had enabled them to snap their fingers at the pugnacious retailers, and they liked the sensation. They had won the first move in the battle for independence.

And at this same juncture they began to realize that in their mutual efforts toward economy and comfort they were doing now what could just as easily have been done years ago, at the expenditure of a little thought and the sacrifice of a little convenience. An hour's concentration on Sunday was enough to plot out the menus for a week ahead, and plot them cleverly; and after that there was nothing to bother about. Sugden's clerical force did all the bothering.

To be sure it was awkward if one discovered at five in the afternoon that an important item for to-day's dinner had been left out of the order given the day before yesterday, but memories improved as time went on, and there was always the exhilarating consciousness of thrift, no matter what happened. And it was delightful to discover what the club could buy at reduced rates, if needs were only anticipated—it could buy at a heavy discount anything from Mr. Bowker's gasket to Rupert Everson's negligée shirts and Henry Kellogg's drawing pencils. One had to wait, of course, but the saving was worth it. More than that, Sugden had made alliances with a score of good shops in New York; and if anyone cared to walk a little out of the beaten track it was possible to get special discounts on articles that the club didn't care to handle, and to charge them through the club too. Why, in the very first month the amount of time saved from wrestling with bank statements and credit slips was enormous.

And then for this particular trio the servant problem was solved too. They reminded themselves of it at frequent intervals, but always out of hearing of the Kellogg nurse.

It was making Elysium, and yet there were drawbacks. Half a dozen of the oldest retailers in Wellington had already gone out of business—shut up shop and quietly drifted out of the town, and Sylvia, innocent of intent, began to feel guilty of result. The call which was made upon her by her quondam grocer was no balm. He came, painfully attired, late one afternoon, and grinned feebly at her.

"Well, I'm leavin', ma'am," he said. "I sold out to Sugden, lock, stock an' barrel, this forenoon. He's gettin' a fine line o' goods at a back-breakin' price. But last month alone I lost all I made last year, and that wasn't nothin' to brag about."

Sylvia murmured something in sympathy. Theory seemed to work out rather cruelly in practice.

"Well, you see it was like this: A grocer don't never make no big wad o' money—he makes it in dibs an' dabs. An' now I was losin' money instead o' makin' it on half the stock I sold. Take sugar. The last time I could buy and sell like I wanted to I bought sugar by the bar'l at nine an' a half, and sold it to you people for fifteen cents. There's a waste of an eighth in every pound. The bag an' the string costs a cent nowadays. The store an' rent an' light an' one thing an' another—well, that costs suthin', and if I charge in my time for waitin' on a customer—charge it, say, at a cent a minute, like a street-car conductor gets, that makes the deal cost me fourteen an' a half cents. An' now I gotta sell it at eleven and a half, like the Food Administration says. An' it's the same way with lots o' things. I lose the pickin's. Is it worth it? No; but if you'd bought your sugar from me the way you do from your club—a lot at a time, and not a little bit, an' not wait till you'd run out, an' then have to have it delivered all alone by itself in an awful hurry—well, that's just an illustration."

Sylvia, against her instinct, wanted to condole with him.

"But—but what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I got a job on the street cars," he said; "an' I took out a privilege in your club. Now I gotta chance to kick when I wanta. I'm in the union, an' if I wanta strike for more pay I c'n strike, an' I'm gonna see my family fed an' took care of, too, I am. I sh'd worry. I'm glad I'm out of it. I'll make more money on the cars, an' not have any risk, neither. Well, I kind of thought I'd come round and see you, that's all. I never had no quarrel with you. But you folks in your club seems to think all the rest of us was gettin' rich off you. Well, we wasn't. We was goin' broker an' broker. Well, I guess that's all. Good day, Mis' Bangs."

She told her husband about it that evening, and he laughed at her canonization of a profiteer. He also quoted the statement of the president of one of the Wellington ice companies, who had declared naïvely that though he could have made a profit on ice at fifty or sixty cents he had charged a dollar so as to teach the public to conserve the supply. During the remainder of the evening he had many interludes of abstraction, nevertheless, and in response to Sylvia's inquiries he told her that all the Wellington stenographers were unionizing and hinting at a seven-hour day.

By this time Sugden's vigorous campaign had drawn to the club four hundred active members, and twice as many associates, and made it a huge and humming solidarity. The retailers had also strengthened their forces, and stood to their guns, refusing to sell a penny's worth of goods to a club member, even in the direst need, so that for insurance, in case of trouble, the directors, who had fixed up an imposing room where they could argue in comfort, were already planning the department store, which should be a model and a monument combined. It looked very much, indeed, as though Wellington were in a fair way to settle its living problem permanently; or at least to prevent a complete victory of the enemy.

At the end of the second month Mr. Bangs bought the small car he had coveted for half a year. Sugden added it to the club order for delivery wagons, and saved him fifty dollars on it.

"We can certainly afford it now," he said to Sylvia. "Our club bills have been six hundred dollars, counting the porch furniture and your dressing table, and that means a hundred and twenty clear savings, in two months, when we get our dividend. The flivver'll pay for itself in a year at that rate. Of course it isn't a car like Henry's, but ——" He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Sometimes I wonder," he said, "if we aren't seeing almost too much of those people."

Sylvia looked up quickly. "Have you been thinking about that again too?"

"Too?" echoed Mr. Bangs. "You don't mean to say you've thought of it again?"

Sylvia regarded him as though he had discovered a remarkable secret.

"Well, if you're so tired of them when you only see them at dinner maybe you can imagine what it's like for me—every single day."

"But I thought one of you had a vacation every day, in turn."

Sylvia hesitated. "That was the way we started," she owned; "but the one who was supposed to have the vacation felt sort of mean about it, and Ruth's nurse has really been looking after all of the children, so all three of us have helped. It does save a lot of time, and we aren't bothered with servants any more—still it does get sort of tiresome. Lots of the other crowds who got the idea from us gave it up long ago. It's so—sort of public. And—there's something else too. Rupert and Henry are getting awfully Bowker lately. They didn't used to be, at all. Somebody said just yesterday that Mr. Bowker's lining them up to work for him when he wants to be mayor. Rupert's head of the real estate and insurance people, and Henry's awfully important in his lodge. I suppose it is catty to say that, isn't it?"

Mr. Bangs sprang to his feet and began pacing the room.

"By George," he said, "these things would go great—simply great—if you could ever break away from the human element! There isn't any servant problem, and we're saving money, and I don't have to fret about your doing all your own work, and yet I'm so sick of eating with Ruth and Helen and Henry and Rupert all the time, I want to heave a soup plate at 'em!" He stopped at her chair. "I'd give most anything if we could get back by ourselves somehow. That's what I married you for. Honestly, do you think they'd be offended if we did?" He interpreted her reaction correctly. "Oh, I wouldn't want you to do all your own work again. Besides, we're saving every month as much as a cook used to cost us. Better wait until I've looked over the accounts, though. I'm a little shy this month. Can't you get somebody to come in by the day, temporarily, to sort of fuss round and look after the baby and all that?"

Sylvia smiled straight up at him. "I'll do that, Bruno—only you'll tell me as soon as it's safe to have a cook, won't you? Only, if we had a cook how could we afford the car?"

"Why, that's easy. Cutting loose from these other people won't cost much more than it does to eat together now. I doubt if there's twenty dollars a month difference. And I buy gas and oil and spare parts from the club anyway, and Sugden saved me fifty dollars on the car itself. But you wait a week, and then we'll see. I'd parley with Ruth and Helen, anyhow."

She evaded a direct response, because she wanted to think it over. She was afraid that Ruth and Helen would be seriously offended indeed, and she hadn't forgotten that the domestic trio was her own suggestion. The food question was less important than the communal housework, and she saw that Ruth and Helen might reproach her for spoiling a very excellent labor-saving device.

"The club must be doing a tremendous business," she said irrelevantly.

"Terrific," said Mr. Bangs. "Sugden's got the proposition right under his thumb. The dealers are scared to death of us. Every few days he buys out some chicken-hearted swindler for next to nothing. He told me yesterday he'd done a gross business, so far, of over two hundred thousand dollars, and there's twenty-two per cent rebate in sight for us this minute."

She was silent while she did mental arithmetic. "What does Mr. Sugden get out of it, then?"

"Two per cent of — — Well, by George!" Mr. Bangs' face was a study. "Well, I'll be —— Why, he gets the excess two per cent, and that'll be something round four thousand dollars; plus ten dollars a member—that's another four thousand. Why, he'll have made eight thousand dollars out of us the first quarter! I hadn't stopped to figure it out before."

They regarded each other steadily. Sylvia drew a long breath.

"Well, I guess he's earned it, hasn't he?"

"That isn't the point!" said Mr. Bangs hotly. "I bet you he'll clear upward of twenty thousand dollars for half a year's work! And we could hire just as good a man for ten! I'm going to speak to Bowker about that, by George! I don't care how much he's saved us. It's too much money to pay him."

He did see Mr. Bowker about it, but Mr. Bowker refused to be excited. Mr. Bangs could hardly believe his ears.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Bowker, "I don't think we ought to begrudge him anything. And as far as economy goes, it's cheaper to hire a crack man at a big salary than a second-class man at a second-class salary. John, what do you think about buying the land the storehouse is on and building us a building right there? We're going to want to carry bigger stocks. It's a little mite out of the way, but it'll be a lot cheaper than if we bought on Main Street, and that's the thing that really matters, anyhow. And we want to make it worth while for us men to go stopping the old fashioned way and carry things home. We'll mark up the delivery charge a little, and make folks be economical. Now you've got influence with some of the men in your neighborhood, I wish you'd talk it up with 'em. Just so the council will put an outside price on it, and then let us dicker. I haven't sounded the proposition out yet, but I hear the land's on the market. If we're in this thing to save money we're in to save it, and a question like a little convenience don't count for so much. Besides, it's high rents and things that make the retailers charge high prices. Isn't that so?"

Mr. Bangs thought that it was so, and he talked it up. Seven of the councilors were close friends of his, and a dozen were good acquaintances, and all of them promised faithfully to support the resolution to buy the cheaper site.

"But will that be fair to Sugden?" one of them asked.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Bangs, recalling how carefully he himself had worded Sugden's contract. "It's a matter of bookkeeping. His commission's a fixed charge against our operating profit. To build a store may come out of our dividend, but it can't come out of his rakeoff. It's just a question of what's best for us in the long run."

Sylvia also did a little lobbying, and the council advised the directors to buy the land if it could be bought reasonably. At the quarterly meeting Sugden showed a surplus of nearly seventy thousand dollars, which would justify a rebate to active members of nearly twenty-five per cent.

"And if we purchase the land, ladies and gentlemen," said Mrs. Bowker stiffly, "at a fair valuation, we shall still have forty-five thousand dollars left, or a fifteen per cent rebate—which seems to me plenty good enough."

And apparently the board agreed with her, for the resolution went through, together with an authorization for the president to negotiate with architects and builders, for the best interests of the club. But the payment of twelve thousand dollars to Sugden very nearly broke up the meeting; and the attitude of the board toward the managing director wasn't helped by Sugden's protest at the way the board was furnishing its quarters and interfering with his work.

VIII

MR. BANGS came home the following evening deeply pleased with himself, and was hardly able to kiss his wife before he launched his good news.

"Our rebate'll be about a hundred and fifty dollars," he said, "so I ordered some slip covers and a spot light and a rug for the car.

"From Sugden of course. It'll take three or four weeks to get 'em, but I'll get a rebate next quarter on the order, and while I think of it there's no harm in stocking up now on all sorts of stuff for the early winter—stuff that'll keep. That'll boost our next dividend. It's like compound interest, worked backward! . . . Where do we go to-night—Henry's?"

Sylvia laughed excitedly. "Hadn't you noticed, silly? Look in the dining room."

Mr. Bangs looked. The table was set for two. He looked back at Sylvia. "By George!" said Mr. Bangs, softly overwhelmed.

"It wasn't as awkward as we thought, Bruno. They were all just as tired of it as we were, only nobody wanted to be the first to say so. We'd all rather be alone, even if we lose a little by it."

"What a relief—what a relief!" said Mr. Bangs, exhaling luxuriously. "Only we'd better run in and see both of them a second, to-night. I don't want 'em to think anything's gone wrong between us, exactly."

During the dinner he continued to express unbounded relief, and he even claimed once that he had never enjoyed himself so much, and never expected to again. When, after he had helped Sylvia with the dishes, he strolled over to have a friendly word with Rupert Everson, he felt far more friendly than common. The sunshine of peace was breaking through the clouds, even though the servant problem was coming up again and he was extraordinarily short of cash.

Rupert greeted him with effusion. "How's the car running, John?"

"Couldn't be better. Why?"

"I'm thinking of getting one myself." He grinned all over. "I suppose you knew I'm the broker in this club land deal, didn't you?"

"Broker?" Mr. Bangs was momentarily missing. "Oh!" His eyes narrowed. "You don't mean the department-store site?"

"That's what I do! Bowker said as long as some broker had to get a commission on it he wanted it to be me. I tell you I was pleased. Never thought he was that much of a friend of mine. It's the biggest commission I've had in two years. Closed right off the bat too. The club took the owner's first offer."

Mr. Bangs began to glow. Rupert was as innocent as a child, but that rumor of Mr. Bowker's accumulation of henchmen was red-hot. "But look here, Rupert! Do you call that a fair deal for the club? Why should we have to pay you a commission, anyhow?"

"You had to pay it to some broker, didn't you? Why not me?"

"I don't see that for a minute! I don't see why we should pay you ——"

"Why, I've got to live, haven't I?" demanded Rupert, ruffled. "Selling real estate's my business. The club wanted to buy some property I happened to be the agent of. Every agent in town had it. Bowker came to me and ——"

"But you're a director, Rupert, and Bowker shouldn't have come to you."

"And I took mighty good care not to vote on it too! You haven't got me there; not much. And I told the board exactly why I wasn't voting too. It's my regular business, and —— See here, John! Didn't you decline to be attorney for the club? Well, suppose they'd offered you a salary—wouldn't you have thought it over?"

Mr. Bangs cooled a trifle, but still sat on the edge of his chair. "Just the same, it isn't a parallel. The higher the price the club paid, the more your commission! And if your regular business and your club directorship conflicted, you shouldn't have handled this thing at all. And as far as I can make out from what you've said, you didn't even try to get a low price for the club. You let 'em pay the asking price—you said so. And the council distinctly advised us to buy only if the price was reasonable. Who owns it, anyhow?"

"New York parties," said Rupert shortly. "And if the club takes the first price that's offered, because the directors think it was reasonable, that's none of my business, is it? And as long as you're criticizing my way of running my own affairs I'll tell you right here and right now that some few people round here are wondering where you and Sugden get off."

"What?" exploded Mr. Bangs.

Rupert spread his hands in deprecation. "Oh, I don't say I haven't put in a good word for you. But you brought this man Sugden in here, and he's making two or three times as much out of it as he ought to, and you're old friends, and he's not so favorable to Bowker or any of the other officers, and some folks think it wouldn't be anything more than decent gratitude if he slipped you —— Hold on there, John! This isn't my say-so. Only you've been pretty frank in admitting, up to now, how you couldn't afford to own an automobile, and you're accusing me of I don't know what, and I'm simply telling you ——"

Mr. Bangs had risen abruptly, and his shoulders were cast in a military mold. "You bring me any man who's said that and I'll knock his head off! You come over to my house and I'll show you my check stubs. By George! I won't stand for it! If this community's got that sort of crackbrained shrimps in it I'm sorry I live here! Who said it? Name 'em! Name just one of 'em!" He waited, tense. "Go on—tell me just one of 'em, that's all! Who said it?"

Rupert was nervous, but disinclined to betray confidences. He chanced to occupy a rocking-chair, and now he rocked to soothe his nerves.

"Why, I don't remember any particular ——"

"That's damned nonsense, Rupert, and you know it!"

"No, it isn't either. I don't pretend to remember every time I talk with ——"

"Rupert, you're stalling!"

"Oh, no," said Rupert, with somewhat less assurance. "And anyway, I don't think it's quite right for me to repeat ——"

"You thought it was all right to repeat what you did, though. Are you going to tell me who it was—or aren't you?"

"Well," said Rupert, still more feebly, "it wasn't a man; it was a woman."

"Mrs. Bowker!" exploded Mr. Bangs, and turned purple. "Was it?"

"I sort of think," said Rupert apprehensively, "we better change the subject. Don't you think so, too, John?"

"I think I'd better go home before anything happens," said Mr. Bangs through his teeth, and with that he whirled about and stalked dignifiedly out of the house and across the lawn, meeting Sylvia at his own doorstep.

Sylvia, fresh from the Kelloggs', had a choice packet of rumors from yesterday's directors' meeting. Mr. Bowker had already begun to pull the wires which he hoped would land his son-in-law in Sugden's place after the next quarter. The majority of the board was pronouncedly Bowker in sentiment, and Mrs. Bowker was reported to have said that she intended to make a directorship the hall-mark of social prestige. Lukewarm Bowkerites were being conciliated by frequent little favors and, though there was probably nothing to condemn, there was certainly discrimination.

The mayor had hinted, under a thick veil of diplomacy, that the club was likely to prove a strong factor in local politics, that Mr. Bowker would be an able successor to him, and that steps should be taken very soon to prevent an uprising of the plebs who were opposed to reform.

Bowker himself had suggested that the club could do worse than to buy the Evening Herald, now on its last legs, and run it as the official organ of the club. It could carry all club bulletins and market announcements, and ought to make money. All the sources of the club's present supply of goods would have to advertise in it too. Somebody else had pointed out that every banker in Wellington, every lawyer, every city official of importance and every doctor but one had joined the club, and opined that the key to the labor situation rested unequivocally in the hands of the directorate. The directors had put themselves on record as favoring the prompt refusal of every member to aid or comfort, in any way whatsoever, a striker.

Mr. Bangs groaned aloud. "They're going too fast—too fast," he said. "They mustn't do that! There's a dozen vacant stores on Main Street now. That isn't healthy. They're running wild, Sylvia. That isn't what I meant by coöperation. They're aiming at a worse union than any there is now. Social, political, commercial—Bowker acts as though he's a little tin god on wheels. That won't do—not for a minute."

Sylvia handed him the usual marital bomb:

"But you were the one who wanted to do it, Bruno!"

"That was before I knew how it would work out," he protested. "And the club's getting too big, anyhow—too unwieldy. It's getting to be somebody's machine, to use like a steam roller. Well, the next thing to do, unless we want to invite a riot, is to get the petty graft out of it. We ought to cut down the next manager's percentage, and we've got to have a rule that the club doesn't buy a cent's worth of anything from its own members, except by O. K. of the council. Not the directorate—the council. Bowker doesn't own the council."

Sylvia was ready with her approval. "I've thought of that too. But won't it be pretty hard to change the constitution?"

"Maybe we don't have to change it. It ought not to be so awfully hard for me to find a hole in it," said Mr. Bangs sententiously, "seeing I wrote it myself."

But although it is claimed that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a lawyer can find the flaws in any document he has himself drawn up, this proved the one exception in that particular hundred. Twist and turn as he might, Mr. Bangs could discover no refuge either in the constitution or in the by-laws. And to effect an amendment it was first requisite to secure a petition signed by at least a fifth of the members of the club. The council must then approve it by a two-thirds vote, and the directors by a majority. Mr. Bangs knew that there were more than four hundred regular members, and he rather balked at the prospect of securing eighty signatures. He balked at it for several days.

"There's no sense in circulating a petition and getting a lot of people down on us," he said. "And to get eighty names you'd have to see almost everybody."

"Helen's hired a cook too," said Sylvia, paying no attention to him. "She's paying sixty-five. There aren't even as many in town as there used to be three months ago. And they're coming on a ten-hour agreement. And I thought it was understood that I was going to have one. This old dozy I've got for a helper isn't much."

And a few days later:

"If the club's saving us so much money, Bruno, I don't see why I can't have a cook too."

"Wait till I ask Sugden something," said Mr. Bangs, with furrows on his forehead.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE NATIONAL CRISIS IN BOSTON

(Continued from Page 7)

complaints almost invariably made by both sides in many controversies.

"It is assumed erroneously that agents of an outside organization could obtain for the police advantages in pay and regulations. This is not a question of compelling a private employer to surrender a part of his profits.

"To suppose that an official would yield on points of pay or regulation to the arguments or threats of an outside organization, if the policemen themselves had failed to establish their case, would be to mark him as cowardly and unfit for his position."

Despite the warnings and in the face of an order forbidding it and an increase of two hundred dollars in pay, the police went ahead with organizing their union. They justify their action by the failure of every other means to obtain redress of their grievances. A local organization known as the Boston Social Club had been in existence fourteen years, but the police had been unable to win through it improvement in pay and conditions. They contended that this union of their own had fallen under the control of headquarters and was impotent to help them. Nor did they succeed much better with a grievance committee instituted by the present commission.

It has always been the popular belief that a policeman's job is a sinecure—that he has it pretty soft and easy, with fine pay, little to do and plenty of perquisites. Indeed the notion that policemen could possibly have grievances calling for drastic action roused derision everywhere; sympathy for the Boston cops was nonexistent except among their personal friends. Had anyone suggested to the average citizen that possibly they had a strong case and were not receiving fair treatment he would have been hooted. The very mention of a cop suggested easy pickings.

Long Hours and Low Pay

But as Boston learned with a shock and to its deep humiliation the police scale of pay was pitifully low and their hours longer than almost any class of labor. The minimum pay was round $21 a week and the maximum—reached the sixth year—$31. Out of this a policeman had to buy a complete uniform and equipment, which cost $207.

The wagon men worked ninety-eight hours a week, the night men did a total of eighty-three hours a week and the day men averaged round seventy-three hours. Pay ran from twenty-one to twenty-eight cents an hour—and, of course, any sort of labor can command higher rates than those nowadays.

Also conditions in several of the station houses were deplorable. In the dormitories beds were used by two and three men in succession during a day and night without being remade.

"At Division Two," declared John F. McInnes, president of the policemen's union, "there is but one bathtub for 135 men and only four toilets. Bedbugs, rats and other forms of vermin roam at will in Stations Nine, Thirteen and Eighteen."

The police received no extra pay for overtime work. They had to attend every unusual event like a parade, band concert or large gathering and they wanted that considered in their pay. They also objected to delivering unpaid tax bills when it was obviously the duty of a civilian employee, and complained of being forced to do the listing. They condemned the conditions under which civil-service examinations were held and objected to the commissioner reserving to himself the right to promote a man regardless of the showing made in competitive examination.

Those are a few of the grievances which the men assert they could not get redressed. They were news to Boston and gained lots of sympathy for the strikers—without, however, weakening one iota the conviction that the policemen had no right to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor and no right either in law or morals to go on strike. The Hub stands like Gibraltar on that issue.

Not an officer or sergeant of the force joined the union, being ineligible, and many a policeman who followed the crowd did so against his judgment and inclination. They were coerced. As always happens, the leather-lunged aggressive minority practically compelled the others to fall in line. I talked with a striking policeman who had been nine years on the force. He did not want to join the union in the first place, but he could not stand the ostracism which "scab" entails for a nonunion man and his wife and children; and though he was opposed to a strike, he could not leave the others in the lurch after they had decided to walk out.

"How many wanted to go on strike? Less than fifty per cent, but a lot were led to vote that way because they didn't want to desert the boys," he said.

Another member of the force, who had been with it so many years that he could have retired on half pay in another seven months, joined the union virtually under compulsion, and once in it had to walk out when ordered. And now in his old age he is out of a job and without means of support. What's more, it is doubtful if he could perform any work but that of a policeman, for when a man has put in many years on a police force he is unfit for most other jobs.

"I didn't join the union at first," he said. "But one day I went into the station house and opposite my name on the bulletin board somebody had written in red ink, 'Scab.' The kids at school yelled it at my children too. What is a man going to do?"

The Trouble-Making Minority

A minority jammed through unionization of the Boston police and a minority forced the strike, whatever the tally of votes may have showed. It is always the case. In New England less than twenty-five per cent of organized labor is radical, according to those who ought to know. The percentage grows the farther west one goes, yet men who have studied the subject doubt whether thirty-three per cent of the total membership of the American Federation of Labor belongs among the radicals; and organized labor constitutes only three per cent—or less—of the population of the United States. In other words, about one per cent of the American people is raising Hades for the other ninety-nine per cent and threatening to overturn the institutions in which they believe. It is the realization of this that makes the average citizen grow hot under the collar and sometimes long for command of a firing squad.

Well, the police formed their union and persuaded practically all the men of the force to join it. Charges were soon filed against nineteen of them.

"At the request of counsel for the men," says a statement from Commissioner Curtis, "I heard the cases myself instead of referring them to a trial board. The facts were undisputed. I found the men guilty and delayed imposing the finding, merely suspending them from duty. I did not discharge them because had I done so I would be without power to reinstate them at any time. Instead of taking the opportunity which was thus open to save their positions the majority of the force deliberately deserted and abandoned their duty and the city which they had sworn to protect."

Threats of a strike if the members of the union under charges should be suspended were freely made before their cases came up for hearing. In view of the gravity of the prospect Mayor Peters appointed a committee to investigate the trouble and act as mediators, and endless negotiation and argument and conferences followed. This committee did their utmost, but to no avail. Their executive committee succeeded in drawing up a plan to which the tacit consent of the policemen was given, but the commissioner could not see his way to accept it. The plan received Mayor Peters' indorsement, and the committee which presented it was composed of well-known Bostonians—James J. Storrow, B. Preston Clarke, George E. Brock, P. A. O'Connell, James J. Phelan, A. C. Ratshesky and F. S. Snyder. Briefly it provided that the policemen should give up affiliation with the American Federation of Labor but maintain a union within the department to deal with questions relating to hours and wages and physical conditions of work; called for an investigation of the police demands and grievances by a committee of three citizens, which should continue to act as a sort of court of arbitration; and stipulated that no member of the force should be discriminated against because of any previous affiliation with the American Federation of Labor—neither should there be any discrimination on the part of the policemen's union against any member of the force because of refusal to join.

The main objection to the plan, of course, was that it gave immunity to the ringleaders in the unionization of the police. Anyhow, the commissioner would not agree to it; the nineteen policemen were suspended; and after taking a vote about fourteen hundred policemen made good their threat to strike.

Everybody knows what happened after that. The spectacle of Boston given over to lawless mobs shook the whole country. President Wilson denounced the strike as a crime against civilization, and Elihu Root told the National Security League: "What does the police strike in Boston mean? It means that the men who have been employed and taken their oaths to maintain order and suppress crime as the servants of all the people are refusing to perform that solemn duty unless they are permitted to become members of a great organization which contains perhaps three per cent of the people. Now, if that is done that is the end—except for a revolution. Government cannot be maintained unless it has the power to use force. If the power to use force passes from the ninety-seven per cent of the whole people of the United States to this organization of three per cent, the ninety-seven per cent are no longer a self-governing people."

The ninety-seven per cent were quick to take alarm—and up to date they give every indication of maintaining self-government! The whole country blazed into resentment. If policemen could join the American Federation of Labor and go on strike, leaving their communities helpless, where would unionization end? The police in a score of cities were watching the outcome. Already many fire departments were affiliated with the American Federation of Labor; what if they should strike too? What of sympathetic strikes? And if the police could owe allegiance to a union, why not the Army? Where would it all end? In soviet government? A night of rioting in Boston woke the United States to the real nature of the menace.

The Governor's Reply

Even labor-union men condemned the walkout. They might uphold the right of the police to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor, but when the consequences endangered the safety of their own families and property and threatened to make them jobless through general demoralization of business they realized that it was carrying the thing too far. Tying up the public was one thing; letting anarchy loose was another.

The bulk of organized labor disapproved of the cops' action. Only the newer membership of the unions supported them and favored a sympathetic strike. As a lot of new members had been admitted into the union of the carmen on the elevated a ticklish situation was produced, but aside from this union and the telephone operators, who voted to strike, organized labor blew cold on the proposition.

And what about the federation? Gompers realized immediately that the policemen's case was hopeless and sought to exert pressure to the end that the men might be taken back and all action against them suspended until after the labor conference in Washington in October. To this request Governor Coolidge of Massachusetts made a reply which struck a responsive chord in every corner of America and lifted him into national prominence overnight:

"The right of the police of Boston to affiliate has always been questioned, never granted, is now prohibited. The suggestion of President Wilson to Washington does not apply to Boston. There the police have remained on duty. Here the Policemen's Union left their duty, an action which President Wilson characterized as a crime against civilization.

"Your assertion that the commissioner was wrong cannot justify the wrong of leaving the city unguarded. That furnished the opportunity, the criminal element furnished the action. There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time.

"You ask that the public safety again be placed in the hands of these same policemen while they continue in disobedience to

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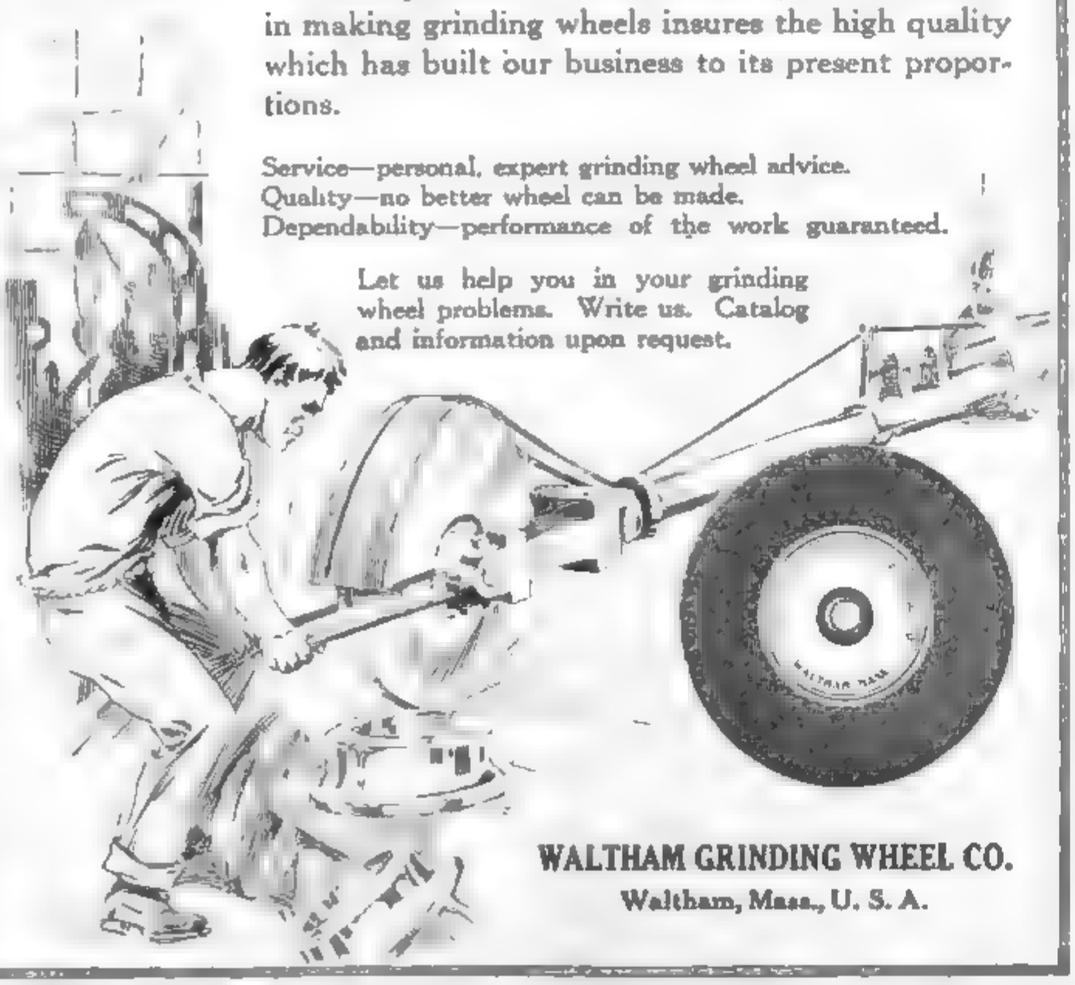

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This 3½-ton four-wheeled reversible Trailmobile hauls logs to the mill of the W. J. Steele Lumber Co., at Martinsville, Ind. It is pulled by a 3½-ton truck.

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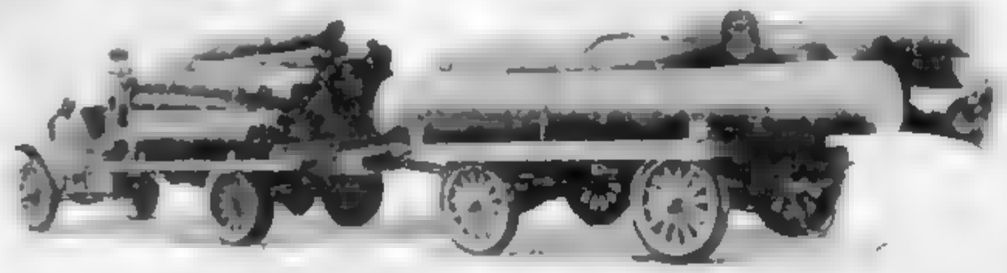

Good roads are preserved by reducing the load carried on each wheel.

the laws of Massachusetts and in their refusal to obey the orders of the police department. Nineteen men have been tried and removed. Others having abandoned their duty, their places have under the law been declared vacant on the opinion of the attorney general. I can suggest no authority outside the courts to take further action.

"I wish to join and assist in taking a broad view of every situation. A grave responsibility rests on all of us. You can depend on me to support you in every legal action and sound policy. I am equally determined to defend the sovereignty of Massachusetts and to maintain the authority and jurisdiction over her public officers, where it has been placed by the constitution and laws of her people."

I asked Governor Coolidge whether he thought the American Federation of Labor had advised or sanctioned the strike.

"The federation has never advised a strike there was no hope of winning," he replied cautiously.

I asked one of their counsel whether he had done so.

"No, I advised against it," Mr. Vahey declared earnestly. "They had already affiliated with the federation before I was called in, but both Feeney and I urged them to give up their membership in it. We told them we could get more for them than they could through the federation. But they stuck. When their leaders were suspended the men had to stand by them."

Mayor Peters had received assurances that ample protection for the city would be available in the event of a police strike. Consequently the tangle was left to the police commissioner, and statements from the department persuaded the public that the situation was well in hand. He had at his disposal all the sergeants and officers of the force; also a hundred men of the Metropolitan Park Police, an organization distinct from the Boston department.

Such was the official force the commissioner could count on and it seemed adequate to him. For the protection of the banking houses and large business establishments of the city bodies of guards had been organized privately and these were supplemented by hundreds of volunteers who offered their services as patrolmen.

In fact big business and the larger mercantile concerns had prepared fairly well for eventualities. But Boston hadn't guessed a tenth of what those eventualities would be.

The police went out before six o'clock on a Tuesday night. Several hours later the scum of South Boston and the West and North End were on a rampage. Scollay Square, the district between Boylston and School streets, all along Washington and Tremont streets, echoed to the crash of glass as the mobs of rowdies and thieves looted where they willed.

The Shop-Window Raiders

A crowd of more than five thousand persons gathered in the vicinity of Broadway in South Boston and when charged by about fifty of the park police met them with a barrage of stones and sticks and bottles and eggs. The rioters rocked the street cars and stoned some loyal patrolmen of D Street station who had declined to go on strike.

Long before midnight the mobs held undisputed possession of the streets. With nobody to hinder, huge bands of hoodlums went prowling through the heart of the city, holding up any unlucky pedestrians who came their way and pillaging stores which caught their fancy. A swift kick on a plate-glass window, then a scramble for the spoils.

"At about twelve-thirty we heard a far-off sound of smashing glass," said a former newspaper editor, who was on guard at a fashionable specialty shop, "like the tinkle of a toy bell. After a while we saw a mass of people swing out of Avery or Mason Street into Tremont. There wasn't any noise. They were walking along at a moderate pace—perhaps two miles an hour—and saying nothing. All of them were young—mere boys—averaging from eighteen to twenty years, I should say. And they were entirely sober. We did not see a single drunk that night. There were no women, but a few waited on the other side of the road, perhaps out of curiosity. A large battered automobile was creeping along close to the curb.

"Suddenly came a crash of glass. They had demolished a window and were going after the stock inside. We could see them surrounding the store and hauling out stuff. A taxi or two, devoid of lights or numbers, stopped across the road and men inside them got their share of plunder. Quite a few taxis operated in this fashion during the night.

"Approaching us, the crowd left the sidewalk and took to the gutter and middle of the road. They slowed down opposite and we heard, 'Let 'er go! Let 'er go!' However, no bricks were heaved. Somebody yelled, 'Whatcha got in your hand, Jack?' for we kept our hands in our pockets. I answered, 'On your way!' And after loitering a moment longer somebody cried, 'Ah, come on! He looks like a pretty good guy!' And the whole mob drifted.

"Later twenty-five or thirty men came to us in groups of two and three. They all came for one purpose—to advise us to take our goods out of the windows and draw the curtains. They said they had followed the crowd to see the fun.

"Back came the battered automobile, too, and slowed down in front of the store. 'Say, youse guys can thank Gawd you was in front of your place when the gang came.'

"The crowd acted without any set plan. At five in the morning I walked a mile along Washington Street and in the West End to see the havoc. I found the same sort of haphazard looting everywhere—one shop battered at this point and another close by, much richer in possibilities, unharmed. What the merchants and financial concerns feared was a quick rough-stuff job by a party of motorists. Cars without lights were scudding up and down all night; I saw one pass our place five times apparently scouting for chances."

Crap Games on the Common

Crap games started early in the evening and were in full swing on the sacred soil of Boston Common before seven o'clock. Headquarters was on the paved walks across from the Park Street Church, the famous "Brimstone Corner" of other days. No police or patrols to bother them; the crap shooters displayed a total disregard of the throngs of spectators, and pleaded for Big Dick and Little Phœbe according to their needs with the passionate earnestness they would have put into a game in the lane back of the garage.

And next day—oh, boy! Boston became a wide-open town for gamblers. Crap shooting everywhere; staid citizens stumbled over games en route to business, heard the click of the bones in the lobbies of their office buildings. There were even roulette wheels in operation in broad daylight in the open air. And they were not all pikers' games by any means. In many a gathering men were shooting for ten dollars a throw.

An incident occurred at one of the games on the Common which is illuminating. A player of the tough-mug variety—one of those guys who talk out of the sides of their mouths—won forty dollars and became wishful to retire. Evidently he anticipated trouble in getting away with his roll, for he pulled a gun, and holding the money in one hand while he covered his companions with the weapon, backed slowly away. Once law and order are broken down there is no security even for those who did the wrecking.

A night of unbridled hoodlumism was followed by a day of rioting, of fights and thievery, accompanied by considerable property loss, assaults on women and several casualties. The losses were much exaggerated in the press reports and probably did not exceed fifty thousand dollars, for there was no organized looting. One of the youths charged in court with larceny of six shoes had the stolen property on him—and not a pair in the lot.

After grabbing some shoes or shirts a boy would sell them to another member of the mob for twenty-five or fifty cents. And the novel sight was witnessed of rowdies gravely fitting stolen shoes to one another's feet while they sat on the sidewalk.

Business concerns took steps to fortify their places against possible raids. Some shops became veritable arsenals. I saw one with barbed-wire entanglements across the entrances at night; wire and all metal trimmings round the door were charged with electricity. Windows were stoutly boarded. Inside a force of guards stood ready, with a system of alarms designed to meet any emergency, powerful arc lights to blind any intruders, and rifles, revolvers and riot guns available for instant use. To supplement these defenses they had a fire

(Concluded on Page 72)

THE POWER OF WORDS

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Words give strength and direction to deeds. The destinies of nations hung on the action generated by the words: "They shall not pass."

Words have been a mighty factor in the growth of industry. Words create confidence and desire. They are the point of contact between the mass of the people and the product.

The power of words is multiplied through repetition and magnified through distribution. Words open channels of trade; they make the people of a thousand communities hold in respect the same commodity. These great commercial values bound up in words are the rewards of advertising; for advertising has made an art of fitting words to business needs.

The development of advertising is the result of the last fifty years, which time also represents the age of the house of N. W. AYER & SON.

Many trade names, of more value than the great factories back of them, have been born in our house and established through our efforts. We have turned wares into words which have brought distribution wherever these words have been read. Experience is the basis of our operations.

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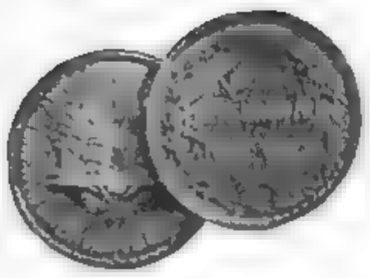

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(Concluded from Page 70)

hose all set. It would have taken trained troops to storm the place.

For several days no goods were displayed in the windows or show cases of the principal stores. Retail trade was paralyzed. Owners of valuables stored them away in vaults or other safe places. It seems remarkable that no really high-priced stuff was looted the first night. Rich furs and dress goods, silks—all manner of articles which would tempt a professional thief with a knowledge of values—escaped. And they grabbed shoes and cheap jewelry and shirts and umbrellas!

Equally remarkable is it that there was no incendiarism—plenty of false alarms, but no fires. Boston began to speculate about a week later on what might have happened had booze been on sale in the city.

It would take too long to tell all that happened before order was restored, but as Bill Hamilton once remarked in an account of proceedings after a bum decision at a prize fight, "pantomime reigned." Besides old families and men and women of culture and breeding, besides safe and sane business men, a conservative professional class, and a labor population which is substantial and self-respecting, Boston possesses in considerable numbers a red-necked type which is always eager for a fight and packs a wallop in either hand. And these gentry had free run of the city.

Things became so bad that troops were called out and the Massachusetts State Guard took over the policing under Brigadier General Samuel D. Parker. The mayor is empowered in case of tumult or riot to take over the police department, which Mr. Peters did on Wednesday morning. He called out that part of the State Guard living within the city limits, but their number being totally inadequate, it became necessary to call all the State Guard throughout the commonwealth. Authority for this action rested in the governor and accordingly Mr. Coolidge took charge of the situation, reinvesting police authority in Commissioner Curtis and instructing him to obey only such orders as the governor might issue.

The State Guard is equivalent to the Home Guards and is composed of men who volunteered for duty to replace the National Guard when it was called into service during the war. Most of them are either above or below draft age or had disabilities which prevented their going into the Army, and they come from all walks of life. You can find wealthy men in the State Guard, and college professors, and boys just beginning to use a safety razor.

These troops were distributed about the city, with a strong force held in reserve for emergency. They patrolled the streets and did guard duty, kept everybody moving, permitted no sidewalk conversations and made scores of arrests. Also they killed a few who resisted the enforcement of law. In spite of their three-speed rifles—you have to cock them three times, but luckily there is no reverse—the State Guard proved themselves efficient troops and handled the troubles firmly.

The Cooper Street Riots

Commissioner Curtis told me that crime dropped fifty per cent below normal as soon as they brought in the soldiers to restore order. And I was able to see for myself the salutary effect the presence of the guard had on soap-box agitators and Bolshevik windjammers. They had been fond of street meetings, but evidently something told them that the time was not propitious for incendiary talk. You couldn't have found a soap-box orator with a search warrant after the troops got on the job.

Soldiers were quartered in Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty. But according to C. H. Eveleth, who was a schoolboy in Boston in 1863, it was not the first time the Cradle had been used for a barracks.

"In July, 1863, at the time of the Cooper Street riots," he states, "the Forty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, a regiment just returned from North Carolina, was quartered in Faneuil Hall for a few days. Police patrolled the streets, while at night Latin School boys watched at the bridges to Charlestown and Cambridge to open the draws if any riotous mob attempted to enter the city. The above is a fact from my personal knowledge.

"The Forty-fourth Regiment quartered in Boylston Hall and with the Forty-fifth were kept to be used in a body if the police could not do the work in the streets. The only fatalities were on Cooper Street, when Major Jones gave the mob grape and satisfaction on their attempting to seize the cannon of the Eleventh Massachusetts Battery, just back from a nine months' tour of duty in Virginia."

Meanwhile amateur traffic cops were working up a perspiration at every busy crossing. How those earnest volunteers did step to it! Being new to traffic regulation, they made ten times more work of their tasks than the experienced policeman, but they handled the streams of traffic somehow and kept things rolling. I saw an aged white-bearded citizen on duty at one crossing, a marine at another, a captain of infantry directing on Tremont Street, an automobile salesmen and other such plutocrats galore. Taken by and large, the citizenry of Boston can always be relied on to show a fine spirit

Reporters Not Popular

An amusing phase of the strike was the fashion in which the newspapers disappointed the police. The news writers of Boston organized a union, which became affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. In consequence the police fondly believed they would receive the support of the press in their efforts to unionize, little knowing the extent of reportorial influence in a newspaper establishment. And when the Boston papers with practically one voice scored them unmercifully for their action the policemen's chagrin and resentment knew no bounds.

I saw their feeling manifested at a meeting of the "El" men in Fay Hall, called to consider the question of a sympathetic strike. To this the police were invited—the reporters, not. Indeed the gentleman who presided made it plain at the outset that no reporters were wanted. He cautioned everybody to examine everybody else's card and make sure that no ringers or press representatives were present in the gathering. Then somebody in the smoke-filled hall, jammed to the last inch with breathless, coughing, perspiring humanity—some one of the two thousand present raised a yell, "Mister President, there's reporters listening out in the hall!"

"Throw 'em out! Throw 'em downstairs! Shut the door!" cried a babel of voices.

I began to suspect they didn't want me there and my chair in the back part of the hall grew stickily uncomfortable. However, the meeting went on and nobody paid me special attention. In about half an hour the doorkeeper—seized perhaps with a faint recollection of the kind of admission card I had showed—suddenly gave tongue.

"Mister President!" he bellowed.

"What is it?"

"I have reason to b'lieve there's a reporter at the back of this hall.".

Frenzied shouts to chuck him out and "Lemme at him" and "Fling the pup out the window"—and I had gone to that meeting with the friendliest sort of feelings! However, though I might be conspicuous at a Newport function, there is nothing in my appearance to make me an outstanding figure in a motormen's gathering, so I let them yell and glare round, and in a minute or two the meeting got back into stride.

That is ever the way. My sympathies are always with the under dog; and often, after thinking over the way wage earners get gouged by profiteers and exploiters, and their real, their terrible grievances, I begin to see red and my heart goes out to the toilers. Then I go mixing with union men and my sympathy is chilled. They won't let outsiders be friendly.

I have in my time attended labor meetings during which they dropped chairs down the fire escapes in the hope of beaning any newspaper reporters who might be lurking about. And I respectfully submit that labor's attitude toward everybody not affiliated with them is marked by too evident hostility. They go on the assumption that the whole world is an enemy and treat the world on that basis. What hope of an amicable settlement of differences so long as this spirit rules?

If it could be banished and the old leather-head type of capitalist and employer painlessly removed by strangling or any equally effective method a long step toward industrial peace would be achieved.

An astonishing thing about labor is its frequent stupidity in bulk. A union man who displays—as an individual—balance and intelligence of a high order will often turn into a shouting, blithering idiot in the tense atmosphere of a stormy meeting. He permits a brass-lunged orator who makes his living talking claptrap and spouting nonsense which would daze even the composers of national anthems—he allows these professional agitators to stampede him into action which his better judgment condemns. But then, the intelligence of the individual members of a crowd is always higher than their collective intelligence, and the noisy ten per cent of men of action overwhelm the ninety who think.

I recall conversing with a union man before a meeting some weeks ago who had eminently sound ideas. He thought that President Wilson ought to have remained at home to straighten out our numerous domestic problems instead of foolin' round over in Europe with them Juggo-Slavs and such; and did I know that the fair-price lists printed in the newspapers every day were often higher than the prices the wife could get at the stores? In fact I had formed an excellent opinion of his judgment when the speaker of the evening got up on his hind legs and started to talk, and my friend went loco.

Of all the old, stale, hell-hounds-of-capitalism buncombe I ever heard, his speech was about the worst. It wouldn't have appealed to the reason of a normal child of ten. But it went big with the crowd, and to my unutterable dismay my acquaintance shouted and banged approval as loudly as the rest.

After that first night the policemen were doomed. Aroused public opinion blazed up against them. Had every union in Boston decided to go on strike to help, still they would have lost. Had the whole power of the American Federation of Labor been thrown on their side, they would yet have been beaten.

No Jobs and No Union

But the federation had no intention of backing so hopeless a cause. It would have been suicidal. There was much talk of a general sympathetic strike—many threats, a deal of acrimonious debate, of charges and countercharges—but when the time arrived for action the Central Labor Union approved the recommendation of its committee of seventeen that no general strike should be called. Various unions voted financial assistance to the police, but, said President O'Donnell, "for reasons which the committee does not care to make public at this time your committee is waiting to make sure of its ground in case it is forced to call for a general demonstration to back up the police in its fight and contentions. We don't intend to give anybody a chance to say we have not used good judgment, as has been said of the policemen. They expect that labor will go out on a general strike to-morrow morning and precipitate rioting. In this they will be disappointed, as the committee and movement believe in law and order, and the committee has decided it is necessary to fight like the opposition, whose representatives spend fifty-two weeks of the year in preparing their plans to fight us."

Thus did the policemen's strike flatten out, flivver, perish as miserably as their bitterest critic could have desired. And now they're out of jobs, without a union.

Some sentiment has been created in Boston recently in regard to taking back the striking police. The argument is advanced that the city needs these trained men, and since the union is beaten and out of business and the police have learned their lesson and now have their hands up punishment of the ringleaders ought to suffice. On the other hand, one can hear in Boston and all over the country that there should be no compromise—that by walking out the police vacated their jobs in a manner which prevents their reinstatement under the law and if they were restored to duty what would be their attitude toward those who had remained faithful to their posts? What would be their attitude in case of trouble toward those unions which had voted them financial help in the crisis?

Whatever may happen to the ex-police, they surely started something. Losing all else, they now take cold comfort in the claim that their strike brought higher pay and better conditions for other police forces—a belated thought, which did not occur to them until they needed its solace.

Discerning observers class the complete defeat of the Boston union as a lusty blow against the radical elements of labor. Round One went to the public—to law and order.

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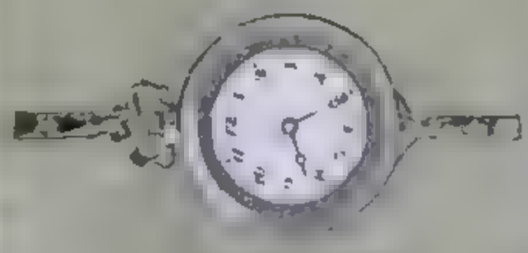

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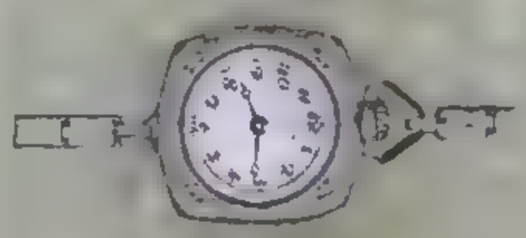

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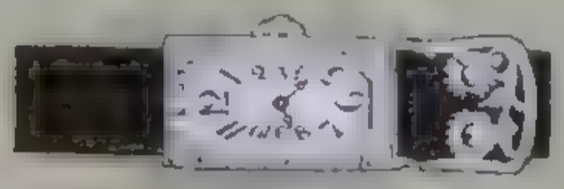

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CLANK CLINKSCALES' DUODENUM

(Continued from Page 5)

they lose, I personally chip in one that I won't earn. You might call it patriotism—too much! But it's worth it to me—in the long run!"

Mr. Grout now took two paces to the rear. His lower lip grew more infirm. The new light grew in his eyes. Yet he persisted a little further.

"How would they run the Government," he inquired as a last appeal to reason, "without taxes?"

"That's their business!" stated Mr. Clinkscales. His duodenum grew worse and worse under this man's obstinacy. He had had enough—all he wanted by this time. "That's their business!" he said. "It's my business to cut down the high cost of taxes. And it's your business," he stated in conclusion, "to get me the figures to do it with. To find out exactly—to a T—a price list by which we—can sell goods at cost. At cost, remember!" he shouted in closing. "You understand?"

"Yes, sir," responded Mr. Grout.

Without turning, he walked backward out of the room, his lower lip limp and pendulous, his eyes glued upon his employer with that new unusual light in them—the light of one remembering happier, better, saner days.

At this, old Clank Clinkscales rose himself. He had had a hard day of it. He was tired out. He could feel again that irritation and discomfort in his digestion which was his curse—that always followed all unusual effort. His duodenum, he saw, was worse than ever.

"And I want them," he called after Mr. Grout as he passed from the office, "next week, in time for the annual association dinner."

It is the well-known custom of the Cardamom Seed Millers and Refiners Association of America once a year to meet and dine together at the St. Randolph Hotel in New York and to discuss, in every friendly and gentlemanly way which would not constitute an infringement on the Federal laws against combination, the safeguards and interests and the self-protection to be thrown about the trade for the ensuing twelve months.

At the dinner in January, 1920, at the closing of the more formal business, the committee on patriotic coöperation reported its expected resolution upon the Government's recent action affecting the trade as follows:

Whereas, This association has aimed to aid its Government in every way, shape and manner during the recent happily terminated war. And,

Whereas, The cardamom-seed millers' profit, taken on the average, is the lowest known, with few exceptions, in all American industries, amounting to but three and one-half cents of the consumer's dollar. And,

Whereas, The War Department is now, following the war, disposing of the huge stocks of cardamom seeds purchased by it under other conditions at prices without relation to present high costs of production—a policy which threatens ruin to the entire trade. Therefore,

Resolved, That the United States Government be respectfully petitioned to cease, as far as may be, a policy which cannot but be of disadvantage not only to the miller but to every wholesaler and retailer, every producer of cardamom seeds, and ultimately must turn to the great disadvantage of the consumer himself.

Resolved, That this resolution be spread upon the minutes and be called to the attention of every senator and representative in Congress wherever producers, millers, dealers and retailers of cardamom seeds may be located, in the effort to find a remedy for this self-evident injustice to a great American industry.

The chairman of the meeting having presented this and the suave and experienced president of the association and presiding officer of the evening having opened the matter for discussion, a speaker rose from the center of the table who was recognized by the diners with some surprise as old Clank Clinkscales. It was clear at once, even to those who did not know him personally, that he was not a trained public speaker, yet all eyes were upon him as he passed directly to his main point.

"You're wrong!" stated old Clank Clinkscales without equivocation. "You're all wrong! Your proposition ain't worth a little lady cigarette smoker's damn!"

At this point Mr. Charles Barker, sitting at the left of the president of the association, leaned over, whispering some information, and the latter was seen to give a slight start.

"Not a damn!" reiterated the speaker firmly. "You're going at it all the wrong way—bucking them there in Washington. What'll they do? The first thing they'll do they'll dig up something from the Clayton Act or the Eight-Hour Railroad Law or the Espionage Act of 1861 and put you all in jail for combination in restraint of trade. They'll salt you down legally under the Interstate Commerce Act for less than that—for the rest of your natural lives in jail—and you know it!"

This sentiment was much appreciated by all the diners, but a specially marked snicker of appreciation rose across from the speaker—apparently from a frail, rather pale young man in a new and very elaborate dinner coat.

"Now I've got a proposition—right here," continued old Clank Clinkscales after stopping and apparently observing this young man for the first time, "that's worth ten of that! What you want to do is not fight them. What you want to do is to cooperate with them like I'm going to do. What do they ask you to do?" inquired the speaker. "To cut down the high cost of living, don't they? All right—we'll do it! We'll cut it down for them where it grows! We'll cut down the high cost of taxes!"

"Good idea," interjected the youngish member in the fancy dinner coat across the table, who at a banquet in less temperate days might have been considered somewhat inebriated.

"Now I've got the figures right here," continued the speaker after pausing a moment, marking him down with a cold corner of his eye. "What do they get out of this trade of ours here to waste in Washington? Out of this room right here—in excess-profit taxes alone? Twenty million dollars—you know and I know! Not a cent less! Yes—and more! Where does it go?" asked the speaker still more loudly—"that twenty million dollars and more? God knows! They don't—in Washington. They don't try to, even. You know that. All they want to do is to get in more and more and shovel it out faster and faster. They tell me"—he stopped to interpolate—"those who know, that they've got three bills in Congress—right now, to-day—to put in steam shovels into the Treasury Building to save manual labor for the poor overworked paying clerks in that department!"

"Good old boy!" said the youngish man in the dress suit, now waking up to the occasion. There was an occasional appreciative giggle elsewhere. The speaker, gazing at his unsolicited supporter with a somewhat more baleful look, pursued his argument.

"Three-quarters of it they waste," he stated, again resorting to statistics. "The other quarter—or half, more likely—they spend rushing round the country telling us, lecturing us, instructing us how to do our business. High cost of living! You know what it is! High cost of taxes—that's what it is! That's the whole trouble with the world to-day—taxes and the fellows that are spending them and the ones that are hoping to get them to help them stop having to work. And about two years more of this will bust us all wide open—you and me and everybody—if somebody does not stop it," asserted Clank Clinkscales.

"Taxes!" repeated Mr. Clinkscales. "The high cost of taxes! Somebody's got to start stopping them some time. So why not us—right here, now? I'll tell you one thing," he stated with a marked snort: "they don't get any more out of me unless they operate for them!"

"Some old war horse!" stated the youth in the peaked-lapeled dinner coat with critical admiration. His efforts produced one or two responsive snickers among the younger members of the trade, but there

(Continued on Page 77

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(Continued from Page 75)

were also some grave faces now—including the president of the association and even more especially the father of the humorous young man, who was associated with him in business.

"So then I've got a new proposition—that's right and sound, and damned necessary too! They want the high cost of living reduced. All right—we'll reduce it for them—not by passing resolutions on government sales of old goods. The time's gone by for that. The time's come now for us to stop hollering and take our medicine—and give them theirs if the world's going to live and get well again! Gentlemen," said old Clank Clinkscales, now in an impressive manner, "what I propose and want to see done in this cardamom-seed trade is a novelty—a new one. I propose, right here and now, a combination you never heard of, but the one this country needs and has got to have if it is going to keep going and get anywhere—a combination in restraint of taxes!"

"Hurray!" cried the voice of the speaker's young admirer, rising above the general but somewhat more restrained laughter which followed this.

"That'll do for a while!" said the speaker, now addressing his young commentator directly. He was a man of action naturally. He didn't care to speak in public anyway. And the way his duodenum felt now under the dinner and the unusual strain of speaking was enough to make any man feel raw—to say nothing of having that thing opposite him in the short-waisted empire-style of evening clothes.

"Yeh!" it persisted in crying out. "But what about us?" it asked brightly. "If we don't pay taxes, huh, where do we get off?"

"I'll show you damned quick where you get off, little Violet Water—you and your poppa, too," replied the speaker of the evening with conscious self-repression. "A few more remarks from you and I'll muss you up so your favorite manicurist can't make the remains look like much of anything. And your poppa's, too," he added as an afterthought.

There was now a sudden movement on the other side of the table, and the father of the young man, who was associated with him in business, was seen to rise. Passing hastily to the side of his son he finally persuaded him to retire from the room. There were now a number of other serious faces among the listeners—especially among the older members, who remembered Clank Clinkscales' past record more fully and had seen that same light in his eyes before.

"And now," said the speaker, "while nursie is putting little Clara to bed I'll make my proposition to you and I'll make it brief."

He was getting tired of talking to these people anyhow. They didn't seem to want to take in what he said. All right—they could take it or leave it.

"As I said once before," he continued, "somebody's got to stop this thing somewhere! So I propose this: I propose that in 1920 the members of the Cardamom Seed Millers and Refiners Association of America bind themselves, here and now, to pay no Federal corporation taxes—beyond the minimum required by law; no excess-profit taxes, anyhow, and as few others as we can agree on; and that a committee be appointed to put this thing through; and I put that in the form of a motion."

Saying this, Mr. Clinkscales stood waiting upon his feet as if for remarks or a seconding of his motion.

"Do I understand you to mean," inquired the suave and experienced presiding officer, Mr. Pritchard, in the absence of a second, "Mr. Clinkscales, that you would not pay any Federal taxes?"

"Not that you don't have to."

"How would you do that?"

"By not earning them to pay them out—not over eight per cent on your capital anyhow. And less—if we could fix it."

"So then, as I understand you," inquired the chairman further, "you would forgo your own profits in order not to pay the Government's taxes?"

"Exactly so—all of them, so far as I am concerned," said Clank Clinkscales, getting more and more tired of all this unnecessary cross-questioning on a self-evident proposition. He was getting irritable, he could feel that. His duodenum was worrying him again like a dog. And he had a feeling now that they were all against him, no matter how soft they talked. "And the sooner you do it," he said, "the better for all concerned. It's not only better business in my opinion and better patriotism—it's both in the long run."

"How could the Government operate without taxes?" inquired a member.

"That's their business."

"How would we run—that's the question?" inquired another with a more commercial turn of mind.

"That's our business!" suggested another wit, and there was another slight ecstasy of laughter among the younger set. But many faces of the older men, remembering more clearly Clank Clinkscales' younger days, grew decidedly more serious. The suave chairman, Mr. Pritchard in fact, spoke carefully and seriously on the subject.

"I yield to none," he said, now rising and bowing slightly to Mr. Clinkscales, who had sat down, "in my respect for my old friend, Mr. Clarence J. Clinkscales. He is, as we all know, the grand old man, the nestor of the cardamom-seed trade. He has the full-hearted admiration of all members of this association—for his long-established leadership in our trade, for that enterprise, that iron courage, that initiative, that pioneering pertinacity which has marked in special measure the growth of this great American industry.

"But," he continued, again bowing to the subject of his remarks, "in this particular instance I cannot follow him. I feel that the proposition he advances from a business standpoint is scarcely normal, while from the standpoint of our National Government I could scarcely feel that it would be—as I understand he believes—an evidence of genuine patriotism for us as an association to withhold the taxes—the food of our National Government, so to say, upon which its activities must all be supported. And so ——"

"Question!" cried one of the younger members. "Question!" The resolution of protest was then passed—no one having even seconded the motion of Mr. Clinkscales.

Following this action, Mr. Clinkscales struggled to his feet.

"All right!" said Mr. Clinkscales. "Have it your own way! Have it your own way!" he repeated. "Hell's boiling!" he said suddenly. "If you don't want to come in with me, you don't have to! If you don't want to come along, I'll go alone! And I'll show you something new—and interesting! I'll show you something you never heard about! I'll show you some ruthless patriotism!

"You've heard about ruthless cutthroat competition—in the old days—when chewing tobacco was more stylish than perfumed cigarettes," he said, gazing more and more earnestly at the younger diners; "before we all put on silk socks and hitched up here in this men's sewing circle. Now I'm going to show you something like it—but a little different. I'll show you some old-fashioned competition in a righteous cause. I've done a little on my own hook in the old days," said Clank Clinkscales with dark memories in his voice. "And now, if it's necessary to strangle a few competitors for God and country—you watch me! I'm not like the man who can't do it—if it's absolutely necessary! And to do this right I'll now resign from this association."

"But, Mr. Clinkscales!" cried several of the older members simultaneously. But the speaker was going on.

"But—nothing!" said the excited man. His whole body from his duodenum up seemed to be now in flames. "I'll show you! I'll take a pleasure in doing it—for my own enjoyment! I'd kind of like it. I ain't had any real business excitement, anyhow, for twenty years—since these damned peace conferences began—with all the little pink-toed sons-in-law running them. But now you watch me!"

"But you don't understand, Mr. Clinkscales!" cried several of the members, speaking at once.

"I understand all I need to. I understand that I'm done with this association," said Mr. Clinkscales firmly. "And about the first of next week," he said prophetically, "you'll understand it too!

"And now," he concluded, moving suddenly and upsetting an unusually full glass of water on his trousers doing so, "I wish you good night!"

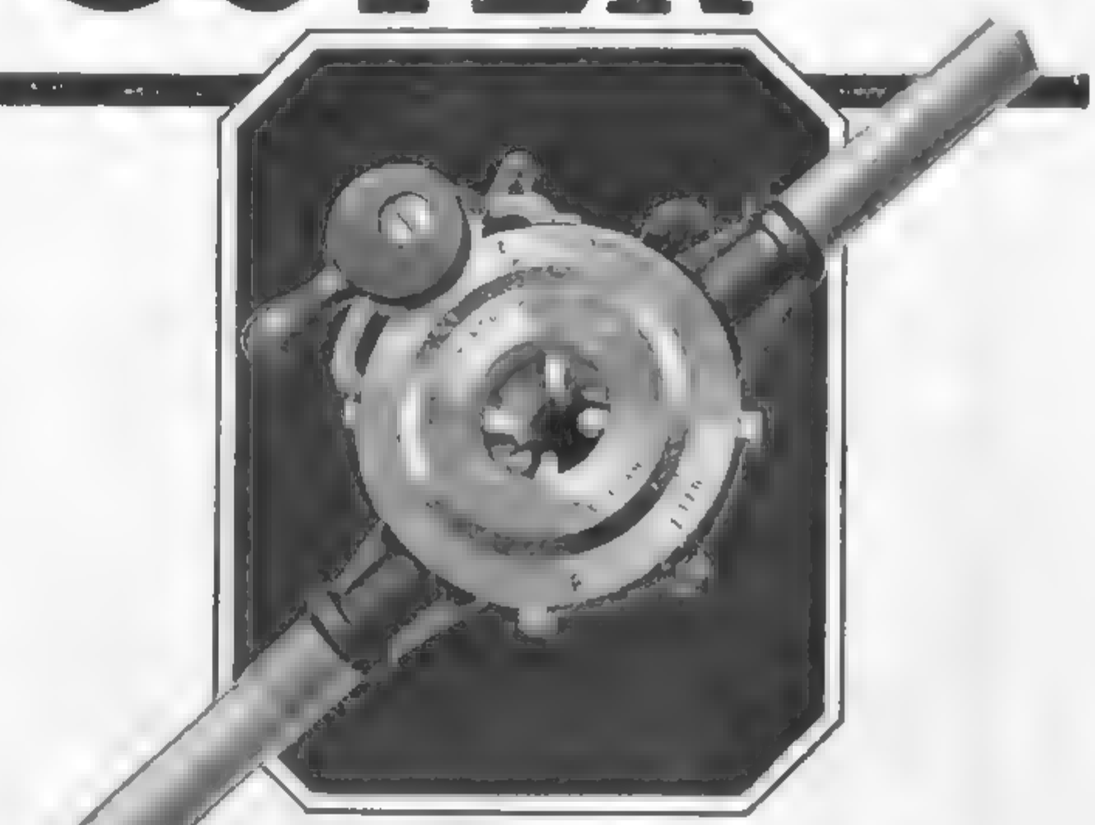
He then turned and tramped heavily out through the door, an anxious waiter following him, sopping the ice water from his dinner clothing. A deep hush now fell upon the gathering at the annual peace festival of the cardamom-seed trade.

"SOUTHERN quality expressed in candies"—a phrase singularly suggestive of NUNNALLY'S. The tastefulness of its boxing, its delicately delicious flavors, set it apart even among quality candies.

For sale by the better drug and candy stores.

Nunnally's
THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

For easier pipe threading
OSTER Bulldog Die Stocks



SIMPLIFIED pipe-threading—clean-cut, tight-fitting threads at less cost in time, bother and muscle-strain—that is what the *Five Big Bulldog Features* mean to *OSTER* users. Ask your supply-house to demonstrate the 5 points.

THE OSTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.
Hand and Power Pipe-Threading Specialists for more than a Quarter Century

"You see?" said Mr. Barker sadly, leaning over to the suave and experienced president of the association. "Just what I was afraid of. He's out! He's loose again!"

"All we can do now," said the chairman regretfully, "is to choose a committee to go and visit him."

"You know what it is, don't you?" continued Mr. Barker to the president. "It's this trouble with his digestion he's had this past few years. It drives him about crazy. He don't know what he's doing half the time."

But the president did not answer. He was rising to propose his committee.

At nine o'clock the next morning old Clank Clinkscales was in his office—located in the old-time Swamp wholesale section of lower Manhattan. His voice was curt and his manner businesslike.

"You got them ready?" he inquired of Mr. Grout, who appeared in response to his push button. "My figures?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Grout. His lower lip was not so prominent now. He looked and talked like an old employee whose spirit had been crushed by overwork.

"Give 'em here. I'll look 'em over. That's all!" said Mr. Clinkscales briefly, Mr. Grout then disappearing.

"Well, what is it?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales when he returned a moment later. "No, I don't want to see them!"

"They say they are the committee from the association," returned Mr. Grout, standing steady in spite of weariness.

"All right, show them in!" said his employer with an apparent change of purpose. "I'll see them if they want me to so much."

The committee of two from the Cardamom Seed Millers and Refiners Association then came in.

"Ha! Ha!" cried Mr. Charles Barker, who had been appointed because of his well-known personal relations with Mr. Clinkscales. "Ha! Ha!" he cried at once with a somewhat metallic laugh. "That was a good one you pulled on us last night, Clank—that high-cost-of-taxes stuff! Ha! Ha!"

His laughter was not infectious.

"What ails you?" inquired Clank Clinkscales, regarding him with the steady gaze of a skilled physician at a very sick man. "What are you ha-haing about? You sound like a lovesick jackass full of dandelion greens."

"What do you mean, Clank? What are you after, anyhow?" asked Mr. Barker, ceasing laughing.

"Mean!" exclaimed Mr. Clinkscales. "Haven't I told you enough times yet? I'm cutting out the high cost of taxes—from—the—cardamom—seed—trade," he said distinctly.

"Just what," inquired the other member of the committee, Mr. Pritchard, the skillful president of the Cardamom Seed Millers, "does that mean? What are you preparing to do?"

"That's my business!" answered Mr. Clinkscales definitely. "I gave you your chance to get aboard, didn't I, last night? All right! And you didn't want to! All right! That's your business! But after that what business have you got here?"

"You speak of cutting out the high cost of taxes," returned the president of the association, apparently not hearing his remarks. "I take it by that you mean to cut that out of the price of your goods to the jobber."

"You must be a mind reader," said old Clank Clinkscales unemotionally.

"How much, if I may ask, would that amount to? Or shouldn't I ask that?" inquired the other with no diminution of politeness.

"Certainly, ask ahead," said Mr. Clinkscales openly. "Why not? It will be public property in a day or two. I'm cutting all grades fifteen per cent flat day after to-morrow."

"Fifteen per cent!" exclaimed Mr. Pritchard; and Mr. Barker started nervously from his chair.

"What are you—crazy?" cried Mr. Barker loudly. "You're delirious, Clank! It can't be done!"

"Let me tell you something," said Clank Clinkscales, talking just as loudly. "I go and make you a reasonable, easy proposition—your association—to cut out just the excess-profits taxes over your eight per cent, and you insult me! All right—that's your privilege. It's my privilege to get out of the association and I've done so. Now then, what I'm going to do now is my business—not yours. But I'll tell you this much—as long as you're so anxious to know it. I gave you a chance to cut down your damned taxes—partially. Just the excess-profits tax. Now I'm going to cut them down and I'm going to do a good job. I'm going to cut them to the quick—for God and country!" he said as an afterthought.

"It will ruin you!" said Mr. Pritchard with decision.

"You watch me!" returned the older man.

"And the whole trade, too!" said Mr. Barker with even more feeling in his voice. "You can't do it, Clank—that's all!"

"Don't worry about me! I know what I'm talking about," responded Mr. Clinkscales. "I've got the figures right here."

"It will spell ruin, that's all," remarked the president, "for the cardamom-seed trade."

"All right," said Mr. Clinkscales briefly, "say it does. Now is that all you wanted to know?"

Mr. Barker groaned.

"For God's sake," he said, "Clank, don't do it! You can't!"

"You watch me—you may learn something."

"You wouldn't come back into the association, Clank?" asked Mr. Barker in a wavering voice.

"Not for a million dollars!" said Clank Clinkscales with enthusiasm.

"But," said Mr. Pritchard, starting out again after a time—"aside from that, is it fair—is it right?"

"Is what right?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales.

"Would you care to take away the revenue of our Government if you could do so? Would it be a practical, businesslike thing to do? Be fair now! Could this country get along without taxes?"

"You've got to think of these things, Clank," said Mr. Barker, again entering the conversation. "You can't let your personal feelings run away with you!"

But Mr. Clinkscales did not reply.

"You're right there!" responded the president with quick approval. "We've all got to do what we can these days. I'm no moralist, but as a practical business man we know there's a duty on all of us—to support our Government."

But still Mr. Clinkscales made no reply.

"There is such a thing as patriotism," said Mr. Barker heartily.

"Yes, there is," said Mr. Pritchard sincerely, "without nonsense."

"There is," repeated Mr. Barker again, in the slight ensuing pause.

"I won't undertake to advise you. But I will say this," said Mr. Pritchard. "You don't want to undertake anything lightly that will tend to cripple the country these days."

"Hell's boiling!" said Mr. Clinkscales, speaking at last and jumping clear of his chair. "There it goes again!"

For a time no one spoke.

"There's another bunch," said Clank Clinkscales at last, apparently talking to himself, "that I'm after!"

"Who? In what way?" inquired the president nervously.

"Patrioteers!" exclaimed Mr. Clinkscales, speaking now with considerable emotion. "These dod-gasted patrioteers! These resolution makers! These sweet-singing compounders of taxes! I believe myself they're worse than the others—the patriotic chipmunks.

"Hell's boiling!" he continued in the others' silence. "I wake up in the night and hear them warble in my dreams. Ain't they noble? Ain't they pure? One hundred and twenty-one per cent pure! All purer than a stone angel in a country graveyard. Don't give me any more of that stuff," he broke off, "that prepaid patriotism! It costs too much! I can't afford it!"

"Costs too much!" exclaimed Mr. Pritchard in unaffected surprise.

"They're worse a thousand times than the politicians, if you ask me—more expensive," Mr. Clinkscales went on explaining, "than the taxes. They come first, before the taxes are taken out, don't they? You know how it is," said the speaker, now talking freely, "in our own line. I don't have to tell you. The first over the top are the excess-profit taxes always—sweetly singing. But before that years before any taxes come out—all hands have baled out every dollar they know how in their holdbacks and their refunds for unreasonable war work and their withdrawals for desperate depreciation and their special replacement fund for their wives' diamond earrings.

"What is it," inquired Clank Clinkscales heatedly "all this stuff? It's just compound taxes, that's all—put on top of the others. Taken out of the population in the retail prices. That'll all come out—that'll come out," said the speaker, now smiting with his fist upon the figures prepared for him by his experts, "of the cardamom-seed trade. I've figured all that in my fifteen per cent. We'll squeeze that all out now with the other high cost of taxes, and I'll hear and see and smell no more of that!" cried Mr. Clinkscales, ending with great abruptness.

"No," resumed the speaker, when no one else spoke, "I'm not going into this lightly. No, I've got it all thought out to the last detail."

"Just what," inquired Mr. Barker finally in the succeeding silence, "are you going to do first?"

"The first move," stated Mr. Clinkscales with the apparent relish of an artist for his own work, "will be my Don't Buy Now Campaign."

"Your Don't Buy Now Campaign!" repeated Mr. Pritchard with genuine interest in his voice.

"Hell!" said Mr. Clinkscales harshly. "You don't pretend you don't get that?"

"You refer——" suggested the president.

"I refer," said Mr. Clinkscales very distinctly, "to the Don't Buy Now Campaign—which is just the opposite of the Buy Now Campaign!" And suddenly, as abruptly as he had started, he now stopped speaking and swung about in his chair.

"That's all," he asserted, "for now! Good-by! Shut the door after you!"

And he was hard at work, apparently on his new campaign, as the committee filed out.

"Gone!" said Mr. Barker to his companion when they reached the street—and he tapped his forehead lightly. "All gone! Crazier than a female socialist!"

"You don't mean that, do you, literally?" inquired Mr. Pritchard solicitously.

"You know what I told you last night," returned Mr. Barker, "about his digestion—that duodenum of his, or whatever you call it; how every so often it gets started on him and drives him frantic. I've always said that some day it would drive him crazy," said Mr. Barker darkly. "He ain't really responsible for what he does in these fits."

"He can do a lot of harm if he starts to," said the president, "outside of the organization."

"He's started all right," said Mr. Barker briefly.

They walked in silence.

"Ain't it the devil," said Mr. Barker sadly then, "to have a whole industry ruined by a damned disease?"

They passed on together in apprehensive silence to their respective business offices, each wondering—anxious naturally concerning the details of this Don't Buy Now Campaign which Mr. Clinkscales was already, at that very moment, pressing forward to begin.

At eleven o'clock on that morning Mr. Henry J. Dingley, the editor of the Cardamom Seed Reporter, the leading journal of that trade, sat in his third-floor office on the edge of the Swamp mercantile district, preparing his weekly summary of market conditions. He was a lean man in loose-hanging clothing, somewhat swollen at the knees. Before becoming proprietor of the Reporter he had been a practical printer, and did much of the work of his office now.

"There has been a firm tendency in all grades through the week," Mr. Dingley wrote rather languidly. "Top-grade seeds, Miller's Favorite Number One ruled very strong. Middling Shorts found ready takers—government sales only slightly interfering; while the visible supply of lower grades down to Number Six Shunts is in constantly decreasing volume. The outlook to-day is undoubtedly for higher——"

Having written this, Mr. Dingley hastily removed his feet from his desk, dropping his lead pencil as he did so.

"Oh, good afternoon, Mr. Clinkscales!" exclaimed the editor of the Cardamom Seed Reporter warmly.

"I got here," stated the man addressed with characteristic directness, "an ad I want you to run in your paper."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Dingley in prompt deference. And Mr. Clinkscales seated himself heavily.

"What's this?" exclaimed the editor after a moment's pause, his voice shaken with genuine emotion.

"A full page, beginning this week," stated Mr. Clinkscales, blowing his nose loudly.

"But what is it?" reiterated Mr. Dingley a little shrilly.

"Till ordered out," the advertiser replied.

"But first—if you please, Mr. Clinkscales," pleaded the other, "if you don't mind! Won't you explain just what it means?"

"Can you read?" inquired the customer, growing somewhat redder. "Or can't you? Read it then," he continued.

"'Don't Buy Now!'" read Mr. Dingley.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Clinkscales. "That's the first line across the top of the page."

"'Why? Because,'" read the editor, finally going on.

"That's the second line—like you got it there," said its author.

"'On April first all cardamom-seed products will be down forty per cent to the consumer,'" continued the reader.

"'Signed, Clarence J. Clinkscales,'" concluded that gentleman himself. "The way it is there. Separate—at the bottom of the page."

And he leaned over, pointing it out with something of the pride of authorship in his face.

"But—but—" inquired the editor and publisher with obvious nervousness, "won't this—just what is your idea, Mr. Clinkscales?" he asked impulsively.

"Ain't it clear enough?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales with some irritation—detaching his eyes from the advertising copy, which he had taken back and was examining with care. "Don't it explain itself?"

"Well, yes," replied Mr. Dingley. "In a general way—yes! But in detail, I meant."

"I'm starting out with something new," stated Mr. Clinkscales, finally deciding with some reluctance to explain. "You may have heard of it. I'm out to cut down the high price of taxes in this trade—in this country."

"I heard something," admitted the editor, "yes."

"Well, this is a part of it—where you come in," said his informant with a heavy accent on the "you."

"I see," said the editor, slightly flinching at this statement.

"Yep," the other proceeded with more warmth now, expounding his plan. "This is the first step in the campaign—the Don't Buy Now movement in the cardamom-seed trade."

"Don't Buy Now movement!" the editor echoed faintly.

"Yep," said its promoter firmly. "You know all about the Buy Now boys—how they soaked them all last summer—coal and food and shoes and clothing. Scare them, scare them, scare them—advertising, sending round word by the salesmen, whispering it all round, how they'd be starving or freezing to death in the winter. Get them all rushing in at once—falling over themselves! Then jam on the prices—let them have it!"

"I heard they did that," said the editor cautiously, "in some industries."

"Yes," said Mr. Clinkscales in a harsher voice, "and right here in the cardamom-seed trade—and you know it. And I helped them and you helped them—you newspapers—taking their ads, holding down on your news stuff. Hollering against the high cost of living and letting them say what they wanted to—not sending out your own men to look it up for yourselves."

"We don't admit that," said Mr. Dingley.

"Whether you do or not," said Mr. Clinkscales somewhat sarcastically, "I guess probably you know what I mean. They took millions, hundreds of millions, billions out of this country by it—didn't they?" he asserted lavishly. "And millions and billions went out of it, didn't it, into this dod-gasted high cost of taxes—for waste down there in Washington? All right, then," he said, concluding, "this thing of mine is just the opposite. This is the Don't Buy Now Campaign I'm bringing out. Don't Buy Now Till April First."

"But won't this tend ——" said Mr. Dingley, and stopped. Though naturally a dark, sallow man, he had grown almost as ruddy as Mr. Clinkscales during the last few minutes.

"Tend?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales after waiting for him.

"Won't this freeze the whole cardamom-seed trade—entirely—till April first?" inquired Mr. Dingley finally.

(Continued on Page 81)

Think what BlueBird means to baby.

With BlueBird you can keep baby always in clean, fresh, white things—you change them as often as you wish—for BlueBird does the *work* of washing, and washes so *gently* as not to harm even the daintiest garments.

All clothes washed by BlueBird wear five times as long as when washed on a rub-board. Aside from the big saving in work and in *money* that BlueBird means, think of the sheer *luxury* of being able to *revel* in unlimited cleanliness.

BlueBird will do a big family washing in about an hour—clothes are "on the line by nine." The motor-driven wringer takes the heaviest things as well as the finest laces, without the slightest effort or harm. Cost to operate is only a few cents weekly.

A small payment puts BlueBird into your home. Let the BlueBird dealer in your town demonstrate BlueBird in your home free. See him today. Write us for The BlueBird Book.

See these BlueBird superiorities:

Handsome white enamel cabinet, tableton and permanently protected

Heavy copper extra large tub, can't discolor clothes. Inside perfectly smooth, nothing to tear or wear things.

Washes by perfect rock-a-bye action; quickest, most thorough way.

Built for a life-time of service; extra strong, rigid frame; simple, dependable mechanism

Large power-driven wringer, swings to any position; adjusts automatically for light or heavy things.

Highest grade guaranteed motor—powerful, dependable

BlueBird Appliance Co., St. Louis, U.S.A.

How F-W-D Trucks Save Miles of Expense

HERE is a condition very common to trucking. An alley crowded with trucks—or a loading space. Ordinary trucks—bulky, out of all proportion to loads—cannot go through. They must wait for a wide path or back out—losing time—wasting fuel—traveling, in the aggregate, many more miles.

F-W-D Trucks *with the same or greater load capacity*—find a path where ordinary trucks cannot. This is because F-W-D construction saves 44 square feet of ground space—and because F-W-D Trucks turn in the shortest radius, 25 feet 3 inches.

F-W-D Trucks save 21% on tire equipment. They save wear on trucks and tires because load and power are equalized on all four wheels—not concentrated on the rear axle. They do more work on the same fuel. Over 19,000 F-W-D Trucks prove these economies. Write for facts.

THE FOUR WHEEL DRIVE AUTO COMPANY

Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ont. Clintonville, Wisconsin

F-W-D TRUCKS

The boys from the Front will tell you

(Continued from Page 78)

"I hope so," said the advertiser.

"Hope so!"

"And I think so," said Mr. Clinkscales definitely. "That's what I intended to do."

"Then how can I use that," asked Mr. Dingley, indicating the advertising with a somewhat shaky forefinger, "in a trade journal?"

"Hell's boiling!" said Clank Clinkscales, reddening violently at the man's obstinacy. "You mean to say you refuse my advertising?"

"I I can't," said Mr. Dingley hesitantly. "I can't take—I can't antagonize the whole trade."

"Why can't you?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales, glaring dangerously at him. "You printed the other stuff, didn't you? Then why can't you print mine? Ain't I always been a good friend and customer of yours?"

"Yes, certainly you have—always," said Mr. Dingley, now very pale.

"Hell's boiling!" replied Mr. Clinkscales, the injustice of it growing on him the more he looked at it—making him almost sick. "You'll print it, I guess, if I say so! I guess probably you will—as long as I've got two notes of yours two months overdue in my desk at this minute."

"How can I?" asked Mr. Dingley. "How can I? Run up against all the trade together?"

"You'll have to find that out. That's your business," said Mr. Clinkscales, "not mine." He was tired, naturally, of being opposed in this thing by everybody he had been associated with. "My business now is to cut down the high cost of taxes out of the cardamom-seed trade for the country—for the trade itself. Cut out this high cost of living where it lies. Now let me tell you something!" said Mr. Clinkscales, his resentment growing every minute on him. "Let me tell you something!" he cried, throwing down his advertisement upon the desk. "I'm out on a big job," he said very plainly, "and it's going through! I'm going to put this through," said old Clank Clinkscales still louder, "if I walk through blood to my armpits—like a Bolshevist peace conference! And now—you," he said, getting up. "You! Let me tell you this!" he said, pointing. "You'll print that—in your paper—or I'll squash you like—like a newborn potato bug under a trip hammer. You can take it or leave it!"

Saying this, he got up, leaving the editor of the Cardamom Seed Reporter sitting by his desk, and the newly offered advertising—his face a shiny white.

When he was gone several minutes Mr. Dingley roused himself and called on the telephone, asking for the number of Mr. Cornelius Pontifex, a close personal friend and backer of his enterprise, who was also president of the Cardamom Jobbers' Association.

"I'll be right over," he said when he found that he was in. "He is out of his mind!" he cried. "He's jumping crazy! He'll bust everybody in the trade if we don't head him off somehow!"

Mr. Clinkscales, passing out and down the street, found himself soon in his own office. Without resting, he leaned forward and touched a button.

"Is Hausinger there?" he inquired of Mr. Grout.

"Right here, chief!" cried Mr. Hausinger promptly from outside the half-open door—and the head of the sales department came in.

"Shut the door," said Clank Clinkscales.

"Yes, chief," replied Mr. Hausinger, doing so very promptly indeed. He was a large man of obliging disposition who was always in hearty agreement with his employer.

"I got here a copy of an ad they are going to run for me day after to-morrow in the Cardamom Seed Reporter," said Mr. Clinkscales—"if they know what's good for them."

"Yes, chief," said his sales manager, taking it out of his hand. "Oh, yes—yes, I see!" he said. But he started a little as he read it.

"Got that read?" inquired his chief.

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! But I don't know as I understand it altogether," stated the head of the sales department tentatively.

"It's plain enough, ain't it?" asked Mr. Clinkscales—"what it says? Not to buy cardamom-seed products in any way, shape or manner till April first?"

"Yes, sir; I see that."

"What's the matter with it then? Ain't it all right?" inquired the head of the house.

"It is, if you say so, chief," said his assistant loyally, and waited for his employer to go on.

"Now then," said the latter, doing so, "what'll we do now?"

"That's what I'm waiting to see, chief," said Mr. Hausinger genially.

"I'll show you," said Mr. Clinkscales, drawing a few of Mr. Grout's financial papers from his inside coat pocket and placing them on the table. "You know the general idea. I spoke to you about it once already. We are going to cut the high cost of taxes out of the cardamom-seed trade."

"Yes, sir."

"Now how much is it?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales, taking up one of his papers. "Forty per cent—just about—the way we figure it," he answered himself in the absence of reply from his employee, "for everything. For we are going to get it all out, you understand," he exclaimed, "every dollar of it now—excess profits, income, any kind of a tax these fellows have to pay; and then—on top of that, you understand—all the compound taxes they make themselves; all these private taxes on taxes—and all the pickings and hidings and bookkeepers' holdbacks we wouldn't have except for these dod-gasted taxes. We are going to clean up the trade, back to the time when we didn't have these damned larcenous Federal taxes. You understand?"

"Yes, sir—yes, chief," said Mr. Hausinger, hitching, however, a little uncertainly in his chair.

"So I put this ad first in here—and the other papers. You see what that does?"

"It seems as if ——" Mr. Hausinger ventured hesitantly.

"It ties them up—that's what it does," said his employer. "The public won't buy—till April first anyway."

"Yes, sir," assented Mr. Hausinger promptly. "I see that."

"I did that because I figured that the stocks in retailers' hands would be about cleared up by that time. Is that right?"

"I should say just about right, chief," answered the other.

"Now then," said old Clank Clinkscales, "I have tied them up. What's our next move? It's this, ain't it? We'll chip in our share of the taxes ourselves. That, I figure it, is about fifteen per cent on our gross."

"How can that be, chief—that's the point," said Mr. Hausinger, "when our net is so small?"

"Easy! Easy!" said his chief confidently. "With the taxes and the compound taxes together—all the hidings and special funds and little bookkeepers' mercies, which Grout and those fellows like him hold up. We'll get fifteen per cent there easy. And we chip it in—for our good—for the trade, for the country. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir; yes, chief," returned Mr. Hausinger promptly. "But ——"

"But what?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales.

"But how about the rest—the other twenty-five per cent?"

"The jobbers and the retailers have got to ante that. That's their share, the way we figure it. They've all got to chip in like we do on the high cost of their taxes."

"But won't they kick, chief?"

"You bet they'll kick!" said Mr. Clinkscales heartily. "But what good will it do them? They'll all have to ante up their share just the same," said Clank Clinkscales confidently. "Because why? Because I say so! I've got it all worked out to a T. Grout's been on it now for three days. They'll pay—all hands—before they're through. I've got an old-time water-tight conspiracy here that'll work—a good working conspiracy in restraint of taxes."

"I see," said Mr. Hausinger—in the voice of one who still wonders.

"You see now, don't you?" asked Mr. Clinkscales—"as far as the millers and refiners are concerned? That they won't sell much till they come down to meet me at fifteen per cent off?"

"I see that, yes," responded Mr. Hausinger.

"That settles the miller, don't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, take the jobber. He won't sell much now till the retailer gets his shelves cleared out, will he? Not if our advertising is successful—about the drop on April first."

"No, chief."

"So he'll have practically all his present stock on hand April first, then, won't he—bought at the higher prices?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then, you see?" asked Clank Clinkscales triumphantly.

"In a way—yes, I do. In a way," said Mr. Hausinger hastily. "In a way—yes." For he could see his employer was going on.

"I'll bust them, every one of them!" said Mr. Clinkscales. "Every man jack—if they don't come across with their share. I'll bust every one!

"For I've got an ambition," said Mr. Clinkscales to his employee confidentially. He was feeling good that morning, and more talkative than usual. "I've got a mark I'm setting for myself in this thing. I want, if I can, to have the influence of this thing reach outside of just our own trade. I want to make the cardamom-seed trade an example to this country."

"Yes, sir; I see, chief," said Mr. Hausinger heartily.

"And now," said Mr. Clinkscales, returning to the present, "let's get down to business. Let's plan about getting out our notices of our cut to the trade."

And they both sat down to work.

"The old man," said Mr. Hausinger to Mr. Grout, following Mr. Clinkscales' departure from the office after a long and exhausting afternoon—"the old man is gone!" said Mr. Hausinger solemnly, and tapped three times with his forefinger against his forehead. "He's gone! That's all! And he's going to rip up and drag down the whole cardamom-seed trade with him."

"He hasn't been right, in my opinion," said Mr. Grout bitterly, "for years!"

He was all worn out nervously himself. He looked like a man with black rings painted round his eyes.

"Mr. Pontifex," announced Mr. Grout to Mr. Clinkscales at his desk at nine-fifteen the next morning.

"Show him in," said Mr. Clinkscales promptly. His voice was vigorous and businesslike. Seeing him, you would not have believed him an invalid. He was the only man in the establishment who did not appear superficially to be worn out.

"How are you, Cornelius?" he said heartily, rising to meet the president of the Cardamom Seed Jobbers' Association. "What you got on your mind?"

"I've come to inquire," said Mr. Pontifex somewhat formally, "what is this thing that's all over the trade that you're going to do?"

"Sit down," said old Clank Clinkscales, "if you want to—and I'll tell you. I'm out," he explained then, "to cut out the high cost of taxes from the cardamom-seed trade—and the country at large," he added. "I'm helping the Government to cut down on the high cost of living in our trade—as an example. And I'm going to do it. I've got it all doped out. I'm forming a conspiracy in restraint of taxes, starting with my own customers first."

"That is to say," remarked Mr. Pontifex—and waited. He was a brisk, businesslike man. Even his waiting was brisk and businesslike.

"That is to say," stated Clank Clinkscales, "nobody will do business in this trade—if I can prevent it—till he cuts out this dod-gasted high cost of taxes."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Pontifex, "that explains your advertising that I've heard about?"

"Exactly! That's my first step," stated Mr. Clinkscales. "The Don't Buy Now campaign. Because on or before April first I'm going to have the prices of all cardamom-seed products to the consumer down forty per cent."

"Then I understand you to say," proceeded Mr. Pontifex with the voice of a man who wishes to be right first of all, "that you propose to cut out the payment of all Federal taxes from this trade?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you estimate these to be forty per cent?"

"Forty per cent—and more—the taxes and compound taxes both together," replied Mr. Clinkscales.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Pontifex crisply. He was a precise man, in a precise blue-serge suit and a blue bow necktie with white round spots which stuck out with mathematical precision from below his unusually hard-looking collar. "Compound taxes—what does that mean to you?"

"It means," said Mr. Clinkscales, "just what it says. All the trimmings and hidings and special funds we all charge on top of taxes that we'd never get if they weren't there. It means the actual cost of these damned monstrous Federal taxes as we work them out in practice."

"Speak for yourself," said Mr. Pontifex severely.

"I'll speak for myself—and for you too—before I'm through," said Mr. Clinkscales, suddenly growing very red. "What I'm doing is this—if you want to know. I'm chipping in fifteen per cent from my taxes—my share, good and plenty! And the rest of you will ante up the remainder!"

"How?" demanded Mr. Pontifex in a hostile voice. "How'll you make us? You show me!"

"All right, I'll show you," said old Clank Clinkscales obligingly. "Take you jobbers. You won't sell much till April first, will you? Not if I keep on advertising."

"Say we don't," replied the leader of the jobbing trade, "for the sake of argument."

"All right," said old Clank Clinkscales, regarding him steadily. "And you won't sell much right off afterward, not unless you take up my proposition—not in competition with my dealers who do anyhow."

"Well," said the hostile Mr. Pontifex sharply, "what is your proposition?"

"I wasn't going to give it out yet," said the other, "but I guess I might as well—as long as the president of the jobbers is right here in person. Now the whole situation in a nutshell is this: You jobbers have got your shelves full of goods bought at the highest after-wartime prices, ain't you? All right. I advertise prices are coming down forty per cent to the consumer April first. All right. They all wait for it. Now then it's April first—the public is all out, suspicious, sore over what I'm advertising to them about the low prices they ought to have."

"An outrageous shame!" interjected Mr. Pontifex sharply.

"Now what'll they do? They won't buy any more than they can help, will they, except from one class of dealers—the ones that can give them the forty per cent off I promised them?"

"Who's that?" asked Mr. Pontifex sharply.

"My dealers—the ones that are coming in with me in my conspiracy in restraint of taxes."

"A lot they will!" said Mr. Pontifex.

"They will," said Mr. Clinkscales. "And the beauty of that is—for my customers—that they won't have to wait till April first to start either. They can start cutting down the high cost of taxes and selling goods right off next week. They can begin to sell their goods next week for forty per cent off."

"How?" demanded Mr. Pontifex, evidently disturbed at the idea.

"I'll show you how," said Mr. Clinkscales. "Their shelves to-day are full—my jobbers', like everybody else's—with goods that were bought at the high prices. All right. I go to them and say: 'I sold you those goods. Now any time you come in and join me and cut prices—and chip in your share of the high cost of taxes—just that minute I rebate you fifteen per cent on what you paid me for those goods.

"'Provided,' I say to them," continued Mr. Clinkscales, pushing his stubby finger into his desk, "'you chip in twelve and one-half per cent more your share of these dod-gasted taxes and compound taxes that we're after.' And they'll do it, too," stated Mr. Clinkscales confidently, "when they know I'm in this thing to stay. They know me and they know I can tie this trade up indefinitely and go right over their heads if necessary, right down to the retailers.

"And it ain't," said Clank Clinkscales—"I'll tell you this confidentially—it ain't as if I hadn't extended credit to a lot of these fellows either."

At this Mr. Pontifex apparently grew rather red.

"Oh, I've got all the elements of a good, first-class trade conspiracy right here in my hand!" said Mr. Clinkscales almost jovially. "And don't you think otherwise! I'm in this thing—right up to the nub, and don't you forget it!"

Mr. Pontifex sat motionless for the time being.

"But even at that," said Mr. Pontifex finally—after some reflection.

"Even at what?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales.

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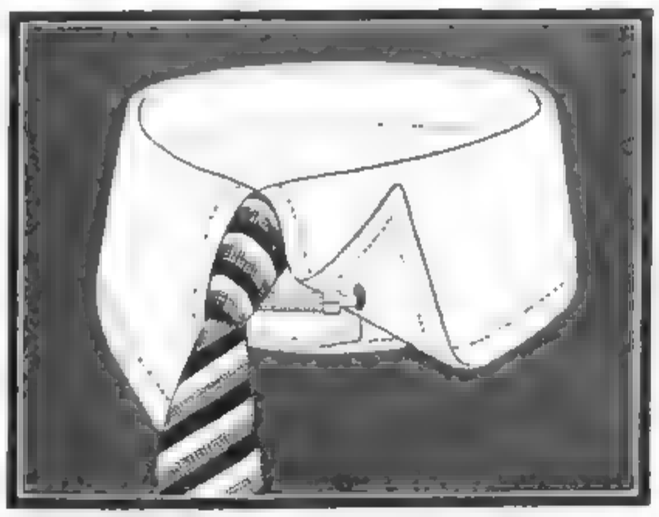

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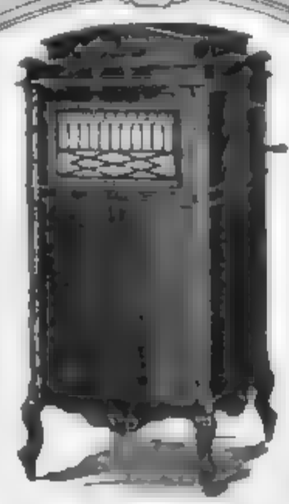

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The reproducing phonograph of excellence

BEAUTY of tone, elegance of design, faithful reproduction, rare skill of mechanical construction—all combine to make the Steger the finest reproducing phonograph it is possible to construct. The wonderful patented tone arm and tone chamber are features of only the Steger. They bring to you the voice of the artist and the music of your favorite instrument with fidelity.

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Founded by John V. Steger, 1879.

Factories, Steger, Illinois, where the "Lincoln" and "Dixie" Highways meet

"Twenty-seven and one-half per cent—your fifteen and our twelve and one-half together—isn't forty."

"It will be when I get through with my retailers," asserted Mr. Clinkscales.

But at this Mr. Pontifex laughed a mirthless laugh.

"You'll have a nice time," he said, "cutting any profits out of them. You talk about your high prices—your profiteering by the manufacturer and the jobber. They've got one trick where the retailer has a hundred."

"They'll come in all right, don't fret," said Mr. Clinkscales confidently—"into our little conspiracy. That will be the second of the conditions we'll have in it. Do you suppose," he argued, "if I go to my jobbers and make them my rebate conditional on their selling to what retailers will chip in themselves—that will cut out their taxes, that other twelve and one-half per cent on the retailer's price—do you think for a minute that we'll have any difficulty in bringing in the retailer? You know better'n I do the credit most of them have to have from the jobber.

"And if that don't do," added Clank Clinkscales—"which it will—we'll make doubly sure with our advertising campaign. We'll put this thing through," said Mr. Clinkscales, "if I have to get out myself and sell cardamom seeds at the right price from the tail of a cart. And it ain't," he said threateningly, "as if I hadn't done it before—and couldn't do it again!"

Mr. Pontifex said nothing whatever. His bright eye gazed unfocused in the general direction of Mr. Clinkscales.

"Now then," the latter said briskly, "is there anything else I can do for you? Because if there isn't I've got to get busy. I've got to get out my second notices to the trade—get my second move going in my conspiracy. And lemme tell you something else," said Clank Clinkscales with some warmth: "It's going and it's going big! Not only in the cardamom-seed trade but all over the country, when they see what we do, there'll be conspiracies springing up in restraint of these damned high costs of taxes—following our example. You'll see!

"You're a customer of mine in some lines," he said. "Whenever you want to—when you've made up your mind about coming in—you call me up. I'll be right here on the job. But now," said Mr. Clinkscales, concluding, "you'll have to excuse me. I'm busy."

His visitor got up stiffly. His brisk clear eye was fixed in a rigid stare. His precise chin, fresh and white from the barber's, stood like stone above his mathematically arranged necktie.

"The fact about you is," he said with great distinctness, "your mind is gone. You are a madman," he asserted, "and we shall deal with you as such."

"I'm doing some of this dealing myself," returned old Clank Clinkscales—not rising as his visitor went out.

Mr. Grout and Mr. Hausinger watched him in silence, shaking their heads as he passed through the main office and out into the corridor.

On April 1, 1920, Mr. Clinkscales sat in his private office giving an audience to his old friend and competitor, Mr. Charles Barker. It had been a hard fight, hammer and tongs, day and night for ten weeks. And yet, superficially, Mr. Clinkscales, seated firmly at a right angle to his desk, his feet planted firmly on the floor, never looked less a mental or physical weakling in his life. Outwardly still, neither his mind nor his duodenum seemed ailing.

"I hope you're satisfied with what you've done, Clank," said Mr. Barker.

"I ain't though," answered Mr. Clinkscales briskly. "Not yet."

"For you certainly done it—whatever it was you wanted," continued Mr. Barker. "You certainly knocked the profits out of the cardamom-seed trade."

"I did what I told 'em I'd do, didn't I?" said Mr. Clinkscales in a warmer voice, with a slight intonation of pride. "I took the dod-gasted high cost of taxes out of the cardamom-seed trade!"

"You did," said Mr. Barker sadly—"and the profits too!"

"The compound taxes, you mean—the charges and hold-ups and taxes on taxes you were all getting," said Mr. Clinkscales somewhat more spiritedly. "I guess you ain't suffering yet—not if you've got a competent cost man like my man Grout to make your cost figures for you. I can always trust him for that. He'll always hold out enough to cover me—as he did here," Mr. Clinkscales added. "You ain't suffered—any of you. I know that."

A short silence followed his declaration.

"Look here, Clank," said Mr. Barker, finally breaking it, "what were you after in this thing anyhow? What started you?"

"I owed it to my country, didn't I?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales in return. "They relied on my patriotism, didn't they, to help cut the high cost of living? So I cut it out where it is—out of the high cost of taxes. I got up a first-class, copper-riveted, water-tight conspiracy in restraint of taxes. And it was a good one, too—a first-class article, if I do say so," stated Mr. Clinkscales. "A novelty," he added—"the first trade conspiracy for God and country I've heard of in the United States."

Mr. Charles Barker contemplated the end of his cigar for a short space.

"On the level, Clank," he inquired again, "what were you after?"

"Was your trade ever in better shape, compared to other business, than it is to-day?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales challengingly.

But his friend and competitor did not answer him directly.

"I always knew you were a nut, Clank," he said, still looking solicitously at the end of his cigar, "but I never did think you were crazy."

"Crazy!" exclaimed old Clank Clinkscales, his voice registering a slight mental stimulus. "Crazy! Who's crazy? Not me! Ain't you seen it yet?" he demanded—"when it's written on everything all over the United States in letters ten feet high—all over the world?"

"Seen what?" inquired Mr. Barker, looking up finally.

"Chipmunks! Wild men! Amateurs!"

"Seen which?" inquired Mr. Barker again.

"In glasses! Hollering with megaphones night and day!" stated Mr. Clinkscales now more lively.

His friend gave as yet no surface indication of understanding.

"They're driving us! They're after us! They've got us—if we don't look out—in spite of anything we can do!" proclaimed Mr. Clinkscales, his color and voice both rising simultaneously.

No light of intelligence yet appearing in his friend's eyes, he proceeded: "Amateurs! The fellows that never did it, but know it all to start with! Rapid-fire experts! Fellows that wrote a book once—or read one! Dod-gasted, four-eyed, cigarette-smoking amateurs! The world's alive with them—busy as ants in a sugar bowl, hurrying round, hollering, waving their front feet!

"Amateurs! Fellows that never knew anything about anything by ever doing it themselves! They're all the rage, ain't they, everywhere?" he inquired. "Harness makers are running Europe, ain't they—on a loose rein? And Russia, where they always have to send three thousand miles for a mechanic every time the family sewing machine breaks down, is out telling us how to organize a world full of machinery—and organize it right—for all eternity! And now here comes a fellow," stated Mr. Clinkscales in a still louder tone, "one of these big writers in England that's introducing a real novelty—an amateur god!

"Oh, they've got us all!" stated Mr. Clinkscales. "They are in the saddle! After this the world's going to be run on a strictly amateur basis like a golf tournament. No one that's ever run anything need apply. When you want an opinion on any business, get it from anybody but the man that's been raised in it and run it all his life. He's nothing but a poor lowbrowed mutt of a professional. Don't mind him. He's got peaked ears and fur on his eyelids," said Mr. Clinkscales bitterly, and paused while Mr. Barker ruminated on his words.

"They're eating up the world, that's all," proceeded Mr. Clinkscales, taking a new hitch on his subject. "Amateurs! Like the plague of locusts on the old Egyptians! They're under foot—crawling, eating, consuming and never producing—and teaching everybody else not to produce, just eat! They must be," said Mr. Clinkscales, reaching an oratorical height in his argument—"the ultimate consumer we used to hear about in the old tariff days—that old Tom Reed used to tell about—that just sat in the sun and consumed. And now they're lighting on America, swarming here!

"We're to blame," he proceeded—"we fellows with money, partly—for introducing this idea here, this amateur idea in this

(Concluded on Page 84)

Coal Saving, Red Hot Radiators

The Valve Should Get the Credit—and Why

EXPERTS tell us that steam heat can be a flexible, heat supplying, noiseless, leakless system calling for no adjustment, doing its work economically—extracting the last unit of heat from every lump of coal burned. But you, perhaps, experience just the opposite—putting up with little or no heat—leaky, "bangy" radiators—burning twelve tons of costly coal in a season while a neighbor uses but seven. There's a big difference between promise and performance.

Good architects and heating contractors learned that steam can only be a perfect heat if the air venting valve is perfect. That is why they demand and get only the best—Hoffmans.

Hoffman Valves remove steam heat waste and discomfort because they positively distinguish between air, water and steam and do it automatically. Now that doesn't mean very much to any of us, but by way of illustration—

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HOFFMAN VALVES

more heat from less coal

Hoffman Valves stay open to vent all the air in a radiator automatically and the instant the steam arrives shut up tight to keep it there. There's no bothersome tinkering with a penknife to try and stop hissing steam. Hoffman Valves are **built** and adjusted at the factory under the severest tests, then **hermetically sealed** so that no one can tamper with that adjustment.

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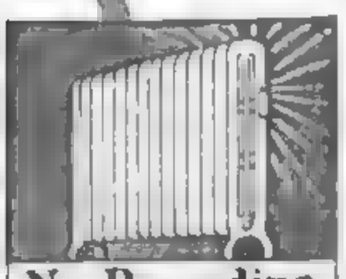
Coal waste is eliminated because you get the heat you pay for—where it belongs—in the radiator.



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Any Good Architect or Heating Contractor Knows All About and Recommends Hoffman Valves. There is A Special One For Every Type of Steam System.

FOR YOUR HOME—This is the No. 1 Hoffman Valve (as illustrated above) for use in single pipe systems—the kind you probably have. Send for one—it costs $1.90 parcel post, prepaid. Try it. Your heating contractor can then Hoffman-equip your entire home.

Send to our New York Office for our booklet "More Heat from Less Coal." It explains in a non-technical way how steam systems should operate, the reasons for their faults and how to cure them.

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An Unqualified Guarantee

The satisfactory operation of Hoffman Valves is guaranteed for five years. If, for any reason, you are dissatisfied new valves will be furnished or your money returned, whichever you prefer—without quibbling.

Chicago
130 N. Wells
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No Half Heat

(Concluded from Page 82)

country, for our share of it. Who was it ran the railroads for us? Lawyers and bankers and bankers' sons-in-law, didn't they? No railroad man, if you could help it. Now who's going to run them? Lawyers and brakemen! But always lawyers—they're trained specially for leadership in our new republic—they're educated specially to make the most noise first. And now they're loose—hollering and talking, the regular lawyers some, but now these new labor lawyers, these labor agitators! They've got the old ones beat a mile. They can holler louder than the old ones—and in thirteen languages.

"Crazy?" shouted Mr. Clinkscales, breathing harder and harder. "Yes, I believe sometimes I am—when I look out round me and see these things hopping up and down, running round and hollering. You wouldn't have believed ten years ago—nor five—that there were such things inhabiting the world, outside of a circus. And the worst of it is, I'm the only one that seems to see them. Nobody else seems to notice anything there but me. And that," stated old Clank Clinkscales, "worries me. That's a bad sign. That's one of the surest signs of insanity there is—when you keep seeing things that nobody else sees. You think after a while maybe they ain't there.

"I said that was the worst," continued Clank Clinkscales, in the absence of comment from Mr. Barker, "but it ain't! There is one thing worse—that makes me worry about myself more. It seemed to me all along lately that everybody in my own business had gone crazy themselves, and that's a bad sign for any man—an awful bad one—when you begin to see that everybody has gone crazy but yourself. I've worried a lot about that.

"But what is this thing that is going on in the United States now?" proceeded the speaker. "Where would all this I'm talking about show first if it was true? Where has it always shown—what's been the special feeding place of amateurs and politicians and government-ownership experts? Taxes, ain't it? Government taxes! Government expenses! That's the place you can watch them always. That's the register. And what were they last year—the government expenses, taxes and deficits together—for the year that started in months after the war ended? Eleven billion dollars! Eleven billion—that's all!"

Mr. Barker, looking, listening, had now let his cigar go out.

"What are taxes anyhow?" the speaker addressing him continued, now turning to economics. "What are government expenses? They're a deficit, ain't they—a deficit from what the Government costs over and above what it earns? Now that's where these new fellows come in. Deficit—that's their long suit. That's where they shine. That's their middle name—Reginald D. Amateur—D. for Deficit! They're the original deficit makers of the world—in everything they touch.

"But that ain't it," stated Mr. Clinkscales, now very red indeed. "That ain't what I'm talking about. That ain't any news to anybody. Everybody's known it and laughed at it up to date. They thought it was their weakness. But it ain't—not by a jugful. Not to-day. It's their strength, the tool they're working with to wreck and smash us all and take over the remains. Taxes! Deficit! General bankruptcy!

"Eleven billions—eleven billion dollars in government expenses—taxes and deficits in this year!" asserted Mr. Clinkscales. "Government expenses—only just one kind, the Federal Government—to say nothing of the billions back in wartimes and the billions coming on next year. You know the way they've been getting them and getting us used to their getting them these past few years? They've been taking over your property and mine in bigger and bigger chunks, ain't they, and calling it taxes? You know what it is, don't you? You know what's coming along next, after it, as a regular system?" asked Mr. Clinkscales in a distinctly warning voice, and paused for a reply.

"No," said Mr. Barker, slightly rousing himself.

"Confiscation!" cried Mr. Clinkscales. "Confiscation—for the deficit makers, for the amateurs and the politicians and the labor lawyers and the fellows that have discovered and are founding the new heaven on earth, where everybody can live along and always get more than they produce. How? By charging off what they don't produce to a government deficit! They've shown a deficit in the railroads and shipyards and wire systems—everything they've touched! And always, every time, every deficit they've made has made them stronger, all over, with the fellows they were paying it out to. And why wouldn't it? Why wouldn't it?" inquired Mr. Clinkscales.

"So now they're popular, naturally. They're on top—with the majority—and they're going to take it all over. So now," said Mr. Clinkscales, "they'll take it all over, and establish a general, permanent, operating deficit for all mankind—everybody producing less than they use up—following the fashion of those well-known mechanical experts who've shown the world how they build up that new industrial paradise in Petrograd. The greatest three-ringed exhibition of peace on earth, good will to man and scientific government by operating deficits since the stars sang together at the beginning of the world and Cain and Abel danced round the first Christmas tree.

"Who'll pay for it?" demanded Mr. Clinkscales now. "Who paid it in Russia? Who'll pay it here? Who always pays a deficit? The fellows, whoever they are, who've got something to pay it with, don't they? Who else? From John D. Rockfellow right down to the scrub woman in a black bonnet who goes into the savings bank with a yellow book every Monday. For they're democratic—these deficit makers for the whole people—you've got to admit that. Nobody's dollar is too humble for them to take.

"Crazy?" exclaimed old Clank Clinkscales, taking a fresh and still more enthusiastic start. "Me crazy? When I see these things whirling, jumping, howling all round me—giving plans and specifications of how to make something out of nothing! Crazy? And yet," he said, reconsidering, "they ain't the craziest by any means. They ain't a marker! They're mild cases for the foolish house, compared to us!

"What do we do," asked Mr. Clinkscales, "while this is going on? What have we been doing right here in the cardamom-seed trade? We've been compounding taxes, ain't we? Adding in all the extras we could think of for ourselves? Running up the general deficit for all mankind by adding to it for ourselves all that the minds of bookkeepers could figure and conceive? Eleven billion dollars taxes! It's twenty-two billion easy, when the fellows like us get through compounding it—getting our rake-off, collecting our special taxes on the taxes! And all the time, all round us, all these dod-gasted high priests of confiscation—standing with their knives shining and their mouths watering and their teeth gleaming and their kettles boiling—all ready to pop us into their pot like the cannibals round the old-time missionaries our grandfathers used to feed the South Sea Islands with!

"And these fellows—you and the rest of them in the cardamom-seed trade," cried Mr. Clinkscales, letting a personal note creep into his argument, 'are the ones that have been out the past three months calling me crazy!

"Let me tell you something, Charlie," said Mr. Clinkscales with a somewhat lessened volume of sound—"let me tell you something. If this don't stop—unless more businesses take up my idea, unless there's more conspiracies in restraint of taxes springing up round this country soon than there are now, they've got you! They've got you! This country is a goner!"

And Mr. Clinkscales now finally stopped.

"Clank," said Mr. Barker, rousing himself from the hypnotism of Mr. Clinkscales' oratory and relighting his cigar, "you certainly are a nut! And yet," he added—and stopped contemplatively.

"The only way," vociferated Mr. Clinkscales, concluding—"the only way to do for any business man who can see beyond the end of his nose is to stop it—right here and now—unless he prefers a few years' big profits to holding onto his business at all! For the only way to beat these fellows is to beat them at their own game—the way I have here. Cut out the thing they feed on—cut out the taxes! Stop them right here on the spot! Get their job before they get ours, that's all! Hit them first! Serve notice to them in Washington that this thing has got to stop—because we won't pay for it! We won't finance our own funeral!

"That's my idea, anyhow. That's what I've done in the cardamom-seed trade," said Mr. Clinkscales somewhat less passionately. "There's one satisfaction, anyhow," he said now in an increasingly cheerful voice. "They ain't any of them living and fattening on the cardamom-seed trade any more—taking our taxes, spending our money and standing over us telling us how to operate—and that's worth something in itself. It's worth a quarter of a million dollars of any man's money," asserted Mr. Clinkscales liberally, "not to have that squirrel-faced expert—that Doctor Moon thing that was here—over me, telling me all about my own business—at my expense. That's one thing—that's one luxury I'm giving myself out of this," he said with a deep note of personal feeling in his voice. "I put him out of his pain in this line. There's one thing we've hurled back to its laboratory. I haven't seen him round here since we started in cutting down our prices, so I guess maybe we got his job anyhow. That's one great satisfaction, anyhow, to me!" he reasserted.

And just then, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Grout entered the private office, carrying a card.

"Hell's boiling!" cried Mr. Clinkscales violently, reading it. "Speak of the devil! Here he is now!" And then he remembered. "This was the day," he said, "I told him I'd show him what we could do—on April first!"

"I guess I'll be moving along," said Charles Barker.

But Mr. Clinkscales sat waiting, looking very red indeed.

"This is the day, as I recall it," said Doctor Moon, removing one glove and sitting down after greetings had been exchanged, "when you anticipated being able to show me results in the price of cardamom-seed products."

And he smiled rather encouragingly under his large round glasses.

"Oh, yes—yes!" said Mr. Clinkscales, raising himself in his chair with an effort. This man, he saw again, had a strange effect on him; just the sight of him in the room—odd as it might seem—appeared somehow to cause him pain in his duodenum. "I guess I did," he stated with a faint indifference. "I guess you'll find when I show you the figures"—and he reached out his thumb heavily toward his push button to summon Mr. Grout.

"Oh, no, no!" said the other, detaining him. "That will not be necessary. I have not time for that now—and I know all about it already."

"Uh!" said Mr. Clinkscales in something between an interjection and a grunt.

"It was beautiful," asserted Doctor Moon in a voice of genuine satisfaction.

"Beautiful?" repeated Clank Clinkscales, somewhat at a loss.

"What we did, as shown in our seasonal weighted-average chart," explained the scientist.

"Uh!" said Mr. Clinkscales again.

"The price curve," explained Doctor Moon, "from the seasonal weighted averages, telling exactly from the known data of production and demand what the normal price must be, if let alone.

"If left alone!" repeated the speaker very definitely. "Never," he said, "could there be a more beautiful demonstration! For from the very beginning—from the moment trade restriction was withdrawn, almost from the time of my visit here, the prices followed almost identically the course of the ideal seasonal weighted averages upon the chart which we had worked out in advance, thus showing with the nicety of mathematics that abnormal trade interference of every kind whatever had been removed."

At this Doctor Moon ceased speaking himself, momentarily fixing his glance on Mr. Clinkscales. But Mr. Clinkscales made no reply. It is doubtful if he could have done so, for his weakness was again on him—his inability to translate himself exactly in speech under intense emotion. And he could feel as well the unfortunate irritation to which he was so subject again reasserting itself in his nerves and breathing and digestion. His duodenum, in fact, had not been in such shape for months—since the last time he had seen this man before. So without expressing himself in speech, he turned uncomfortably in his desk chair, waiting for the other speaker to proceed.

"You may have noticed," he said, doing so, "that I have not been here since my first visit. This was it—the reason," he explained. "For we could follow from our chart exactly what was going on. We had predicted it, in fact. We had shown scientifically in advance what would result from a free uncoerced price movement in the cardamom-seed industry. It was beautiful!" he said again with conviction, looking at Mr. Clinkscales as if to encourage speech from him.

But the latter said nothing beyond a mere mutter which soon died away.

"And so," continued Doctor Moon then, "knowing this with scientific certainty, I had no desire to inflict myself on you. And now, too," he said, starting to put on his glove again, "I must leave almost immediately—now that I am here. I'm only here in fact between trains, passing through to Washington on a very special mission. I'm merely here to-day because I was passing and because I wish to thank you personally for your loyalty, for your patriotism—your loyal policy, which I know you yourself inaugurated in the cardamom-seed trade—the policy of rigid noninterference with the normal, healthy, seasonal course of prices under free and natural trade conditions."

He stopped for a moment with this, for Mr. Clinkscales seemed to give out a curious sound.

"I fear," continued Doctor Moon, now getting up, when Mr. Clinkscales said no more, "that I must be going now, if I am to catch my train to Washington, for I am a very busy man these days. But I wanted to stop just this moment, if no more, to thank you, to felicitate you on what you have done—negatively of course, but none the less effectively—in removing combination and pressure from the cardamom-seed industry. On what, perhaps I may say," he continued, coughing lightly behind his hand, "we have both done.

"For," he said, now moving toward the door, "I think possibly you may be interested in another phase—another outcome of this success here. Largely because of it—because of my success with this minor industry," he stated now, "the Government has drawn upon my time—availed itself of my services in a larger field. You may be interested to know that, largely as a result of our work here, I am starting to-day to act as one of a board of three which will from now on take charge of the general grain and flour industry of the United States; and possibly later—if we should find the time—of that large allied business, the meat industry.

"I am on my way to Washington," he added, "for our first meeting now, so I must certainly not miss my train."

Saying this, glancing at his watch, he passed hurriedly through the door, leaving Mr. Clinkscales standing awkwardly where he had risen.

Sinking back after the closing of his door, Mr. Clinkscales remained some time in scarlet silence in his swivel chair, staring earnestly at the door through which the government representative had disappeared—apparently endeavoring to regain the power of speech.

"They got us!" exclaimed old Clank Clinkscales finally. "They got us! This country is a goner!"

And reaching out his thumb, he leaned heavily again upon his push button.

"Grout," he said to that subordinate, "find out what time the next train starts for Mt. Manitou."

For he was back again where he was in January. He was in bad shape again. His breathing was strained, his face congested, and it seemed to him as if his duodenum would burst.

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FUNNY FINGERS

(Continued from Page 13)

Julia became businesslike. It would be a measure of satisfaction if she could compel the gratitude of the Cumerfords through application of the talents upon which the haughty daughter of the house had looked down.

"The robbery took place—when?" she asked.

"Last night. We do not know the hour."

"And the police—they already have been called?"

"Yes." Miss Cumerford spoke slowly. "They are here now. Because they are here is the reason I am seeking your aid. The police—don't seem to have many ideas."

"I wouldn't tell them that outright," advised Julia. "They may not be telling ——"

"They're not!" declared Miss Cumerford with asperity. "Nor are the private detectives we have engaged. Will you come, Miss Sinclair, before they destroy any clews there may be?"

Julia glanced at the broad, low-set, oval-faced clock on the mantel of her sitting room.

"I'll be there within the hour—by two o'clock."

As she went up the gravel walk Miss Sinclair noted a man carefully placing three boxes over certain spots on the flower bed at the side of the Cumerford house. She judged correctly that he was protecting footprints. The window from which the burglar had dropped was up about five feet. Mounting the box nearest the wall the detective was scrutinizing the bricks as Julia passed across the front of the house to the door and lost sight of him.

Miss Cumerford received Julia with a trace of abashment. She extended her hand rather shyly and Julia took it firmly, hoping to relieve the evident embarrassment.

"I won't attempt to apologize ——" began Miss Cumerford.

"Don't—please," interrupted Julia. "Tell me what's happened and what you think I can do."

"But ——"

Julia shook her head. "Let's stay on a business basis. Should I perform service I'll put in my bill. Sleuthing is out of my line, of course, but"—she smiled sweetly—"you must remember that I am an Opportunist and everything that comes to my net is fair taking if I can land it."

Miss Cumerford flushed and took the rebuke as merited. She turned.

"Come, Miss Sinclair. My father can present the situation better than I can."

Julia followed her to the alcove room off the library in which Cumerford had his collection of antique glass. Another detective was there with Cumerford. The head of the sleuth outside was showing over the window sill as he continued his inspection of the wall. Julia was curious about what he expected to find, when he looked into the room and gave enlightenment.

"He got in this way, all right. Jumped for it, I guess, and hauled himself up. There's scratches on the wall where his toes took hold."

The second sleuth wheeled from consideration of several vases which apparently had been laid aside for some reason. His round, plump face lighted.

"The job was done after dark!" he pronounced wisely. "Nobody's gonna take a chance like that in daylight."

His partner nodded. John T. Cumerford gazed from one to the other appraisingly. "What does it matter at what hour the burglary took place?" he asked wearily. "I'm not interested in that. I'm interested in getting back the articles that were stolen."

"Sure you are," granted the sleuth at the window. Ambiguously he answered Cumerford's question: "You never can tell—it might make a lotta difference."

With a shrug Miss Cumerford whispered to Julia.

"Our private detectives! That conversation is a fair indication of what they have done so far." She presented Julia. "My father and"—ironically—"two of our private investigators—Miss Sinclair."

Out of respect for the feelings of the sleuths she paused to choose her words, then explained equivocally: "Miss Sinclair happened to run out to see me. The robbery interested her, so I brought her in."

The fat-faced detective with deliberation produced half a cigar and bit another inch off it. His fishy eyes sized Julia up.

"This the Miss Sinclair that mixes in jobs like this?" he queried pertly.

"The same," smiled Julia.

The other detective scowled over the window sill. "Never knew an amateur to butt in what didn't muss the cards," he declared at large. The fat head of his partner wagged in agreement.

Julia surveyed them. They bore the stamp of the six-dollar-a-day operative. Their antagonism was plain. She need look for no coöperation. Therefore she squelched them.

"Miss Cumerford was trying to be kind—to you," she said softly. "I did not happen to drop in, as she said. I came here expressly to mix in, as you so happily phrased it. I'm mixing from now on."

Cumerford waved down the detective who was about to retort.

"There is room in this investigation for anyone who may be able to lend a hand," he remarked testily. "If Miss Sinclair thinks she can ——"

"All right, all right," grumbled the sleuth, throwing up his hands; "let everybody butt in. But if you want your stuff back tell the amateurs to lay off. This is a regular job and it's gotta be done in a regular way."

"From which," interjected Julia cheerfully, "I gather that you haven't found much to work on. That sets us off about even, doesn't it? You won't mind if I go out and look at the footprints? These may mean something—if you haven't ruined them! I'll see you, Mr. Cumerford, when you are free."

With Miss Cumerford she backed out of the alcove while the two sleuths watched her with what was intended to be scorn. They were not so contemptuous as they made out, however. Police circles had not been blind to the exploits of Julia Sinclair. Though she never had worked against the police but on the contrary had helped them on occasion, the natural jealousy toward anyone who might gain some of the credit for solving a mystery had been created. From the standpoint of the private detective she was an even more unwelcome intruder.

To the two detectives now present she was notably distasteful because she had hit the nail on the head when she declared that they had made no progress. That was true despite the guarded footprints on the lawn and the fact that there were fingerprints on several vases. But the fingerprints were queer and instead of giving promise of a lead that could be followed they seemed only to add another puzzling complication. And the sleuths were fearful that Julia Sinclair in her quick, intuitive way might see the light which, though they put on a mysterious front and posed, they admitted in their hearts they could not see. Moreover, they were peeved because the newspapers would play the story big on account of the nature of the loot and Cumerford's position; and their agency already had been identified publicly as working on the case.

"We might's well quit now, Bill," opined the sleuth on the outside dolefully, resting his chin on the sill. "This dame'll come bustin' in at the wrong time and queer our case."

"Always breaks like that when you get off to a fast start," mendaciously asseverated Bill. He complained again to Cumerford: "Why don't you tell her to lay off?"

Cumerford considered them individually with dissecting eye.

"The thing that outstands to me is that the articles stolen from here are doubtless getting farther and farther away, with consequently lessening chance of recovering them. Get busy or quit—I don't care which. It's none of your business what Miss Sinclair or anyone else does. She is retained by me—so make a foot race of it if you can."

The man dropped from view at the window. Bill of the fat face glared at Cumerford, thought better of it because he liked his six dollars a day, and switched his glare to the several vases that had been set aside. He put on his hat and grabbed up a police department fingerprint index card, on which was a photographic reproduction of the tips of three digits.

"I'll take that." Cumerford reached for the card. "Miss Sinclair may make something of it. If you think you can, get another from the police."

He smiled at the grunt with which the other man departed. Though frankly he was not impressed by his sleuths, John T. Cumerford now could see an even break that he would get back his precious beads. He liked the atmosphere of capability which characterized Julia Sinclair.

Braving the displeasure of the detective who descended from the box beneath the window as she and Miss Cumerford turned the corner of the house Julia removed the coverings and examined the footprints. Not that she knew much about the science of footprints, but it seemed the proper thing to do and in her career as Opportunist she had found the most trivial items, of the intricacies of which she was ignorant, of high advantage. Why, then, if others could read something from these depressions made in the soil by a man in flight shouldn't she possibly see a meaning in them?

While she stood looking quizzically at the imprints, her left brow elevated, the right drawn down in a funny expression, Detective Bill came bustling round and joined his companion with a muttered word. With a sneer for Julia in her apparent perplexity they headed for the gate, but she didn't notice them. She was wrestling with the question of wherein these footprints were different from those which she or any among the thousands you meet in the street would leave.

She sought the opinion of Miss Cumerford.

"What's wrong with these marks?"

"Wrong?" Miss Cumerford laughed. "Nothing, I guess, except that they were made by a person who was wrong. I don't understand. Do you mean there is something peculiar about them?"

"Yes; but I can't decide ——"

Suddenly inspired she stepped onto the thick mold on which De Nutter had alighted and planted her feet firmly. Moving to the walk again she scanned the result with dawning light in her face.

"That's it!" she exclaimed, her eyes jumping from her own to the burglar's footprints.

"What?" Miss Cumerford bent forward. She was disconcerted by Julia's abrupt

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"Absurd!" Said Julia Bluntly. "You Don't Get Commissions Like That Once a Year. This Could Not But Stay in Your Mind"

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(Continued from Page 87)

movement and the satisfaction it had produced. "I don't see ——"

"Yes, you do!" asserted Julia. "He had no heels on his shoes!"

Miss Cumerford was disappointed. She had anticipated the announcement of a startling discovery. Her tone reflected the disappointment.

"Then it seems that we may assume he wore sneakers," she remarked without fire. She shrugged. "Does that help—very much?"

Julia disregarded the query.

"Not sneakers—no! Sneakers," she elucidated, "have a suggestion of a heel. There is none here, and the prints are perfect his full weight was on them. Notice how closely these marks conform to the shape of a foot. A shoe of any sort does not cling like that; nor on the other hand is it so wide under the arch. The burglar at least was distinctive in one respect, which may or may not provide a distinguishing mark in the search for him. He"—she pronounced it with conviction because apart from the evidence here before her she felt that it was so—"he wore sandals."

A laugh from above them halted Miss Cumerford's surprised acquiescence in the probability of the deduction. Her father, leaning from the window, was nodding encouragingly.

"Whether you're right or wrong, Miss Sinclair," he commended, "that's more than these—these hammerheads could arrive at in the hours they fussed over these prints with measuring rules and foot charts. But why"—the wry face he pulled indicated that he was not convinced—"why should a burglar wear sandals?"

Julia did not pretend omniscience. That anyone except a child should have on sandals away from a beach was beyond her imagination—unless one considered certain more or less fanatical sects, which she did not in this instance.

"I have no notion why he should," she returned candidly, "but I'm willing to wager that he did. Perhaps"—both brows swept above their normal line—"perhaps we can find another clew on which to tie that fact. Is there anything else?"

"Only this." Cumerford passed down to her the fingerprint index. "The thief handled half a dozen vases, and this is the result. The same three prints are on each of the vases."

Involuntarily the expression burst from Julia as soon as her gaze lighted on the card: "What funny fingers!"

"What I thought," said Cumerford promptly. "But what is—funny about them?"

"They are odd, aren't they?" Miss Cumerford added her puzzled comment when Julia was silent. "I noticed that at once when I saw the picture, but, as dad says, what is—funny about them?"

Julia Sinclair slanted thoughtfully. Several times she laid a corresponding number of her own fingers over the photographic reproduction of the imprints that had been left on the vases.

Cumerford drew out her thought.

"Trying to fit your fingers to them, Miss Sinclair?" he rallied her. "It might prove—awkward."

She answered him absently with a question: "There was no more than these three prints?"

"No." Shrewdly he considered her. He tested the insight which she already had displayed: "The police—the regular police, I mean—spoke of that too."

Julia settled her third, fourth and little fingers on the prints. Cumerford smiled as he noted that in replying she took the attitude that he had made a statement rather than a remark.

"The only way in which one can lift anything with only three fingers is to take the object between the fingers. This man did not do that; yet he leaves three fingerprints—in a row, as they would be if his entire hand had closed naturally over the vases to pick them up."

Miss Cumerford edged closer. Her father leaned farther out of the window. Julia glanced up, her brown eyes quizzically bewildered.

"Isn't that so?" she demanded.

"Yes," Cumerford led her; "and then——"

"Then"—the Opportunist again was positive—"he did not pick them up!"

"The police were not so liberal in sizing it up," demurred Cumerford. "Why should a burglar, of all persons, lay hands on anything that might take on traces which would convict him?"

Julia voiced the idea that had been shaping while she had contemplated the peculiar circumstance. "It might be his purpose to leave a mark," she suggested.

Cumerford gasped. In spite of the loss which destroyed the completeness of his collection he was almost glad that it had occurred. It was refreshing to see this girl tackle the problem on which the police confessedly were at sea; by which the private detectives were submerged. Here was another angle that was new—the possibility that the prints on the vases had been made intentionally to mislead the pursuit. But he did not allow himself to be carried away by such ingenious reasoning.

"Since they say no two fingerprints are alike," he argued, "why should a criminal deliberately leave his? You don't intend to imply that he had some instrument by which he made false prints, do you?"

Julia looked down at the heelless foot tracks before responding. Between these and the prints on the vases, she was convinced, there was a close connection. That is, even as the burglar had been careless—heedless was a better word—in providing those who would hunt him with an outline of his footgear, so had he cared nothing about whether they sought to follow up the clew of the three digits. The brazenness with which these brands appeared was in itself suspicious. The footmarks might have been unavoidable, due to hurry caused by some alarm, some movement of the two servants who had been in the house; but the dangerously incriminating trio of whorls and loops could not be so readily explained. The latter had been avoidable; as witness the fact that there was no impression of thumb or forefinger. Here was the circumstance that set Julia's brain a-working most—the absence of a thumb print, for she could find no justification for the placing of only the third, fourth and little fingers on several objects in the manner in which the vases had been treated.

"Funny fingers!" she had said spontaneously, and the more she thought of it the more apt became the expression. Though one were to discount the nonappearance of a related thumb print by agreeing that the thumb had been covered—and why should a burglar protect the thumb and not the other fingers?—the general form of the prints was peculiar enough to demand attention. That they were so oddly distinctive, too, made them the more tantalizingly baffling.

Julia tried to visualize the person to whom such fingers should belong. In the first place, they were spatulate and short. Of the little one there was only the tip, but of the others there was a clear impression up to and including the bend at the first joint. By this she was enabled to determine the shortness; and further to see the remarkable characteristic of a digit with a top joint as broad as it was long.

"There didn't happen to be an understudy of Sherlock Holmes among the detectives," she smiled, "who could reconstruct the criminal from a measurement of how high he opened the window or anything like that?"

Her tone was frivolous, but Cumerford and his daughter sensed a serious idea behind it.

"No. Are you going to attempt that, Miss Sinclair?"

"I wish I could," she said ruefully, "but I'm afraid I'd go too far." The prospect was intensely irritating. Never had she seen anyone with hands like that. When they waited, expecting her to continue, she voiced the only conception she could conjure to fit such fingers—that of a dwarf—explaining meanwhile her latest observation of the prints.

"But," she hastened to argue against herself as the eyes of her hearers widened, "that is hardly consistent when you take into consideration the size of the feet. About an eight, I fancy, don't you? And small hands seldom go with big feet unless there is a deformity or the person is a freak."

Despite her tentative rejection of her own idea, however, Cumerford was impressed. His voice reflected growing appreciation.

"Come inside, Miss Sinclair, and let's hear the rest of your—your deductions. At this rate I believe we'll ——"

"The deductions seem to be rather moonshiny yet," interrupted Julia, her ready smile breaking. "I don't think the footmarks really can be counted of any value—they're too shapeless. The fingerprints present all there is to go on—their oddity should narrow down the search, but I'm

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afraid you'll have to depend upon the police and their wide facilities for checking up. There doesn't appear to be much for my lone hand to do."

"Your lone hand, if you choose to call your head that, has moved farther in the half hour you've been here than the police got in hours," declared Miss Cumerford warmly. She felt cheap over having been offish with Julia, and was heartily glad that Julia had paid her back in kind. Moreover, it pleased her that she was not rebuffed when she slipped her arm into Julia's as they walked round to enter the house. She decided that she distinctly liked the Opportunist.

Julia took up the questioning. She quizzed Cumerford on the history and value of the Egyptian beads, the Hedwig glass and the kohl bottle, and caught him up when he dwelt upon the bit of colored glass which recorded that Queen Hatasu was "beloved of the Goddess Hathor."

"But a unique thing like that is worthless to anyone," she objected. "How could it be disposed of?"

Cumerford wagged his head and grimaced.

"You don't know the collector, Miss Sinclair. There are many among us who would be content to keep it hidden away for their individual gaze alone to feast on. Not all collectors exhibit their treaures, any more than everyone who has money is willing to have that fact known. There are misers in art as well as of gold, who gather rare pieces for none but their own eyes to see."

"Then"—Julia said it in passing, without expectation of striking fire—"then there must be men who would go to extremes to possess the pieces stolen from you—even to burglary."

"By Jove!" Cumerford's fingers snapped as he saw her point, and recollection came to him. Not even while he had been presenting to her the parallel of the misers had a thought of this significant lead recurred to him. "I'm thick-headed," he declared disgustedly, "when I have to be led like a baby to remember that not more than six months ago a persistent proposition was made for me to sell some beads, particularly the Queen Hatasu one, at a high figure." He beamed on Julia, then stabbed a finger at his daughter: "That new roadster you want is yours, Bob," he promised, "as a reward for bringing Miss Sinclair out to clear up this mess."

"I'll order that car to-day," she smiled promptly, and was hugging her dad when Julia tried to cast a damper.

"I wish I could be as enthusiastic about the outcome," said the Opportunist dryly; none the less her eyes were brighter. She had come upon what might well turn out to be a real starting point. "Don't the police know this?"

"Never thought of it till you gave me the cue," returned Cumerford cheerfully. It was not important that the police were ignorant of this detail—his faith was all in Julia Sinclair.

Julia pressed the small feathered hat tighter on her head. Her manner was brisk. She wanted to make good for mixed and, for her, unusual reasons—to get even with this really nice girl who had slurred the Opportunist, and to have the added satisfaction of refusing the check Cumerford would tender.

"Tell me who wanted to buy," she commanded, "and we'll get moving—the sooner the quicker!"

"And I'll go downtown with you and get my roadster," asserted Miss Cumerford gayly. She retarded an impulse to squeeze Julia, fearing the Opportunist might frown on such a sudden outburst of affection. "You'll stop with me a minute and if you like the car, why, then ——" Glancing at her father she stopped in embarrassment.

"Why, then, Bob," he completed for her, "you'll make the order for two."

The dealer who had approached Cumerford with the offer to purchase proved a disappointment to Julia. He was classed among the reputable, but he was bland—too bland for Julia's liking. He could not even remember who had retained him to negotiate with Cumerford.

"Absurd!" said Julia bluntly. "You don't get commissions like that once a year—with such prices for Egyptian beads. This was an unusual transaction which could not but stay in your mind."

The intimation that he was lying did not annoy him. He clasped his fingers before him. In the uncertain light of his shop, with its background of things from other ages fantastic and distorted in the shadows, he seemed to have a setting peculiar to his suave oiliness.

"Not like that every day," his smile continued; "no, madame. But—we have many commissions—and, as I said, I do not remember."

Julia finally gave him up. As she left his shop she thought she heard a chuckle, and she did. He had been chuckling more or less steadily, this man, since he had read of the burglary at Cumerford's.

Seeking another avenue over which to begin Julia went from the highest into the deeper places of the antique business, scratching at length through Sixth and Seventh Avenues and down in the teens over by Third Avenue. She did not do it in a day, of course, and the only consolation she could gather was that the police apparently were making no greater progress.

The same reason that had caused De Nutter to refrain from engaging a professional burglar dictated Julia's process. He had been forced to act himself because the job had demanded expert knowledge. She restricted her search toward the location of a man versed in antiques who had funny fingers.

When she had completed the cycle, exhausted the apparent sources of information, a week had passed and she had learned nothing from the indistinct, mostly sallow and sleek persons who constituted the several strata of those who dealt in the treasures of the past. They were a close-mouthed lot, she found, polite and regretful but fearfully clannish—like a Chinaman or an Italian who witnesses murder committed two feet away but has seen nothing when questioned five minutes later.

Irritated by this failure to get anyone to admit knowing such a person as Funny Fingers, she was headed across Central Park when Miss Cumerford hailed her. The new roadster drew up at the side of the driveway and Julia stepped over to it.

"Beauty, isn't it!" enthused Miss Cumerford. "I'll never get through thanking ——"

"You should be indicted with the burglar we can't catch," said Julia; "indicted for obtaining goods under false pretense."

"No, no!" The owner of the new car had splendid confidence. She opened the door invitingly to Julia. "You'll get him after a while—I know it. What is new—anything?"

"Nothing." Julia refused the invitation to ride. "So very little, in fact, that I'm going over to the Metropolitan to hunt inspiration by staring at ancient beads and camping among the mummies who go back to the time the beads were made."

"What a pessimist!" ejaculated Miss Cumerford with a gesture. She leaned to Julia and enunciated with perfect seriousness: "Why, you can't possibly fail to recover dad's beads. I've ordered your car. It'll be here this week!"

Whereat they parted, Julia to go into conference with some kings and queens and other royalty of early Egypt, Miss Cumerford to speed home to inform her father that the Opportunist was making great headway.

But the kings and queens and lesser lights of mummydom and an hour among the baubles they had worn and the vases they had used gave Julia no help. She could see no farther into the riddle of the funny fingers and the man who had worn sandals.

Perhaps it was the sphinxlike silence of the mummies that at length set her again upon her way; they reminded her poignantly of the scores of clamlike antique dealers she had interrogated. Perhaps it was simply that she got mad on account of her firm belief that the dealer to whom Cumerford had sent her knew the man in whom her quest centered. At any rate, there was a sparkle of determination in her eye as she stepped smartly out of the museum and boarded a bus on the Avenue. Leaving that at Forty-eighth Street she walked westward to his place on Seventh Avenue. She purposed using threats of arrest for complicity as a last desperate means of gouging information from him.

How far she would have gone, whether it would have availed anything, remain unanswered. She did not have to go through with her intention. Some of the luck which at times had helped her capitalize Opportunity came to her aid and saved her the trouble.

Inside the doorway of the shop the dealer and De Nutter were standing in close whispered conversation. A week having

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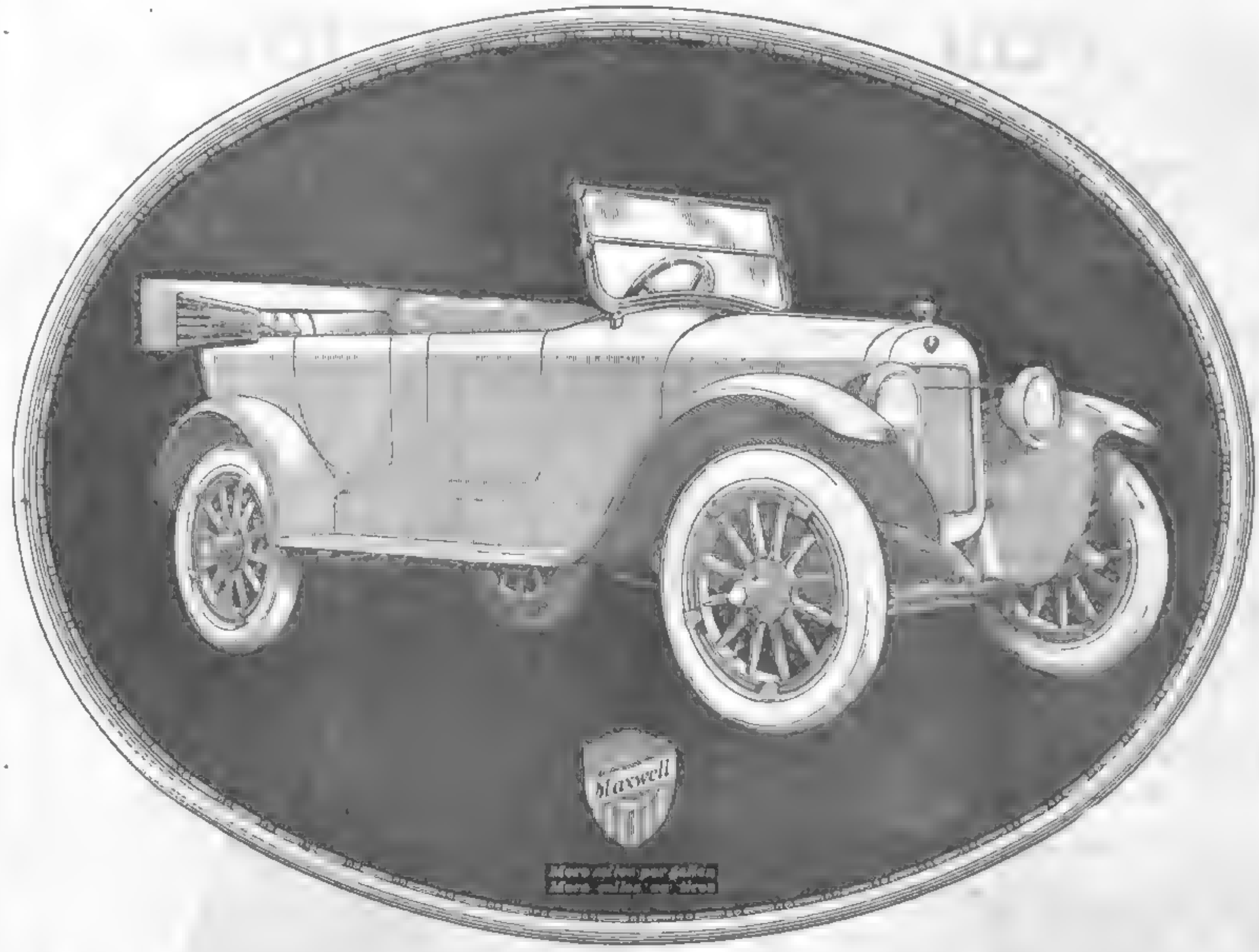

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EIGHT gigantic plants and the use of a vast fortune in working capital are your guarantee in not only a good Maxwell, but a car that saves you $200 or more in the initial cost.

A good car at a good value creates its own market, and how rapidly the market for the Maxwell has multiplied is shown by this fact: One Maxwell car is being turned out every 1½ minutes of the working day. Yet there are thousands who will seek a Maxwell this year and suffer disappointment. Probably enough cannot be built to satisfy much more than 60% of the demand.

To those who have been driving "one-year" cars or "two-year" cars, to those who have been driving a smaller car and have long cherished something better in an automobile—see the Post-War Maxwell.

It possesses all the admirable traits of its 300,000 Maxwell predecessors, and it has the advantages of many things men learned about motor cars during the war.

It is a greater Maxwell; better looking, vastly improved from electric system to rear axle; and the price is $985, f. o. b. Detroit.

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ORDINARY rubbers for boys and girls soon crack or wear through at the heel and toe. They keep pocketbooks lean.

Top Notch children's rubbers save money. They are specially constructed to stand the hardest usage. Their toes are doubly reinforced. They have patented Clincher Cushion heels that are wonders for service—"heels that last as long as the soles." Every vital point of wear is protected by extra strips of tough, durable gum.

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These two Top Notch rubbers for little men and women are regular ironclads for wear. They are the most durable and, at the same time, the best looking, best fitting children's rubbers you can buy. The "Vulcan" is the storm rubber, high in front. The "Ajax" is the low cut style.

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VULCAN

In almost every city and town there is a Top Notch dealer. He sells better rubbers than you can get elsewhere. Write today for the name of the dealer in your town.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Co.

DEPARTMENT C, BEACON FALLS, CONN.

New York Boston San Francisco
Minneapolis Kansas City Chicago

(Continued from Page 90)

passed De Nutter was there to urge that delivery be taken of the plunder, and the cash turned over. He wanted to get rid of the stuff, but his procurer still was averse to taking charge of it, though to placate De Nutter he was willing to pay part of the money.

Julia arrived to catch him in that act. He was holding the money out to De Nutter and urging him earnestly. Hands in pockets De Nutter was shaking his head—he was insisting upon finishing the deal and getting his whole bit.

The suddenness with which her appearance shattered the tableau brought Julia to the alert. The dealer's mouth closed on the middle of a word as he saw her, and the cash went into his pocket like a flash. De Nutter abruptly became interested in a black marble bench that once had graced an Italian garden.

Julia revised her program. Without immediate reason De Nutter compelled her glance. She wanted a glimpse of his hands and while she addressed the dealer she wondered how it was to be obtained. She could not order him to take them from his pockets. And—she caught her breath—if he had funny fingers he assuredly would not expose them!

His feet. She glanced instinctively and despite the dimness of the light she saw that his feet were ordinary. That is, they were mates, of apparently normal size for a man of his height, and therefore—therefore might easily have been the feet that had worn the sandals.

Accustomed to fast thinking and snap judgment, as her experience had shown her was necessary in the harnessing of Opportunity, her intuitive interest now was spurred by a sharp glance of warning from the dealer to De Nutter and a wary motion of the hand. From squinting at Julia over his shoulder De Nutter turned languidly and leaned against a chipped woman of olden Greece. He did not understand this byplay, but from the dealer's signal for caution he did understand that this young woman spelled danger.

"I came to ask you about the bronze tiger I noticed when in the other day," prevaricated Julia. "The one with the emerald eyes and the ruby in its upturned front paw."

"Yes?" The dealer lamented his precipitate concealment of the money, the cessation of conversation upon her arrival, but he had been actuated by the startling thought that she somehow was on De Nutter's trail. It could not be helped, though on calmer thought he realized that had she been shadowing De Nutter she certainly would not have advertised it in this manner. Still, he did not believe her fiction about the tiger, though he answered that the bronze was for sale for $800.

"Thanks. I might buy it." From the tail of her eye she noted that De Nutter had not removed his hands from his pockets. She tried subterfuge. Turning to him she looked at her watch. "What is the right time, please?"

The inquiry was pointed directly at De Nutter but he did not at once respond. He was too deep in contemplation of Julia, endeavoring to figure out why the other man should be afraid of her. Her pose, as with watch upraised she awaited the information, awakened him. He was stirring while she stared eagerly for the first sight of his hands when inopportunely a three-hundred-year-old grandfather clock boomed three.

"That's right," snapped the dealer, scowling past her at De Nutter. He was anxious to be rid of her, that he might explain her position to De Nutter; and at the same time he had a semipanicky feeling that De Nutter must stay in the background.

Acting on the further warning De Nutter settled back into his attitude of loose uninterestedness. He smiled at one corner of his mouth but his brows pulled together; the palpable nervousness of his companion was contagious.

The dealer gave her no more chance to lead De Nutter into speech. "Is there anything else madame wishes to know?"

"Nothing."

Julia couldn't flatter herself that she had deluded him about the object of her presence. His antagonism advised her to withdraw. Her good sense did likewise. De Nutter could not keep his hands hidden always; if she could not view them now she could later.

Here was one of her moments that called for pithy decision. De Nutter undoubtedly would be on guard when he left the shop. If she attempted to follow him he quite probably would give her the slip. Yet an inner consciousness urged her that the sooner she learned more of him the nearer she would be to the solution of the Cumerford burglary. She had to keep tab on him, and promptly.

"Nothing," she repeated as the silence continued, "except that I've been curious about the ruby in the tiger's paw. Is it intended to represent blood?"

"Perhaps." The dealer peered at her. He suspected a trick, a backfire in the question. "It might mean that."

"I thought so. The tiger just made a killing!" She nodded in sprightly fashion and again sent her words at De Nutter. "I know a man who made a killing recently, though there wasn't any blood in it. A man with—funny fingers!"

De Nutter straightened; his head jerked up an inch. Now it was he who understood the insinuation while the dealer did not. And it struck too close to home. His features tensed with his body. Then he grinned frankly as Julia searched him with her gaze.

"How do you mean—funny?" he asked.

"Oh"—she turned to the door; she had seen enough for the time being, said enough—"they are odd, that's all. Good day."

De Nutter gaped at her retreating figure. His countenance was puzzled, worried; he craned his neck to gain a last view of her as she passed into the street. His hands came from his pockets, to hang limply at his sides.

"Damn!" There was a fervency in the ejaculation that summed up his mingled feelings. "Well?" he demanded. "Where does she come in?"

"She's a snooper! What the hell did she have to show up now for?" The dealer was agitated, querulous. He related Julia's former visit, then flung his arms and turned angrily on De Nutter: "What the hell did you come here for, anyhow? I told you I wouldn't have anything to do with you till the case quieted down. Get out! Get out of here before some other fly cop comes blowing in and gets wise."

The outburst of anger had a contrary effect on De Nutter. He was tickled now, by Julia's remark about funny fingers.

"You're squawking like a dying fish," he sneered. "She may be a fly cop, but believe me she's running wide of the mark like the rest of 'em. And listen"—his voice hardened—"I'll give you just three days more to wind up this deal by paying me and taking over the stuff. If you don't I'll get next to Cumerford on a reward-and-no-questions-asked basis. Think that over and reckon what it'll cost your pocket. I'll come back in three days ready to deliver ——"

"No, no!" The protest was vehement and he clutched De Nutter by the arm. "Don't come here. I'll meet you ——"

"Here!" De Nutter shook him off and moved to the door. "Right here you'll meet me," he emphasized; "and you'll have the cash for me. Yah," he hooted, "you make me sick!"

On the doorstep De Nutter paused. Had he known the identity of Julia, the Opportunist, which the dealer had been unable to supply, he might have regarded her intrusion with some misgiving. As it was he was not alarmed, though for the instant she had jarred him.

Ignoring the dealer, who at his elbow begged that the appointment for three days hence take place elsewhere than at the shop, he leisurely surveyed the street. There was no sign of Julia. He headed across the Avenue and east on Forty-eighth Street.

In the shelter of a neighboring doorway Julia repeated her bargain with a newsboy.

"Here's five dollars for your stock of papers. There'll be five more maybe ten—when you tell me where he goes, and his name. There he is now. I'll wait for you in that restaurant over there. You understand, don't you? Where he lives, and his name."

The youngster whom she had taken from his post on the corner with promise of the biggest day's pay of his life grinned knowingly.

"Gotcha, lady. It's a dee-voice case, ain't it?"

"Something like that," smiled Julia. "Hurry—he's going. And don't lose him."

She looked thoughtfully at the dealer, who continued to gaze after De Nutter. Even from this distance she could discern that he was uncomfortable by the opening and closing of his hands and his shifting of weight from one foot to the other. She waited until he had retired within his shop,

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then went over to the restaurant she had indicated to the boy. It was too bad, of course, that she had not been given a chance to inspect De Nutter's hands, but once she had him placed that failure could be swiftly remedied. She was grateful to the mummies up in the Metropolitan; they deserved the credit for having sent her back to stumble upon the scene to which suspicion had been attached by the dealer's hurry to hide the money—to stumble upon the man in whom, she was sure, the clew of the funny fingers centered.

Three tedious hours later the newsboy, after an argument with a waiter, sidled up to her table in the restaurant. He fulfilled his part of the contract by furnishing De Nutter's name and the address of his studio on Thirty-fourth Street. Whereupon Julia rewarded him with ten more dollars and went to delve again into the shadier ways of those who deal in antiques to find whether the judicious application of additional dollars would open some of the close lips long enough to provide a line on Mr. De Nutter. Before going home she achieved her purpose in a scant and at once hopeful and discouraging degree. She discovered that De Nutter was a free lance and none too scrupulous—that was the hopeful part. But weighing against it was the inability of her informant to recollect anything queer about De Nutter's fingers!

Julia Sinclair stepped from under the cold shower. Eight o'clock was an unusual hour for her to be astir, but she had an elation that this would be a big day, fruitful in her pursuit of De Nutter.

Standing on the pale blue rug she tingled with robust vigorous health as her maid applied the rough towel with exhilarating strokes. Drawing together the robe that was laid over her shoulders she sat down while her feet were being dried.

The wet imprints her feet left on the rug, showing boldly on the blue ground, took her attention. They were reminiscent of a point in her problem on which she had been unable to make progress—the footprints at the Cumerford house which she was so satisfied had no insignificant bearing on the solution of the burglary.

"Felice," she addressed her maid dreamily, "why would a burglar wear sandals?"

Felice had been with her a long time and on occasions had given material aid and suggestions. The question therefore evoked no surprise. While she powdered her mistress' feet Felice pondered.

"I do not know, madame; unless"—she looked up at Julia nodding—"unless it would be so that he might quickly take them off to avoid noise."

Julia's head shook doubtingly. "I thought of that—but why should he put himself at a disadvantage, as he must be in stockinged feet if he had to flee, when he could be just as silent by wearing rubber shoes?"

"It is true, too, madame." With an expressive little gesture Felice pouted, "I do not know." She moved to get Julia's slippers.

Frowning at the wet traces of her own feet on the rug Julia stood up. It was aggravating, the persistent thought that here was a hint that she should be able to read.

Felice set the slippers before her and she tucked her feet into them. A couple of steps away she turned to look again at the wet marks on the rug. She stopped, her eyes puckering. The message was there in double form now if only she could translate it. Beside the dark stains made by the water were other pictures, of the soles of her feet outlined in powder. She kicked off a slipper and studied her upturned foot. It was twice wretched to feel, to know that she was on the threshold yet remained helpless to find the key.

"Madame will wear ——"

"The dark gray serge," answered Julia absently, and went on into her dressing room.

While being groomed Julia wrestled on with an elusive idea. Before her screamed another annoying insinuation—a grotesque little billiken that she treasured as a mascot.

When she was dressed she looked herself over. She glanced out at the sunshine, breaking through a morning haze. She sat down again and stretched out her feet.

"The ties, Felice, please."

"Madame said the boots," murmured Felice, kneeling to unlace the long suèdes.

"I know I did."

Julia checked the irritation in her voice. That she was so dumb she could not grasp a fact that was hammering for acknowledgment was not Felice's fault. Confound this constant association of ideas which refused to associate completely!

Sandaled feet and funny fingers! If the light ever came the two would dovetail perfectly. Between them they would leave no chance for the escape of—De Nutter! If the light ever came—if the light ——"

Julia Sinclair sat upright, her eyes dancing. With rare self-control she contained herself twenty seconds while the second shoe was tied. Felice smiled at madame's hearty laugh; she had feared the inability to find an answer was making madame cross, and crossness always made madame forget her meals and caused Felice concern. Now Felice recognized that the answer had been found as she followed madame into the boudoir and watched her settle at the telephone.

"Police Headquarters," said Julia; and "Inspector Gilbert."

Waiting for the connection she beamed on Felice. "I thought I'd lost the last of my brain," she sighed happily, "but I still have an ounce left. Felice, I —— Hello! Inspector Gilbert? . . . This is Julia Sinclair. . . . Yes, I want you to arrest a man named De Nutter for the Cumerford burglary. . . . I know you're in the Homicide Bureau, but never mind that. . . . Yes, you will! It's police business, isn't it, so what does it matter if homicide isn't involved? I don't want you to turn it over to any other bureau," she asserted determinedly, aware that Gilbert in the end would agree. "Have one of your pet sleuths go get him. Also, I want you to take an art dealer named Aaronberg for complicity. . . . Yes! Get them as fast as you can and let the papers know about it. They played the burglary big, you remember, on account of the antiquity of the Egyptian beads and the glasses stolen. Promise the reporters a crackajack story and"—he laughed at her rub—"tune up the department to blush modestly over another triumph! It will be good—and original, I guess."

She gave the address of De Nutter's studio and that of the antique shop, but she denied him more details. Having worked with Julia Sinclair before he was willing to take her word. Invariably she made good.

"Come out to the Cumerford house with De Nutter and a finger-print man," she concluded. "I'll be waiting. And, oh"—her glee rippled over the phone—"let me know as soon as you land him whether De Nutter has funny fingers! . . . Yes, that's right—funny fingers! . . . Wait!" She had another happy thought: "There are two would-be detectives belonging to the King Agency who've been on the Cumerford case. One is named Bill—you can find who they are. Bring them along too. They predicted I'd come bustin' in at the wrong time an' queer the case. I want them to see how well I do it!"

It discouraged Julia not at all when the police inspector telephoned her at the Cumerford home that De Nutter's fingers appeared to be quite normal.

"You'll be here soon?" she shot back. "No; don't bring Aaronberg. Lock him up. I don't imagine he'll like that and I've a score to even with his tight-mouthed fraternity!"

From Cumerford, and his daughter also, she withheld any disclosure of the arrival at the solution.

"Wait," she said, and warned him that she did not guarantee the recovery of his art gems. "I do guarantee, however, to put the burglar away," she stated. "You'll see him shortly—and I'll duplicate his trick!"

The private detectives reached the house ahead of Inspector Gilbert and his prisoner. Julia received them graciously.

"I'm still butting in," she cooed, "but only for a few minutes more. I'll abandon the case to you then—what's left of it."

Bill and his partner growled. Before they could retort the rest of the party arrived. Julia waved a hand at De Nutter.

"Your burglar, Mr. Cumerford," she asserted placidly.

Bill swirled, took a fast look and snorted.

"I knew it!" he exploded. "Didn't I tell you," he glared at Cumerford, "that this dame would ——"

"Very well; I'll leave him to you," said Julia crisply. "Now put it on him!"

In the silence, while Bill sputtered over the impossibility of carrying out his bluff, De Nutter sized up the situation. He recognized Julia as the girl who had come upon him and the dealer, of whose arrest he had not yet been apprised. He recalled that she then had made obscure reference to a man with funny fingers. If that was all that faced him —— He ceased going alternately hot and cold, and his breathing lengthened to about normal. This bogy about fingers did not frighten him.

"Go ahead—Bill!" chided Julia. "We're all waiting."

Bill refused to go ahead. Without further parley she did so herself. She nodded at De Nutter and produced the Bertillon card bearing the reproduction of the prints found on the vases.

"You don't mind letting us have your finger tips, Mr. De Nutter?"

"Not at all!" He held out his hands. He put aside a desire to be mean and said without evident rancor: "Before we go any farther, though, I give you notice that if you caused my arrest I'll sue you."

"All right; do that." Julia was not concerned. She motioned the finger-print man forward. "An ink impression will do."

Amusement large on his features De Nutter submitted. The roller was passed over his fingers and he set them down firmly on the paper. The result was clear as could be wished.

The inspector and his aid placed De Nutter's prints alongside the original exhibit in the case. The private detectives bent over and sneered. De Nutter merely glanced. Miss Cumerford exclaimed her disappointment.

"Why, they're not the least bit alike!" Even her untrained eye could discern that.

De Nutter sighed patiently.

"You didn't expect they would be?" he remarked politely. He looked disapprovingly at Julia. "I, ah—think something ought to be done to protect the public from such irresponsible happenings as this."

Julia was unflurried. She winked mischievously at the inspector and his faith in her returned. He foresaw trouble for himself if she fell down.

"I didn't expect there would be much resemblance," she admitted cheerfully. She contemplated De Nutter severely, mournfully. "If you hadn't gone too far you'd have got away with it. You shouldn't have worn the sandals!"

Her audience stood round in blank amazement—all except De Nutter. In him she saw an almost imperceptible squaring of the shoulders, a stiffening of the lip, narrowing of the eye.

"This ——"

"Let's cut it short," interrupted Julia. She stepped into the alcove which housed Cumerford's collection and came back with a vase. With a handkerchief she polished the glass and held it inside the linen so her hands did not come into direct contact.

"There can't be any finger prints on that?" she appealed to the expert for confirmation. "No? Wait here, then, and I'll make you some—funny fingers. Bring that please, somebody." She pointed to a deep leather chair and led the man who carried it back into the alcove. Three minutes went by.

"Come in," she called, and they trooped along to find her curled cozily in the chair.

She presented the same vase.

"How about it now?"

His heart pumping hard, his face flushed, De Nutter glowered at her while, taking the vase gingerly, the expert examined it. He still could not comprehend.

"The sandals gave your trick away," she repeated, and as De Nutter framed a retort the verdict was given on the inspection of the vase

"Six finger prints—in sets of three. And"—the Bertillon man's brows wrinkled in renewed perplexity—"they are cramped like those we got at the start." He referred to the card again. "Cramped and stunted like the others, but they are not the same!"

"Of course not!" Julia laughed deliciously. "How could they be when I didn't commit the burglary?"

She paused to note De Nutter, in whose expression defeat fought with unbelief. He had been proud of how he had covered up his maiden effort at burglary of how he had provided a false clew. The police had been unable to see through it, yet here was a girl ——

"You can't deny that I made these fresh marks," Julia resumed. "The vase was clean—I was alone. That much is granted. Now compare my fingers with them."

The ink impressions she gave were utterly dissimilar. They were oval, as any well shaped finger tip on a woman. The prints on the vase were squatty.

The inspector said it for everyone, barring De Nutter:

"How the devil ——" he began, but once more Julia interrupted.

"Look!"

She herself looked downward. Following her vision they saw peeping out from under her skirt her right foot—bare!

"Fingers," she elucidated rather unnecessarily, "which aren't fingers but toes!"

Under his breath De Nutter swore generously. He tried to scoff at the revelation, but his words were buried in a guffaw of vast amusement from the inspector.

"What a liar they'll say I am," he cackled, "when I give 'em the story! What a liar!"

"The senselessness of laying three fingers like that on a number of objects struck me at the beginning," Julia explained. "That and the freakish wearing of sandals. After a while I got the two facts related. By leaving what appeared to be finger prints he concluded that that would eliminate anyone whose fingers did not match these prints. Which let him out if he came under suspicion! There were only three prints, because the great toe is too much out of proportion to the others not to be distinctive, and the little toe, aside from probably being crooked by the tapering style of shoe he affects, would have destroyed the illusion by making the supposed forefinger longest of all! As it was, there seemed to be impressions of the middle, fourth and fifth fingers. Is that not so, Mr. De Nutter?"

De Nutter stood pat. He would admit nothing—there was always the off chance that a jury could not be convinced by this bizarre contention.

"I took the vase in one gloved hand," went on Julia as he remained silent, "and with the other held back the big and little toes while I touched the glass with the three others. What's the use in being sulky, Mr. De Nutter? The sandals, of course, were worn so you could get one off quickly to make your blind—isn't that right? It would have been better had you sacrificed another half minute." She nodded to the inspector: "It won't matter if the folks who saw him leave here can't identify him, once you print his toes."

De Nutter looked obliquely at the inspector close beside him. He smiled wanly. He affected lightness. "Why bother me for confirmation, Miss Sinclair, when you have the case built to suit yourself?"

"Aaronberg likely is weeping the whole story through the bars by now," said Julia brusquely. "Where's the stuff you stole?"

De Nutter met her gaze evenly. He wondered how Betty Winstead would get out of it. There was a grain of comfort when nothing was said about her. He hoped she would not be implicated.

"It was clever, wasn't it?" whispered Miss Cumerford. It hurt her to see this man on the way to prison. "Couldn't you let him go free, dad?"

The inspector decided that.

"Free, nothing!" he snapped. "This bird's too darned smart to be running round. Anybody't could dope out a stunt like this is dangerous—real dangerous." His mind went into the groove that belongs to the policeman. He cast a heavy, accusing stare on De Nutter. "How many more of these nifty jobs you done?"

Julia halted the degreeing temporarily. There still was the matter of recovering the loot.

"Don't you want to go through his studio, inspector? You may get a line on the stuff since he won't talk. Now—everybody outside till I get my foot clothed again!"

Already Betty Winstead could hear in imagination the police thumping on the door! In panic she bestirred herself. From the topmost shelf in her kitchenette cupboard she took down the Hedwig glass. The beads with which the beauties of ancient Egypt, including a queen, had bedecked themselves as much as four thousand years ago, and the kohl bottle from which a princess had darkened her lustrous eyes—still were in the tumbler as De Nutter had put them.

Snatching up the paper in which she had read with trembling of De Nutter's arrest she wrapped the lot in an ungainly package. With shaking hand she addressed it to his studio. Veiled and starting at every step behind her she sped to the street and over to Union Square to send the package by messenger. As a dabbler in crime De Nutter was through for at least the years that the state would exact. Betty Winstead was through forever.

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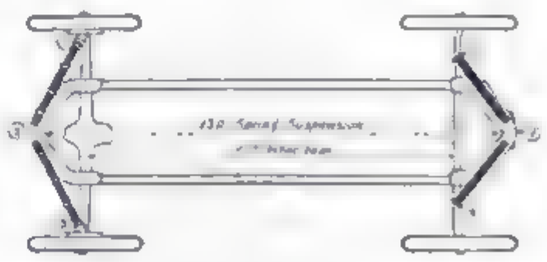

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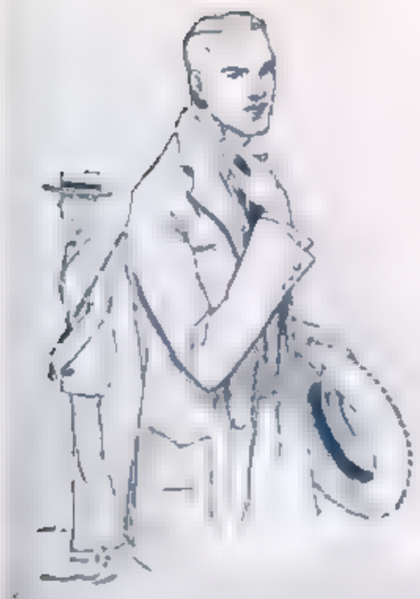

FRESHENING UP TIMES WHEN YOU NEED JERGENS VIOLET TRANSPARENT SOAP

During your day at the office
Coming back from a long train p
After a motor ride
After a day in the woods
After a game of golf
At the end of a strenuous day

JERGENS
VIOLET TRANSPARENT SOAP

DIRECT ACTION

(Continued from Page 9)

to get me away. I was so ashamed. I wanted to come back. Oh, Mack."

He never stirred. His eyes were still blinking in that damnable light.

"Mack!" He could feel her soft arms round his shoulders and her breath against his face.

"Mack, you believe me, don't you?"

"I don't know."

"Then you're through with me!" She was beginning to cry. Her body was shaking against his averted shoulder. "You're through with me! Oh, Mack! Where shall I go?"

He turned and took the naughty penitent child in his arms.

"You'll not go anywhere," he said roughly. "I'll believe you. It's all right. Please don't cry like that. Stay with me—nothing matters. It's all right."

And now for Amelia's tragic little epilogue. Life went lamely with the Macgowans out in West Denver. Old Mr. Fairley died shortly after Amelia's marriage and left a few pieces of involved real estate which Macgowan sold to make the best of a bad bargain. Sextus Macgowan, a kind ineffectual soul, kept about even with the world and managed to put a few dollars into investments. His insurance saved Amelia and her boy from pauperism when he died in 1903. In 1907 Macklin Prince, whose own child was then in her eleventh year, received a strange visitor.

His secretary brought in a card engraved Arthur Macgowan, an ordinary enough name; indeed the lumberman was about to excuse himself when some vague memory told him that Amelia had a boy in school and that his name was Arthur. Therefore a wispy handsome lad of sixteen came in and showed an adolescent bashfulness with the announcement that his mother, Mrs. Sextus Macgowan, was ill and desired to see Mr. Prince on a matter of business. This was astonishing enough.

Mack called at the West Denver house late that same afternoon. In the emaciated deep-eyed woman propped up in an invalid's chair he recognized with difficulty the Amelia who had once, for his own good, refused to marry him.

"Mack," she said with a brave white smile as she gave him her hand, "I shouldn't have sent for you. But you know there are certain privileges we invalids enjoy over well folks."

"I'm glad you did," he said clumsily, though he spoke but the truth. "I have often wanted to talk to you."

"It's about my boy," she persisted in her thin voice. "Of course I've had to tell him a lot of nonsense. He thinks I'm getting better and I let him think so. But now the doctor admits—it doesn't matter. But I want to tell you about Arthur. He has worked his way through high school and has actually made money. He's running newspaper agencies all over town. I wanted him to study for the ministry, but I can't help seeing that his talent is for business. Of course it would be better if he could have a college education. He has already passed his examinations for Harvard ——"

"Why couldn't we fix it this way?" broke in Mack, assuming rather a forced tone of heartiness. "It would be nonsense to keep him out of college. Suppose I advance him a little money—merely in the form of a note. He could pay it back after graduation—any time when he felt able to handle it."

"No, thank you," snapped the invalid, her mouth tightening.

"It's a purely business proposition, as far as I am concerned. It would be merely investing a sum of money in Arthur's character."

"I have decided to develop his character along its own lines," she replied shortly. "I'm ever so grateful to you, Mack. Arthur is born to be a money-maker. I want him to be a good and useful man, and I'm sure he can do much good if he is taught to use wealth properly. And he must begin his education—his business education ——"

She paused, too weary no doubt to finish her argument in her son's behalf.

"I would be only too glad to give him a start in my offices," Mack volunteered, eager to make some sort of reparation, yet suspecting that the boy would be of little use to him.

"I should appreciate it," she declared in her tired voice. "That is what I wanted to ask of you."

"I'll take him on right away. Can he come to me on Monday morning?"

She nodded and gave him a thankful look out of her hollow eyes ere she turned them away, gazing solemnly into space.

Arthur applied for work at the Prince & Co. offices on Monday morning, but his apprenticeship was interrupted by the death of his mother, which occurred at the end of the same week.

II

IT WAS in the winter of 1917 that Macklin Prince's first chickens came home to roost and the bread of charity which he had cast upon the waves floated back to him in an inconvenient form.

The past ten years had fattened him both in body and in fortune. Quite without intent to profiteer or to batten upon the world's calamity he had found the war immensely profitable to him. The building of cantonments and wooden ships, his Pacific Coast interests in the spruce industry, the nation's call for timber everywhere had contributed to his material wealth and complicated his excess-profits tax.

Several years ago Bianca had persuaded him to sell his house on Capitol Hill and to build another and more pretentious home in a plutocratic suburb. The new place was French Gothic in style, quite palatial and divided into rooms which though they flattered his worldly pride always made him feel that he was living in a hotel and only remotely acquainted with the management. Mack Prince had no great natural taste. Modern decorations, tone harmonies, period furniture slightly bored him, yet he endured them and tolerated the expense because they pleased Bianca and gave her something to think about. Like many another man of fiscal genius his beauty sense was limited to an admiration of feminine loveliness; and in Mack's case feminine loveliness still meant Bianca and his daughter Marian.

It was in the evening of December fifteenth. Old Mack had stayed home that night, and for a purpose. Bianca and Marian—the latter having just passed her twenty-first birthday—were away at some sort of Red Cross entertainment. They had urged him to come, too, but he had furnished a ready excuse.

"They say they won't dance, but they will. And if there's anything I like less than dancing it's to watch dancing."

After they had gone he went into his library and selected a book. It was a fine room in which Mack Prince sat and read out of a book expensively bound to match the more or less genuine marvels of his large collection. There were good examples of modern masters hung on the wall above the low carved wainscoting and on top of the long bookcases stood several passable pieces of Chinese porcelain. His hand had fallen upon the Travels of Marco Polo and he set himself to smoking and absorbing the fascinating improbabilities of the quaint Venetian.

But the rich lumberman's mind kept skipping from the glories of the thirteenth century to the problems of the twentieth. Arthur Macgowan had asked for an interview this evening, and Mr. Prince was wondering what it was all about, half guessing and not quite liking the look of it.

Arthur, who was now twenty-six, had more than made good the dying Amelia's prediction. His talents were undoubtedly commercial. Precocious, energetic, serious, he had worked up from nowhere to a place of distinction in the firm. He had been Mack's right-hand man more than three years now; only his ridiculous youth had kept him out of the junior partnership which he was predestined to claim. He had tried to go into the Army directly after the declaration of war, but his poor physique and his usefulness in an essential industry had kept him a civilian. To do Mack justice he would have cheerfully relinquished his lieutenant to the country's service, but he was selfish enough to be glad when the boy decided to stay with the work for which he was so conspicuously fitted.

But the more Mack thought of Arthur's impending call to-night the more unreasonably it disturbed him. He had not the slightest doubt that Arthur would make a good husband for Marian. Had she been another sort of girl he would have presented no obstacles; would, to the contrary, have planned ingenious decoys to bring him into the family. Mack would have preferred a more robust specimen, possibly, to be the father of his grandchildren; but he would have been proud to have some of Arthur's spirit, some of Amelia's to strengthen the generation which was to inherit the Prince fortunes.

A flashing picture came back to him, a vision of the '90's. A girl all pink and white, her bodice cut rather low for the style of that period, was stepping out on a darkened veranda, the light of a ballroom glinting on her little laughing face, music humming round her like swarms of enchanted wings. Bianca! Romance and folly, excitement, misunderstanding, charm, disgust! All these years she had been a gadfly on his brow, an albatross round his neck. He had succeeded in spite of her. His headlong passion had killed the only woman who could have brought him peace, if not happiness.

Marian had grown to be so like her mother that it startled Mack sometimes out of the fat content which later years had brought him. Always charming, always selfish, clattering along with the same adorable foolishness that had come to him from Bianca's lips more than a score of years ago. But what had she to offer a man—a serious ambitious man—further than her superficial allurements?

Mack Prince threw down his book and shook himself out of his disloyal train of thought. After all he was her father.

It was a quarter after nine when a servant brought in Arthur Macgowan. From a raw boy he had grown to be a studious-looking young man, slender of frame, broad of forehead and narrow of chin. His handsome intelligent eyes, which he had inherited from his mother, were somewhat disfigured by amber-rimmed spectacles. Mack's first thought was, "What do the Biancas see in us fellows?"

Arthur took a chair, and as is often the case in such matters the dialogue advanced obliquely toward the subject at issue. They began with the afternoon's news and argued nimbly from the western to the eastern battle front. Arthur took the side of the waiting army at Saloniki; Mack stoutly held, as he always did, that the east should be given up as a bad job and all the force concentrated in France and Flanders. They sauntered away into business problems involved in the wide tragedy, and still amiably they disagreed upon the likelihood of peace within two years or three.

At last a man brought in glasses and a decanter, and after young Macgowan had helped himself Mack laid a plump hand on Arthur's knee and asked directly:

"Artie, what was it you wanted?"

"I guess maybe you know," said the young man, setting down his glass.

"You haven't passed your examinations for the Army?" Mack temporized.

"No. It's about Marian."

"Yes."

"I suppose you've noticed ——"

Young Macgowan hesitated for words, for he was never a fluent talker.

"I sort of thought you were going round a great deal together, if that's what you mean," said Mack by way of helping out.

"I've never taken a fancy to many girls," declared Arthur in his guarded way. "I'm very fond of Marian, Mr. Prince. In love, I should say."

He uttered the last phrase as if he were weighing it in his mind, a habit of his.

"How about Marian?" asked the candidate for father-in-law.

"You mean her attitude toward me?"

"Yes."

"She cares for me, too, I think."

"Hm. You think so."

"Have you any reason to doubt it, Mr. Prince?" inquired Arthur directly.

"No. I just wanted to know. You see she hasn't confided in me."

"I've asked her," confessed Arthur, reddening slightly. "She accepted me, but she wanted me to come round to you. Of course that's the right thing under the circumstances."

"Of course."

Old Mack chewed his cigar and sat looking over the applicant. The two men, facing each other, were a study in both contrast and similarity: Mack Prince, short, red-faced, three-chinned; Arthur Macgowan, slight, delicate, almost professorial in appearance. Yet they were subtly alike in expression. Mack had educated and molded the boy in his policy, which was peaceful assimilation. To the middle-aged man came again a flash of that vision, a tantalizing face framed in ballroom light. Had Arthur but known what was going on in that other mind!

"As a matter of fact," Mack drawled at last, "you and Marian expect me to do one of three things: To say it's a go or to say it isn't or to give some good reason why the match shouldn't be pulled off. Isn't that about it?"

"About."

Arthur's face was solemn, but his eyes smiled inside their shell frames.

"Well, Artie, I don't know of a living soul I'd rather have as a son-in-law—in one sense. You've got all the qualities that ought to make a woman pretty comfortable—happy, maybe. But the older I get the more I'm beginning to realize why our rich girls go round marrying Italian counts and English dukes. It isn't only the title. But these foreign fellows have got something that rich women like—leisure and fancy trimmings."

"Are you thinking of somebody for Marian?" asked Arthur, his pretended coolness poorly hiding his concern.

"Not a darn soul. And if Marian is in love with you, as I guess she is, there's no use throwing obstacles in the way. You're both of age and I have no legal right to interfere."

"I don't think she's the sort who would do anything without your consent," the boy declared eagerly.

"I suppose not." Mack tried hard to make his tone something more than dustily dry. Then he put it more explicitly: "Old-fashioned people call marriage a yoke; and that's about what it is. An elephant and a gazelle are both fine animals and they might care a lot for each other." Then he thought of another simile, one he had borrowed from Bianca: "There are deep-sea fish who might be crazy to play round with flying fish. The trouble is they're built to swim on different levels."

He paused and rubbed his bald spot.

"Artie," he concluded brusquely, "let me talk to Marian and see just how she stands."

Arthur Macgowan went away on this half promise, leaving Mack to resume Marco Polo's adventures in a moonstruck world. Twelve o'clock found him still reading—or facing a page from which he should have gathered much information. Why had he vacillated? Why hadn't he either knocked Cupid on the head or taken him on his knee?

It was after twelve when a feminine clatter was heard in the front of the house. Bianca's high voice could be distinguished from Marian's lower tones. Footsteps were ascending the winding stairs. Mack had slapped together the pages of his book and was thinking of following the bedward recession when Marian, still wearing her furs, appeared smiling at the library door. Mack Prince was again struck by the resemblance—Bianca coming back from her adventure more than twenty years ago, appearing as lovely as a rose between somber curtains!

"Daddy!" cried the girl, and rushed precipitately forward, the furs falling from her young shoulders as she advanced upon him and took her place on an arm of his chair.

She put her cheek against his and passed her hand over his bald spot before she said, "Artie's been here, hasn't he?"

"How did you guess it, Moll?"

"He came over to the benefit. What did you say, dads, to put him in such a funk?"

"I talked sense," he declared good-naturedly. "It often makes people sick."

"We're going to have a house of our own," she pattered on in her irrelevant way; "and after the war is over you'll give us another in New York, won't you, dads? And Artie's so crazy 'bout me! I don't know what I should do without him."

He held her off and looked into eyes so dazzlingly like Bianca's—or like what Bianca's had been in the wild days before she was broken to domestic harness.

"Are you crazy about him?" he asked after a long look.

(Continued on Page 103)

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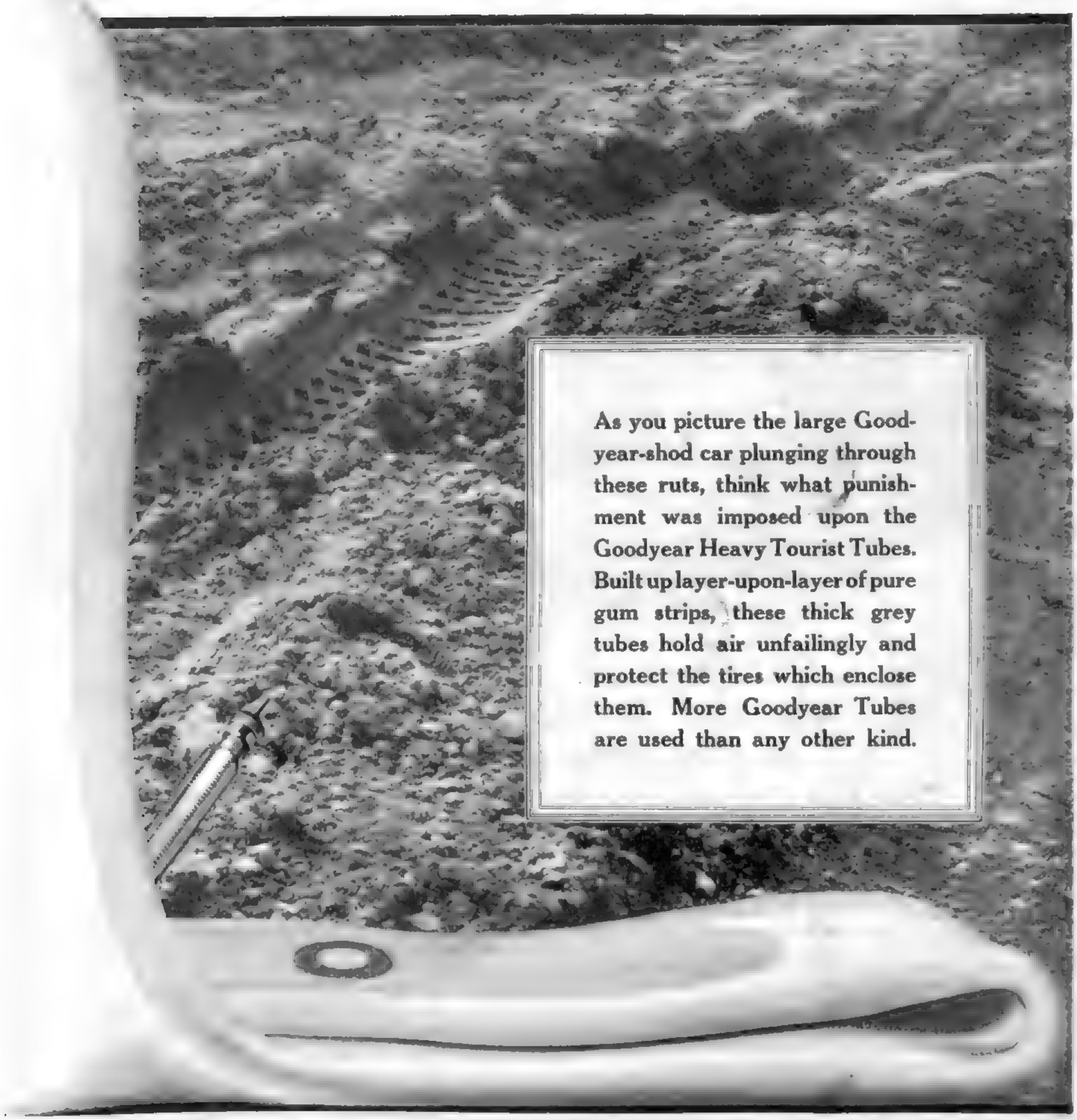
GOODYEAR
AKRON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Look for this label on the face of all Blabon Art Linoleums

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 99)

"Positively!" she rippled. "I should really die, dads. And think of having a house all our own and trips all over the world and Artie just adoring me all the time."

"I see. Artie will adore you whether you marry him or not. After all it isn't a Cook's tour you are planning."

"Dads!" Her mouth came down to a heavenly little pout. "You're not going to object or anything, are you? What's wrong? You know I've never really picked out anybody before. What in the world is the matter with Artie?"

"Nothing, darling," he said wearily. "It wasn't about Artie that I was thinking."

"Not about me, I hope!"

She rose and took a seat across the table from him.

"Moll," he began, "are you sure you want to marry him?"

"Dads! Don't I know what I want?"

"You've seen children cry for dolls and then throw them out of the window."

"Artie isn't a doll. Nobody could call him that."

"True," he smiled. "What does your mother say to all this?"

"She's positively enthusiastic. You know how peevish she was when I wouldn't marry old Nat Penniford. Well, this seems to take that curse off."

Mack thought as much. Bianca, somewhat chastened, but frivolous to the death, looked upon Marian's marriage as a shuffling of responsibility to some man's shoulders.

"My dear," he growled, "there's too much of this thing going on nowadays."

"Marrying, you mean?"

"No—unmarrying. A wedding ought to mean a lot more than buying champagne and tickets for two. When you choose a man you want to be sure he's the one you're going to stick to—just as the preacher says, 'till death do us part.' You want to be sure he's going to be first in your mind; or next in importance to the children, anyway. Love, honor and obey is the old religious rule. It's a hard one sometimes, but it's the best we've found up to date. Have you thought of all this?"

"I think so."

There came a light into her pretty face which gave him a certain hope.

"Well," declared the puzzled father, "if your mother wants it and Artie wants it and you want it ——"

"You're just outvoted, old dear!" she cried, and again flew to his arms.

"Honey, I wouldn't do anything to stand in the way of your happiness. I only wanted to be sure, that was all."

"And you're sure now!" she cried rapturously, kissing him again.

"I think so."

Thus spake the weak giant, too fond to deny anything to the girl who looked so much like Bianca Melling.

III

ALMOST as soon as the marriage ceremony was performed Marian decided that she preferred New York, and this decision, though it proved inconvenient to her husband, exactly suited Mrs. Macklin Prince, who thereafter spent a great deal of her time living in one hotel, then another, with her married daughter. As Marian almost truthfully stated the case to Arthur: "I might as well be in New York or London for all I see of you. If I've got to be a widow half the time, old dear, I might as well be having as good a time as I can. Denver's east of Oregon, isn't it? And as long as you're on the train you might as well come all the way to New York. You don't want me putting on knickerbockers and following you round the logging camps, do you?"

If Arthur wanted that, he didn't admit it. He got himself into the state of mind where he almost admitted that New York was quite as near Seattle as Denver. Love laughs at geography. For there was a bit of justice in what his pretty pleasure-seeking wife said. Naturally shrewd, Arthur believed in getting his money's worth out of money, and despite the ingenious extortions of our boasted metropolis he found relaxation there, during his brief visits, in squandering for amusement.

In the early spring of 1919 there was a family gathering in Chicago. It was a matter of business with Prince & Co., and Arthur, summoned hurriedly from the West, met his wife and his parents-in-law at the new and fashionable Gratz, where the elder Prince had already engaged half a floor and was waiting to pull Arthur into the lawsuit which had been an excuse for the reunion. The case, subject to the law's delay, was postponed two weeks; this gave the Princes and their children more time together than they had enjoyed, perhaps, since the first months of Marian's marriage.

"Banky," said the fat and comfortable Mack one day to his wife, a fashionable-looking person with dyed hair and a skin that was beginning to hang upon the cheeks, due to her willful determination not to become stout—"Banky, what's going on between Artie and Moll?"

"Going on?" she asked, looking up from a gossipy weekly she was studying. "I haven't noticed anything unusual."

"How long have they been quarreling?"

"They've been married two years," she replied, and went on with the only study that could ever hold her for half an hour.

"Who's this fellow, Foxberry?"

"Clem Foxberry?" she inquired, still smiling over some rare bit. "I thought everybody knew him."

"They don't know much good about him," he roared; and Mack was not the roaring kind.

"Mack," she exclaimed, "you ought to take more exercise."

"Foxberry isn't fit to be seen with decent people," he pursued, ignoring her hygienic advice.

"No? Well, he is—with very desirable people. The Anthrop Loages and the Percy Woodbans see a great deal of him."

"Huh. Probably they're not particular."

"Mack! Do you realize who the Loages and the Woodbans are?"

"I know a dog by the dogs he runs with." Mack brought his stubby fist down. "Do you realize that Foxberry has been kicked out of most of his clubs?"

"Why?"

"Not paying his bills and various irregularities."

"It's no disgrace to be poor. Clem hasn't been raised to worship the almighty dollar."

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"And you shouldn't take him seriously. Nobody does."

"I do. I don't say that Moll is doing anything indiscreet, but it looks bad for her to be seen with him so much."

"Other people—real people—don't object to that," she insisted. And she named a long list of persons famous, at least, in the Sunday supplements.

"I don't know anything about society," was Mack's analysis, "but something tells me that decent people are cutting him out, and if they aren't they ought to."

"You don't get the idea at all, Mack," she told him ere resuming her textbook. "You won't ever learn. Probably you can't. People in the world don't have to behave the way they do in the second-rate towns."

"There are a few rules that are good in both Newport and Zululand."

With this Mack stamped away, determined to have a frank conversation with his son-in-law.

When Artie came in that afternoon Mack took him away to a private sitting room where—shall I say it?—they found a bottle, ice in a bowl and two glasses which someone through inadvertence had left sitting there. Arthur Macgowan had grown thin and prematurely old; Mack was always urging him to take a little rest, to lighten the strain somewhere. The eyes behind the shell frames were sunken and weary, there were deep creases running from the corners of his nose to the corners of his mouth. He was already beginning to grow gray. Regarding the young man for whom he felt so deep a responsibility Mack remembered that last picture of Amelia in her wheel chair.

Arthur was nervous and irritable. He began with an attack on the labor conditions which were threatening industry throughout the country.

"Artie, that's not what's worrying you," said Mack after listening quite a while.

"Well, it ought to worry anybody," challenged his son-in-law.

"We've gone through this sort of thing before," said Mack calmly. He might have been referring to labor trouble or matrimonial unrest. "It's Marian that's bothering you, my boy."

"I can settle that, I guess," replied Arthur, his sensitive jaw tightening.

"I know it's none of my business," admitted the elder. "But isn't it? After all I'm her father, and it's partly my fault, because I might have saved you both if I hadn't weakened. The fix you're in, Artie, if I guess the conditions, is a delicate one for any man. It's like meeting a rattlesnake on a closed trail—if you jump he'll bite you, and if you stand still he'll do the same, like as not."

Arthur sat perfectly still, his slender knuckles against his chin.

"Look here, son," said Mac, coming over and putting his arm round the slender shoulders. "You and I have worked together in harness for quite a while. I think we understand each other as well as two men can. The mess we're in is as much mine as yours—won't you help me keep it in the firm?"

"Mr. Mack," said Arthur, melting under the kindness of his patron and friend, "I don't suppose you know how bad it is."

"About Foxberry?" asked Mack, his face growing stern.

Arthur nodded and went on: "I don't think there's any name for that sort of crook. Blackmailer, possibly. He couldn't have worked his game anywhere but in the big society he infests. I haven't been letting his case go, Mr. Mack. He has a system like any other criminal—pretty talk, weeping sympathy, hard-luck story, persecution, a trick of pulling one wire against the other. It seems to get idle women. I don't mean the wrong sort, Mr. Mack—just women with nothing to do but to sympathize and admire his pretty stories. He dazzles 'em with his family connections, he buzzes about blighted ambitions. Great Scott, how they swallow him, hook, line and sinker! Do you know he's accumulated and spent nearly a quarter of a million dollars in bad checks and had every word of it hushed up?"

"Bully!" shouted Mack. "We'll put the rascal in jail."

"Will we?" asked poor Arthur desperately. "Do you realize that he has already stolen thirty thousand dollars from your daughter?"

"What are you talking about?" Mack Prince's fat face grew purple.

"Just what I know. You gave Marian six hundred thousand dollars on the day we were married. There are no strings on the money. Foxberry knows it. He's had her indorse two checks for him already, and when they came back marked N. S. F. she faced the music and said nothing. I don't mean to say there's anything wrong outside her feminine silliness. But he's a hypnotist. He makes people think that black is white."

"Good!" declared Mack with a sort of berserk mirth that bared his big teeth. "He can get from five to twenty years for that."

"Can he?" asked Marian's miserable husband. "Are you willing to air this case in court?"

"Hm." Macklin Prince sat in thought.

"Artie," he said at last, "have you gathered the names of other people he's been operating on?"

Without the least hesitation Macgowan mentioned several sufficiently illustrious to be at once recognized.

"His last job," he said, "was in the Mecklinburg family. Old Mecklinburg has always had more money than position, and he took pains to invite Foxberry into the family. He has a daughter—Antoinette, I think her name is. She was getting a divorce from her husband and she took up with Foxberry, thinking he'd be Number Two. He didn't sign a check in this case. He stole. When they broke ranks and Antoinette was done with him it came out that there was a diamond necklace which Foxberry had taken to be repaired and never returned. They didn't get it back any more than other people have got back the money he's been filching to keep him like a grand duke."

"We can wake her up all right," said Mack confidently as he touched a button and brought in his private secretary.

"Get Gaige Mecklinburg," he commanded, "and make an appointment for me at his office to-morrow morning if possible; if not, as soon as he can see me."

Mack Prince had never met Gaige Mecklinburg before, but when he entered the financier's private office next morning a great fat man with a face all seamed like that of a Chinese god rose and greeted him cordially. Mecklinburg was a size larger in the business world than was Mack Prince, but the Prince name was a sufficient ticket of admission in those days.

"Mr. Mecklinburg," said old Mack, almost without preliminary, "I am looking up the record of a man named Foxberry."

"Which Foxberry?" asked the Chinese god, never a muscle moving in his hard-baked face.

"Clem Foxberry."

"Well, what about him?" The long agate-colored eyes fixed him stonily.

"That's just what I came here to find out. I'm considering—ah—business dealings with him. I understand that you might help me."

"Who sent you?" came thinly from the thick lips.

"My son-in-law," admitted Mack, thinking this might serve as hint enough.

"I see." Mecklinburg's chin wrinkled into a hideously ornamental Chinese design, pulling his great face into a grin. "Well, Mr. Prince, I wouldn't exactly stand sponsor for Mr. Foxberry."

"You've admitted something," declared Mack, unable to restrain a smile at this miser's dole of information. "Now, Mr. Mecklinburg, to be quite frank with you, I have been informed of a case where this Foxberry has given bad checks to the amount of thirty thousand dollars."

"So-o-o?" drawled Mecklinburg. "As little as that? He must be going into the retail."

"The circumstances in this case"—Mack stuck to it, determined not to be rolled—"are such that it might be difficult to prosecute."

"I am not surprised at that. Now what do you want me to do about it?"

"I happen to know that you have had dealings with him."

"Oh. And being unwilling to involve yourself you want me to prosecute him for you?"

"Not exactly that. But if we could combine with others—other people in similar circumstances ——"

"You suggest a syndicate?" The idol's eye stared without the slightest glint. Mack stirred uneasily, feeling like a schoolboy in the presence of his superintendent.

"No, Mr. Prince," declared Mecklinburg finally; "I know of no other people in similar circumstances. In fact, Mr. Prince, much as I should like to help you, I am afraid I know nothing to the discredit of Mr. Foxberry."

"Thank you," said Mack with terrible politeness as he rose to go. "I am sorry to have wasted your time."

"You haven't, Mr. Prince, I assure you," protested Mecklinburg, making an attempt at beaming cordiality. He even went so far as to show his caller to the door.

This short talk assured Mack as well as a full confession would have done that what Artie had said was true. Mecklinburg would sacrifice anything reasonably within his great resources to save his daughter publicity. Upon reflection Mack couldn't blame him; indeed he had gone upon the present campaign with the avowed intention of punishing Foxberry through somebody else.

Next morning he left for New York, having first assured Artie—with an optimism somewhat strained—that the Machiavellian method would work out in the end. He spent four days in the metropolis, and in these days he presented his card at the doors of many prominent men. Some of them were in Europe, others indisposed to see him. The two whom he managed to interview were mental reflections of Mecklinburg, and like reflections, they were colder and less definite.

It was afternoon when he returned to his suite in the Chicago hotel. His women folk were out and his first act was to summon Arthur Macgowan to his private room. Artie's face seemed to have grown thinner during their brief separation; there were red rims round his eyes and he stooped in his walk.

"Well?" asked the son-in-law, throwing himself into a chair.

"It came out just about as you said it would," admitted Mack. "Foxberry has been working the hush system in a vicious circle. He's put a black-hand note into every pocket he's robbed."

"You needn't mind going any further," growled Artie, all hunched in his chair. "I'll settle this myself now."

"How?"

The question was superfluous, for Mack quite understood the look in Artie's eyes.

"I'm a man still, in spite of ——"

Artie checked himself on the point of a criticism unworthy and probably untrue.

(Concluded on Page 106)

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(Concluded from Page 103)

"Look here, Artie," said Mack. "It's all very well to talk of making a scene and beating the man up. But you've got to consider physical chances. Do you realize that this Foxberry is a sort of hotel bad man?"

"I once saw a little peddler up in Telluride take a bad man's gun away from him and jam the muzzle halfway down his throat."

"Melodrama!" sniffed Mack. "I've just heard stories all over New York about the way Foxberry's tackled heavyweights and cleaned out barrooms without calling in the bouncer. He travels with a physical trainer and keeps in condition for—well, for the very sort of thing you're trying to start."

"Foxberry probably invented these stories himself," declared Artie impatiently. "He's a great novelist, that man."

"Possibly," conceded Mack. "But before we go any further let's consider ways and means. There are two ways open to us now—indirect action and direct action. We haven't tried out the first way yet—not by a long sight. If we sit tight and do a little watchful waiting something's bound to turn up that'll lock him up, and not a word said about Marian's case."

"In a year or two, maybe," objected Arthur.

"Most good jobs take that long at least."

"How about direct action?"

"A fool's method, whichever way you look at it. You can tackle Foxberry, make a mob scene, get well beaten up, both land in jail. Or you can take a shot at him and trust in a sentimental jury to turn you loose. Of course you come from the tall mountains, and that will be meat for the sensational papers. The case will ring round the world and be translated into fourteen different languages, including Finnish, Icelandic and Japanese ——"

"But it will get him in jail—in jail!" Arthur kept repeating, rubbing his whitish hair in a dreamy sort of way. Suddenly he came to his feet.

"I'll try it!" he shouted in a voice which his paternal friend did not like to hear.

"Artie, come out of the loco patch! You're a shrimp—can't you see what the man will do to you?"

"That's it!" The eyes behind the shell rims were flashing with a maniac thought. "Can't you understand? I'm wearing glasses. I'm going to make him hit me first.

"It's a criminal offense to hit a man with glasses. I'm going to make him hit me first. Come on, Mack! Foxberry's downstairs having lunch with a lot of silly fools. Are you with me?"

"Y-yas," drawled his father-in-law. "I'm willing to try anything once."

And together they took the elevator down.

Two physically insignificant men—one short, middle-aged, bald and growing stout; the other youngish, pale, anemic and spectacled—appeared at the Gratz ornamental dining-room door and ignored the head waiter's deep salaam. Quite evidently they were somebody in the world, for numerous captains of waiters joined in the reverence, and diners looked up from their plates to remark upon the rich Mr. Prince and his fortunate son-in-law.

The room was already full to overflowing, and at a table conspicuously centered sat the merry party toward which the head waiter instinctively led the newcomers. The dining room had been watching this well-placed table ever since its occupants filed in and took their seats. There were Percival Senningwell, world-famous and world-condemned amateur automobile racer; the subservient Mr. Pratt Nello and his somewhat vampirish wife; Mrs. Macklin Prince, Mrs. Arthur Macgowan and Mr. Clement Foxberry.

Of course it would be in the society columns next morning that Mr. Foxberry had entertained, and so on. Foxberry was of the type which people follow with cameras and subpœnas. During years of hard practice he had become skillful at facing the former and outfacing the latter. To-day he was brilliant as usual and adroitly flattering, having stimulated his natural talents from a pocket flask which he had christened Eighteenth Amendment.

He was sitting between Mrs. Macgowan and Mrs. Nello, delivering a comic narrative descriptive of a camel race he had once arranged during his travels in the Sudan. Mr. Foxberry had been a great traveler until the war broke out, when he discovered that his peregrinations had unfitted his feet for military service.

"I say, Clem," drawled Percy Senningwell, "who ever taught you to ride a camel?"

"I was born with the talent," declared this man of the world. "The camel, you know, is Nature's walking reservoir ——"

"Stop it!" commanded Percy, holding up his weak little hands. "Next you know you'll be telling us the one out of Noah's almanac about the camel's living forty days without a drink."

"How do they get that way?" giggled Mrs. Nello, who affected slang and made it a point to appreciate everything Percy said.

"Well, this little Sudanese camel ——" Foxberry was beginning his tale anew when somebody laid a hand on his shoulder.

As he turned an annoyed glance the whole table became aware of the intruders.

"Hello, dads!" cried Marian; but neither her father nor her husband granted her the least attention.

Mr. Nello and Mr. Senningwell had come politely to their feet, but there was something about the way the slender Macgowan's hand was pressed against Foxberry's shoulder that kept that astonished gentleman solidly in his seat.

"Won't you join us?" he asked with a coldly patronizing smile.

"I'll join you in hell," declared Artie, speaking close to his ear, but not so closely that the others could not hear.

"Let's make it a party!" Foxberry invited, raising his eyebrows and never relinquishing his smile.

Bianca's sagging cheeks seemed to sag a little more as she looked at Mack with appealing eyes. He thought she said something to him, but his mind was all on Artie's melodrama.

"Foxberry," young Macgowan went on in a tone which had become louder but fearfully matter of fact, "I haven't got any time to joke. I'm here to tell you about yourself."

"Splen-did!" crowed Foxberry, but his voice had become slightly falsetto. The innocent boyish face, which had served him so well in his profession, became clouded, revealing a white scar under the right eye.

"You're a blackmailer in the first place. In the second you're a thief—a common pickpocket. You're a forger and an unwhipped blackguard ——"

"See here, my fellow," broke in the receiver of these compliments as he half rose from his chair, "are you drunk? Do you realize what you are saying?"

"Absolutely!" Artie found himself smiling, a smile which pained him from his mouth to his ears. "I have made a careful investigation."

"Well," drawled Foxberry, turning for applause toward the astonished audience, "if it were summer I would say you were suffering from the heat."

"It's a cool day," Artie pointed out, "and I've got a lot more of the same to tell you if you care to listen."

"Don't trouble," Foxberry was so good as to beg.

"I'll cut it short, then," said Artie. "You've got everything that goes with a thief, a blackmailer and a cad. Of course you're afraid to fight like a man. I thought you'd be a coward when the time came ——"

"I say, my fellow!" Foxberry had risen to his feet and displayed his muscular, tall, graceful figure. "That's something that isn't said, you know."

"Mack!" Mrs. Prince was now calling quite audibly, but Mack stood firm as granite.

"You just heard me say it," came Artie's end of the argument.

David in nearsighted spectacles stood facing Goliath in the presence of the entire dining room. Foxberry's mouth was open, but no sound came.

"Do I need to say anything else?" asked the little champion, rising on his tiptoes in order to bring his nose on a level with that of his tall opponent. "Raise your hands, you cheap bully, and I'll give you the beating you've been looking for."

Foxberry declined the invitation apparently, though his right hand clenched hard. Old Mack, for once in his life a helpless spectator, cringed at the thought of poor Artie's going down, a mangled heap. But when the clenched hand came slowly up it merely rested on the back of a chair and Foxberry spoke, again looking round for feminine approval:

"This isn't the sort of thing to settle before ladies, you know."

"There's plenty of room on the sidewalk," suggested Artie. "Or would the ladies out there bother you?"

They stood just a minute, glaring eye to eye. Foxberry was no match for Artie here, because Artie's spirit was strong and Foxberry's was a poor thing. Finally the tall, well-groomed gentleman turned with a slight bow and, sans apology, started weaving his way among the tables and toward the door. His retreat—for retreat it had obviously become—was curiously lacking in the dignity it strove to maintain. The every movement of his proud back and hurrying legs indicated a nervousness quite alien to the fearless brawler of reputation. Halfway across the dining room he became jammed between two closely crowded chairs. It was an embarrassing halt in the line of evacuation; and during that pause little Artie Macgowan had found an open aisle and was fairly running toward the exit.

By now the whole dining room was in an uproar. Everybody was standing, some of them on chairs, every pair of eyes straining toward the grotesque race. Foxberry, bent on a strategic retreat, had apparently seen nothing of Arthur's strategic advance. It was not until he had gained the doorway that he looked up and beheld his enemy bearing down upon him at an angle.

Then came a decisive blow, one of those ridiculously telling blows which have wrecked a career more than once in our social history. Artie's leg went out with the suddenness of the leg of an embattled jackass. The stroke landed squarely upon its objective and the elegant Mr. Foxberry seemed for a moment to be flying through space. Now there are four marble steps leading from the Gratz dining room to the foyer; and since man is not constructed for flying, Mr. Foxberry came down on the hard floor several feet below. He arrived with both a thump and a curse.

"The little one kicked him out!" some high soprano shrilled through the dining room. A throng took up the cry and in a moment the wide space shook with Olympian laughter.

A house detective, who by some mistake was near the scene of disturbance, found Arthur Macgowan standing alert over the body of his fallen foe. Seeing nothing else to do the house detective laid a gentle hand on the assailant's arm and turning to see Foxberry scrambling to his feet asked suavely, "Are you hurt, Mr. Foxberry?"

"Is that any of your business?" counterquestioned the picture of bruised elegance.

"Would you care to prefer charges, Mr. Foxberry?"

"Who asked you to interfere in this?"

Foxberry resumed his flight. His trousers had been gashed at the knee, strands of his long pompadour had rebelled from their patent-leather smoothness and were dangling over one eye. He didn't wait for his hat, but strode majestically away through the swinging doors.

Before a delighted audience could swarm round the eccentric victor old Mack got out and linked his arm in Artie's.

"Let's go for a ride," he whispered, and as soon as they had ransomed their hats from the Grecian bandit by the rack they went out by an inconspicuous entrance and called a taxicab.

All during that terrible triumphal ride Arthur Macgowan sat silent, his thin sensitive hand knuckled against his thin sensitive chin. Not a word between them. Amelia had wanted her boy to grow up to be a good man; Mack Prince, turning the case over, examining it from every angle, concluded that Artie had always behaved righteously within his lights.

Mack hadn't devised this trip as an excuse for a talk—that time was now past. Once he leaned over and spatted the young man a rough, hearty manslap on the knee. Artie looked round and smiled wanly. There was more hope in that smile than Mack had seen there for weeks and months.

How had they settled anything by this ridiculous low-comedy encounter? Mack asked this again and again. The fight would get into the papers. It would lose nothing in the telling. Already, so far as he knew, reporters were pestering Bianca and Marian for facts. Mack chewed at a strong cigar as they rode mile after mile past the lake shore's Italian splendors; now and then out of the tail of his eye he regarded the boy whom he loved as his own son.

Would Artie go back to Marian and forgive her and be forgiven? The question puzzled him only a moment, for he was thinking of Bianca. He knew what Artie was thinking and enduring. And men like Artie and Mack will forgive a great deal because they love a great deal.

Social philosophers, I suppose, would label them both innate monogamists.

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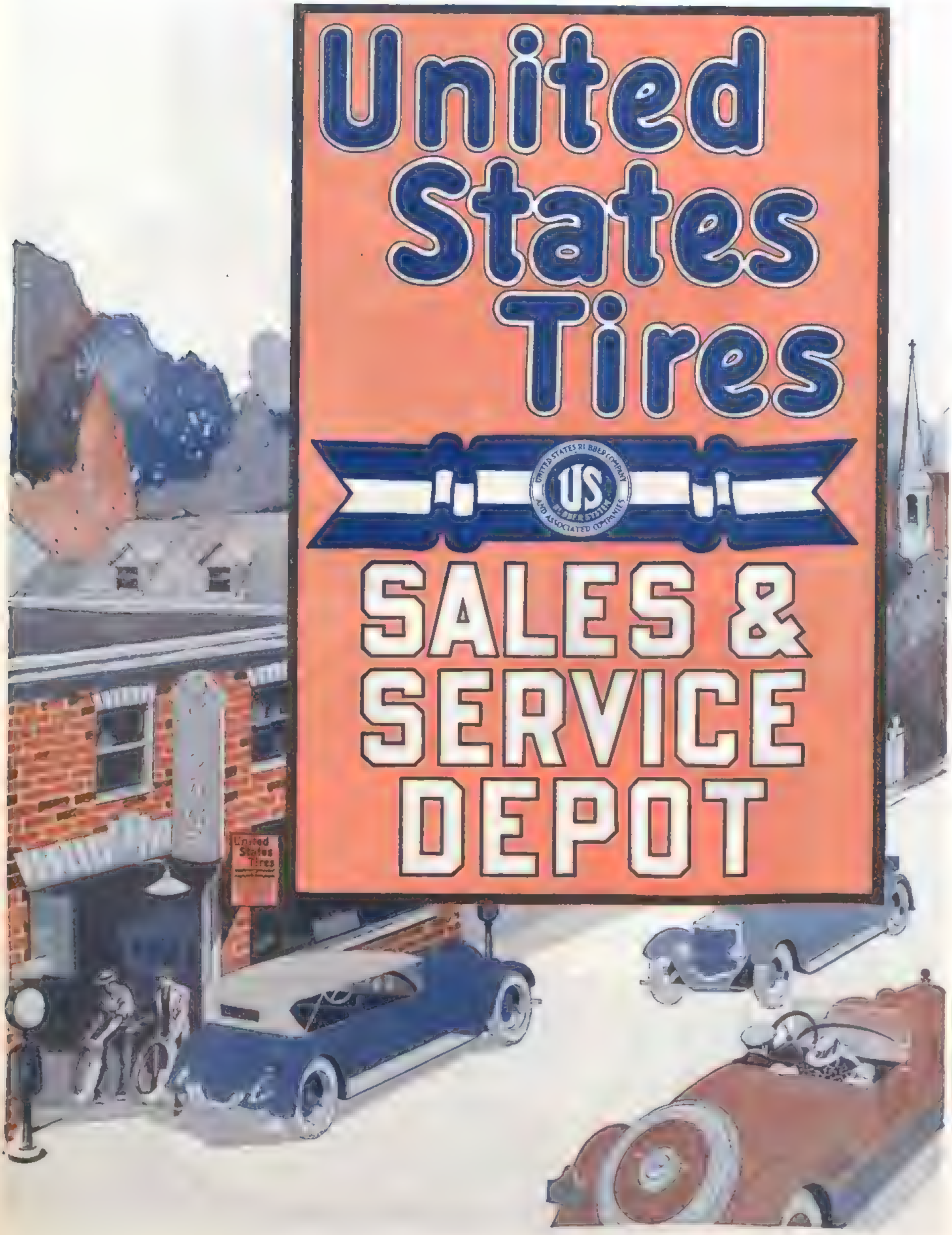
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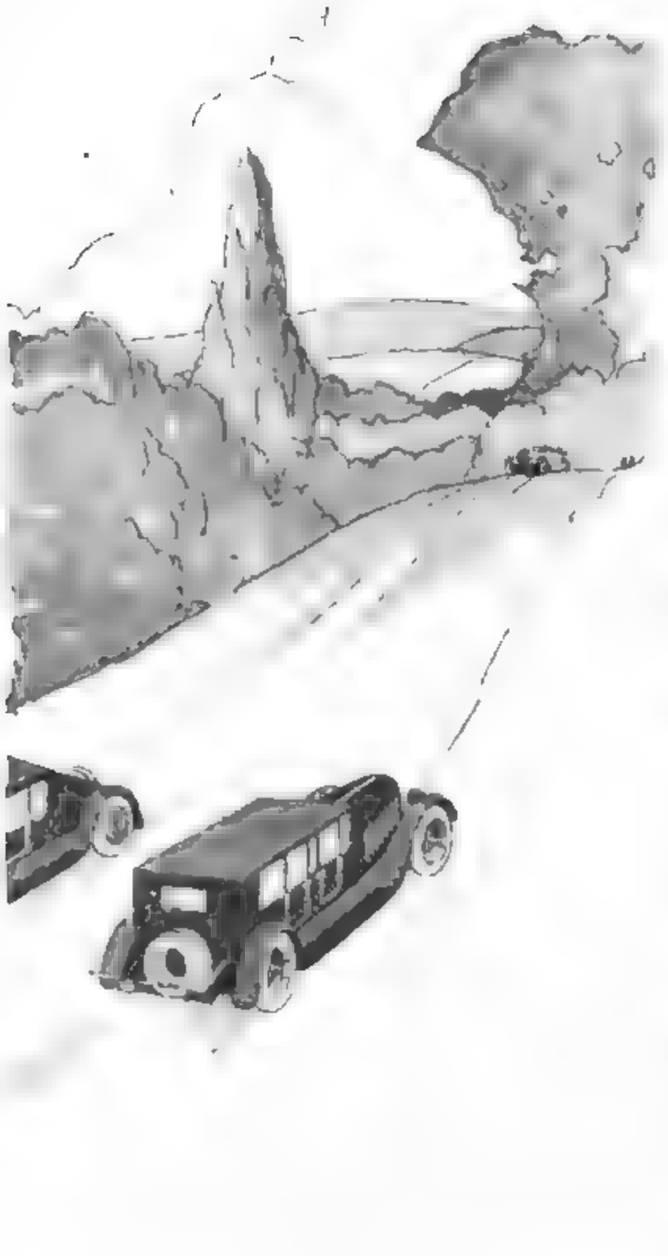

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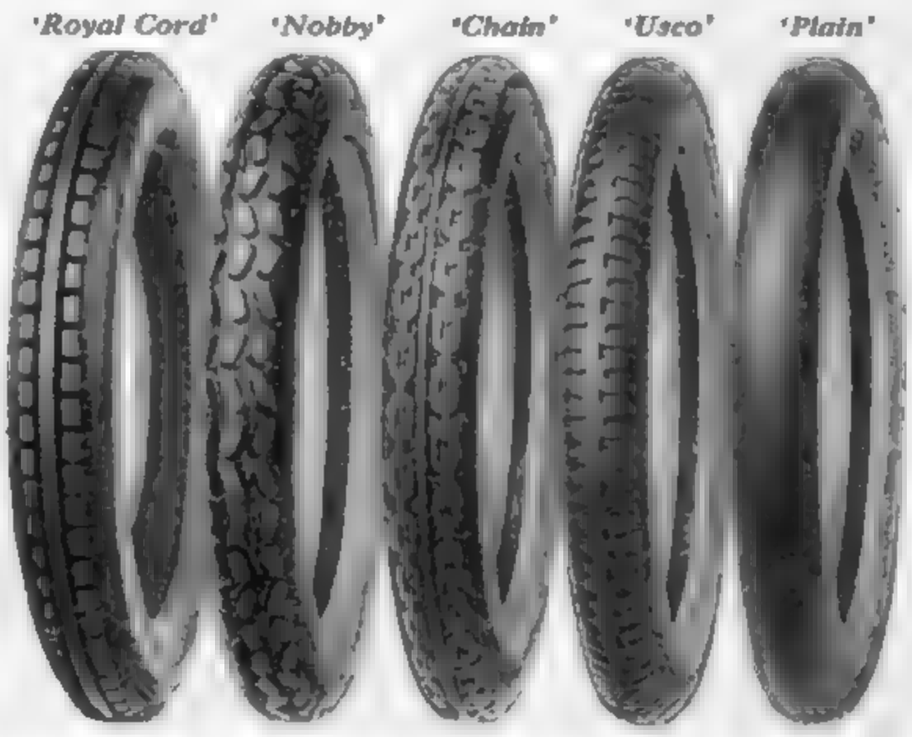

United States Tires are Good Tires

MAKING THE FILMS SAFE FOR PROVINCIALISM

(Continued from Page 23)

so our villains change with the national barometer. One year it is Japs, the next Germans, with the Mexicans good for any crime *ad infinitum*. However, we have one studio whose films circulate largely below the Rio Grande and it learned long ago that Greaser Pete was not popular in those parts, so in the Spanish titles the wicked pisano is always given an Italian name.

The filming of crime turns up some very curious idiosyncrasies of the censor mind. In some pink districts they will permit the most fascinatingly gruesome murder technic, provided only that the weapons be not visible at the moment of percussion. The plot may be worked out in its most educational detail, showing the purchase of the revolver, target practice on a large anatomical chart of the human plumbing which will register the most vulnerable spot to hit when the villain goes gunning. Then will follow the latest methods in abduction, and when the stage is set for the final meeting we see the villain sneak in, point the gun at the charted spot on the hero, and while we shudderingly watch a close-up of the finger closing down on the trigger—then, then, just as we are about to burst with excitement, darned if the old censor doesn't cut the picture, while the camera anticlimactically panorams round and shows the murderee slowly sinking to the floor!

It seems that the flash of the gun is too vivid for the highly attuned nerves of nice people, who may go right round the corner, if they wish, to view a melodrama where real people shoot actual guns and the flashes are accompanied by the most terrific and nerve-racking explosions. Leaving out the propriety of shooting the gun off, is it fair to refuse relief to our terrible suspense? It is like inviting distinguished guests to witness a hanging at San Quentin and then asking them to turn their heads away just as the gentleman springs the trap.

How do we meet this problem? Very simply. The easiest device is to place a chair, or piece of bric-a-brac, in line with the gun and the camera so that the sensitive spectator cannot see the exploding weapon. The usual method, however, is to cut the action into three parts. First, a long shot showing the fellow aiming at his victim; next, a close-up of the gunner pulling the trigger; and then just as we expect a flash, to cut to the victim receiving the bullet. Thus, without intending such a consequence, the censors drive us to a much more artistic filming of a shooting scene, for the forbidden long shot showing the whole completed action, even though it reveals the flash of the gun, is by no means as vivid as cutting quickly from close-ups of the shooter to the person shot and then to the whole scene.

Handling Poisons With Care

Another strange freak of the human mind is the censorial attitude toward the use of poison. In the Middle Ages poisoning was the fashionable method of murder and suicide; but the ball cartridge, with its deadly certainty, is now the favorite weapon among the destructively élite. Yet for some strange reason the censors regard poisoning as the most seductive course in the whole movie school of crime. And stranger still, it is not the act of poisoning that disturbs their equanimity, but the kind of poison used. They will let us show Romeo tossing off his deadly quaff, but we must not permit a close-up of the bottle lest it tip some susceptible spectator as to its contents so that he will run right off to the chemist's to order a dose for himself. Yet for art's sake we may wish to show the nature of the drug, or our unclassic yokels might think the romantic youth had taken ant paste.

The utterly absurd accusation that such scenes are lessons in crime is seen from the fact that the deadly drugs are known to every man, woman and child in America, only the blind being unfamiliar with the skull and crossbones that illumines the labels on them. I may state publicly and in the plainest English that strychnine and cyanide will cause instant death to man or beast, and that the always-available rat poison will do admirably if some of our household remedies are not accessible. But to repeat these common truths on the screen is regarded as highly immoral and likely to provide rare information to the murderously intent.

The most curious quirk of the whole mental process of the label objectors is the fact that while forbidding a close-up in the drama itself they will permit us to show in a title the same thing. For instance, if we wish to put over a modern society murder, using this archaic method, we register Bert and his wife Bertha at the breakfast table, and while the latter is reading the paper and totally absorbed in the bargain page, Bert may be seen surreptitiously emptying the contents of a small vial into her breakfast food. At this point we cut in with a title saying "Bert is a large stockholder in Greenwood Cemetery." And as we read this gruesome news there slowly dissolves in below the words a large bottle of cyanide of potassium. We may even omit the distress of Bertha after she has taken the dose and cut right to the funeral, and though we have obeyed the law, even a half-wit will know that Bertha's demise was not due to erysipelas.

In a certain crime story the modern Fagin, wishing to show his disciple how to open the safe without leaving the telltale finger prints, said in the title: "Here, this collodium is better than rubber gloves." And the censor cut the word collodion as being criminally educational, so Jim had the title remade to read: "Here, this is better than rubber gloves." And then he dissolved a picture of a collodion bottle into the lower right-hand corner and it passed without further ado.

Stuff Dreams are Made Of

Though flippantly stated, the Bert-and-Bertha episode contains a very curious psychological complex. Many censors will not let us show the actual thing, but they will permit the registration of the thought of the thing. A censor who will cut out all scenes of drinking or gambling, for instance, will pass a title which says "John was again late for dinner," while down in the corner of said title we may dissolve in a scene showing John lit up like the front of a movie theater, with a bushel of poker chips before him. Thus it is that we are depending more and more upon titles to put over essential information, for if we cannot show the thing itself we can at least let you know our naughty thought.

The classic joke when Weber said to Fields, "Louie, if you knew what I was thinking about you could have me arrested," would have been spoiled in the films, for we would have showed what was in the mind of the comedian, and arrest would not have followed at all.

Besides thoughts, dreams and visions also are joyously passed by the literal-minded realists in the censor bureaus.

"You see, my dear," will say one of these curious persons, "the lady didn't really undress on the beach. The fisherman simply dreamed that she did and we have only seen the dream."

I trust that this reasoning is perfectly clear to the gentle reader.

Quite naturally the Jims of the motion-picture business take advantage of this mental paradox, so when they are in doubt about a scene going over they prepare for the emergency by shooting a few feet which will change the actual scene into somebody's dream of that scene. The distressing details of an actual murder might be cut out, but if one of the characters sees the murder in a vision, why, of course the murder hasn't really happened—the poor boob only thinks it has. Do you get it? When Jim was on the road for the company he saved many scenes by simply changing the title to say that the debacle was only a dream, after all. He has even rescued a whole story by starting it as a dream and having the dreamer wake up at the end of the fifth reel.

The same delicious complex holds true in the showing of nudes. A censor who is outraged at the exhibition of the human form divine will purr pleasurably when God's masterpiece is seen in a dream, with the result that even the classic dancers may be cut entirely or to mere flashes if the dancers are human beings, but Bacchic scenes or Dionysian feasts of the most utter abandon will pass unscissored if the artist chap attends them only through the smoke of his trusty meerschaum. Is it not strange that the nude or seminude reality will be cut, while the vision of the same thing will pass, as they are both rendered objectively in a photograph and were posed for by actual flesh-and-blood maidens who drew vulgar ten-dollar checks for their pulchritudinous display.

Again the size of nudes presents a very delicate task for film editors to determine. Besides distance lending enchantment to the scene it adds modesty to the dryads dancing about the trees, so that long shots of nudity are permissible. But the question is, at what point of the perspective does Eve become a thing of shame? Alas, we have no standards! It all depends upon the astigmatism of the censor.

Though Psyche's wondrous bath may be properly viewed only from the deep perspective of a mile or so, there is still another way we may beat this annoying limitation—a way which as yet has been barely recognized. I refer to the use of soft focus. We find that the censors will stand for a wonderful amount of sin and nudity if only it is astigmatically seen through a haze. Yet there are few directors who have grasped the opportunities of this wonderful technic, and of the few only one or two are using it with understanding and intelligence.

So far soft focus has been used mostly for art effects, whereas it is destined to occupy a large place in the psychological laboratory of the photo drama, as its greatest possibilities lie in portraying the subconscious mind. It much more nearly represents the stuff that dreams are made of than the sharp, hard, detailed focus so dear to the heart of the average director and camera man.

Edgar lies languidly by the seashore dreaming of his lady love and as he registers somnolence we gradually dissolve into the visualized theme of his amorous thoughts. For one short moment—during the process of dissolution—we get the illusive feeling of a vision, but as soon as the new footage sorts itself out and goes merrily on in the same hard treatment as the realism from which it dissolved we have to keep reminding ourselves it is a dream. On the other hand, when the scene starting from Edgar's sharply detailed realism gradually fades into a visualization of his thoughts in soft focus, one immediately senses a difference between the objective world of reality and the dream quality of unreality, for in truth our dreams—at least the memories of them—are always in soft focus. This differentiation will be doubly emphasized when the dream dissolves back into Edgar's sharply detailed objectivity.

Possibilities of the Soft Focus

A very interesting use of this new technic occurred in a picture wherein a girl recovers from a fainting spell and the audience was allowed to share her bewilderment of the objective world about her. When first seen she is lying on the floor, while the details of the room about her are entirely out of focus. As she raises herself to her arm and looks round vague indefinite spots begin to take on the form of familiar furniture, finally resolving themselves into sharp detail as she regains full consciousness.

But more pertinent to this article was another case where a young Armenian girl was being tortured, and as the strokes from the whip fell on her bare back the scene began to fade into soft focus until we saw the final blows blurrily as through tear-dimmed eyes. This was at once an artistic achievement and a successful circumscription of the objection to realistic torture scenes.

Thus we have a double life line by which poor old Art may be dragged up out of her prison and allowed for the moment to have her say, for when the dream and soft focus are both invoked we have met the strongest inhibitions of the censors to realism and distressing detail. In such scenes we may go to daring limits without giving offense to the most sensitive. The bloodiest kind of murder can thus be softened down to a blur revealing a mere attitude, which will have more dramatic intensity than if we showed the bloody hatchet in all its hideous details.

In Millet's peasant pictures we see with what tremendous effect a painter uses soft focus, and by blurring out nonessentials, such as buttons, buckles and eyelashes, he can concentrate attention on the figure as a whole. The utter hopelessness of The Man With a Hoe is expressed in an attitude, just as The Sower represents an attitude of tremendous power. Even Rodin, working in bronze and marble, used a technic corresponding to soft focus so as to give merely the attitude or impression of the figure, and some day we shall have directors who will make whole plays in this impressionistic manner. Especially would the works of a mystic like Maeterlinck lend themselves to such treatment. We are just beginning to show in the photo drama what the painters have taken four hundred years to learn.

But let us get back to our censor problems. Certain of these fellows while drawing a severe line at the nude will pass the picture if the lady has something on, whereas it is a well-known fact that the most suggestive appeals are made by a half-dressed figure. A mere garter on a nude will achieve the most direful consequences. But strangely enough many of the most puritanical censors will pass nudes if they have religious significance or form part of a sublime allegory. Statues or monuments also get by almost without exception. Here again we find that curious complex—the thought of the nude may be shown, but not the reality. I cannot resist, however, telling one of our most delicious secrets—one that I am sure will stimulate the sale of opera glasses among the censorially conscientious. Many of the plastic monumental nudes passed by the censors are in reality living, breathing women and not stone at all!

Flesh-and-Blood Statuary

Only last week we did a most magnificent garden scene in the center of which appeared a fountain that would have gladdened the æsthetic heart of Louis XIV, for the great bowl was supported by three beautiful kneeling figures, while it was surmounted by a Daphne that would have glorified the name of Praxiteles. Its sheer beauty and intent will carry it past the shallowest censorship, yet every one of those figures was a real person. And we did not do this as an impish joke on the censors—it was a matter of business.

The cost of such a fountain with sculptured figures adequate to the purpose would have been prohibitive, whereas the bowl, standard and the base were easily made so that the whitened living figures could walk right into their several places. Of course, such a fountain could be shot only from one direction, for a rear view would have disclosed the bent pipes that gave rigidity to the bodies, and the alert observer would have noticed that the water coming from the shell which the topmost figure held aloft was supplied from a garden hose that ran up the lady's back and upraised arm.

The travelogue fellows are also greatly embarrassed in showing strange peoples and customs truthfully. I am sure, for instance, we are all interested in knowing how the Solomon Islanders live, yet the pink districts will never know the truth about their sartorial lapses—for, alas, these poor humans are clothed mostly in simple coats of tan, and in the long shots these may be mistaken for one-piece bathing suits! In the close-ups it is necessary to provide panties for even little cannibal babies lest the rough miners of Pennsylvania see something they hadn't orter.

A lady stood before a wonderful nude figure in the National Gallery in London.

"Mr. Whistler, don't you think that picture is indecent?" she asked.

"No, madam," replied the master; "but I think your remark is."

The Bible furnishes another refuge from the censors. We have one board that will not permit the use of the word "damn," but it passes "damned" because of its Biblical flavor. Though these folk will let us allegorically show heaven and hell in all their nakedness, they draw the line at many strange religious rituals. In a well-known picture by one of our greatest stars the little lady playing the part of a young Swedish-American lass prayed for a beau, and to her embarrassment her prayer was answered by a whole regiment of artillerymen. In her home province in Canada the prayer was eliminated because of its shocking impiety.

In many Canadian pink districts divorce is not permitted in the films as "the sacrament of marriage may not be profaned."

(Continued on Page 112)

(Scene from "Tom Sawyer")
No man "knew" the case.

Let him slide. This better Washwear stands the strain

Tom Sawyer Washwear gives to real boys that well-outfitted, neat, tailored appearance which isn't lost even after good hard play.

Tom Sawyer Washwear looks well and "holds" its style because it's so well made from such splendid materials. The cloth is stronger and more lasting. Colorings are rich and even; and can't run or fade. Patterns are new—just what real boys like. Garments are roomy and reinforced where seams come. Able tailoring shows in the fit. Collars "set" properly, sleeves hang the way sleeves should, cuffs fit the wrist. Yokes are double. Waistbands are of sturdy material; buttonholes don't tear out. The good looking buttons are extra strong and sewn on to stay. Quality shows in the belts, ties, braid, trimmings—everything.

Tom Sawyer Washwear includes many styles, many colors, many patterns. All first quality—all guaranteed. Prices no higher than you usually pay.

SHIRTS—12 to 14 neck **RUSSIAN SUITS—3 to 8**
BLOUSES—6 to 16 years **JR. NORFOLK SUITS—3 to 9**
MIDDY SUITS—4 to 10 **ROMPERS—3 to 8**
ALL-IN-ONE SUITS—3 to 8

See Tom Sawyer Washwear at your dealer's.
If he hasn't it yet, we'll tell you of a handy shop.

For dealers there's a miniature sample trunk. From it you can make stock orders with greatest ease. With it comes a mighty interesting sales story. Better request it right away.

ELDER MFG. CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
NEW YORK CHICAGO KANSAS CITY
DALLAS LOS ANGELES

Tom Sawyer

"WASHWEAR" For Real Boys

Continued from Page 110

In such cases we must rearrange the relationships so as to omit this sacrilege, often with some very curious consequences to the story, but as the change is for the greater glory the censor's conscience is salved, even though Art is assassinated.

Like most women, I am glad alcohol has gone the way of opium; but one must be temperate even in his temperance, so it will no doubt be of interest to the average reader to see what an excessive use of soft drink is doing to the human bean. Since the curse of likker became generally known the downers of the demon rum have not stopped at driving him out of the real lives of the people, but have been doing it to their reel lives as well. There is something rather superb about utterly forbidding all drink in the films, for it shows a consistency of purpose if not of dramatic values.

When people disbelieve a thing to the extent of almost abolishing their most cherished art we must admit their valorous sincerity. Of course to complete their consistency they ought also to forbid the showing of murders, fires, making love to our neighbors' wives, gold bricking the farmers, spoofing the censors and other villainies, for few people believe in these things either. If they insist upon forbidding the shadows of life they'll have nothing left but the high lights, and their eyes will then become as blurred as their photo-dramatic standards.

Watson, Put Away the Needle!

In one great Middle Western state it is forbidden to show a hypodermic needle lest a peek at the naughty instrument make hopheads out of a robust peasantry. When Jim cuts for Kansas he makes his dope fiends snuff the "snow" artistically up their noses, which really is a much simpler lesson in crime than showing the complexities of the hypodermic syringe, yet the funny censors don't see the point.

Here is another item that will puzzle the sociologist: The only way for a Kansas hotel to maintain its honor and decency is to live right in the heart of the town. A hotel in the suburbs is always open to suspicion, and the farther it goes off into the country the more *outré* becomes its reputation. So true is this in the Sunflower State that a road house is forbidden in the films. In my childhood in Canada I remember charming places up and down the lakes and rivers where we could go for chicken, fish and frog dinners and quite cherish our respectability; and now in California these culinary charms are found all along El Camino Real, competing with the snappy enchiladas served by bright-eyed señoritas. It is true we sometimes dance jazzily at these jolly taverns, but we haven't discovered that their registers were falsified more often than in city hostelries. But it must be different in Kansas. A road house there is an outlawed wanton.

In shooting such scenes nowadays we never allow the word road house in the pictures, which permits us to alibi the location in the title. Of course in innocent states, like Texas, Oregon or North Carolina, we shamelessly call the place a road house, but when we are cutting for Kansas the title will say: "Night found them at Ye Rose Tree Inn in the dear little town of Wa Keeney." Kansas knows full well that nothing could happen at Ye Rose Tree Inn, especially if it was right next to the courthouse in Wa Keeney.

By cutting out rum and road houses Kansas has saved herself from much of the foul work of that old London actor-author, W. Shakspere. I have often wondered what the Sunflower censors would do with some of his tavern scenes. Falstaff, no doubt, would have to alibi his paunch with chocolate parfait, and while you are grinning at Kansas don't be too sure that your own local censor has not become addicted to two-seventy-five per cent buttermilk while he is cutting booze out of the films with his righteous shears.

As I say, there is something heroically sincere about Kansas' objection to all drinking scenes, even though it limits its photo drama to rain water. But what is to be said of places that permit the exhibition of liquor in all its most hideous consequences, provided only that the actual drinking is not shown? A wicked lumberjack may go to the cupboard, bring forth a bottle of red-eye, pour out a glass, raise it to his lips—not place glass back on table, then wipe his lips and grunt comfortably. You see, the real immorality of drink is not in looking upon it when it is red but in actually taking it into the system where it is likely to stir up your crime potencies. So in this scene the immorality was cut at the place where the poison was about to pass his lips. Or perhaps—who knows?—it may be that the censors feel that the mere working of the Adam's apple might stimulate thirst in the tummies of their bone-dry spectators.

In a recent photo play by one of our stars the highly moral motive of which showed a young girl's successful struggle against an inherited taste for alcohol, the drinking scenes were cut to smithereens in several districts—to the utter ruination of the picture and the weakening of the moral. But strange as it may seem, in most places where honest liquor drew an "out," a scene in which the beautiful young débutante became quite hilarious on cologne remained in, which would seem to be a most wickedly valuable tip to the alcoholically thirsty in a world so recently gone dry.

Perhaps one of the most absurd and at times annoying censorships comes from the Federal Government, and it is possible only because certain officials cling to the letter of a law the spirit of which no sane person could believe had been violated. I refer to the filming of money.

There may be some sense in forbidding still pictures of greenbacks so that if counterfeiters are found with such plates in their possession conviction can be obtained, but to insist that photographing money in a moving picture could by any chance come under the counterfeiting law has the same effect as silly speed limits that make lawbreakers of even hearse drivers.

Tails, He Wins

To be frankly truthful, few directors pay the slightest attention to this ruling of the Treasury Department, and when we use stage money it is only because we are guarding against theft. Suppose we are on location and the director suddenly says to the hero: "Bill, give the driver a two-bit tip." Do we send back to the studio to get some photographically legal money? Only one guess is allowed. Don Fairfax, who has kicked in more real money to the United States Treasury in the past four years than probably all of its officials combined, got into a fearful row with the department a while ago because he flipped a coin that—to the amusement of the crowd—appeared to be tails on both sides.

I have told how we must use the Biblical form of the thunder word "damn" in certain quarters, but that is quite mild when compared with the fact that the word "shame" is considered morally poisonous in a certain province of Canada. "Sinfully rich" only last week was removed from one of our pictures by a censor who evidently did not believe that one could be rich and sinful at the same time. And my, how the censors shy at the word "mistress"! Even those who have not the slightest objection to showing the relationship grow white round the gills when the lady's real status is thus proclaimed.

Another very amusing cutting decision we have to make in nearly every picture is how long a clinch may last without shocking the unkissed. As a rule, we ourselves cut such amorous scenes far enough to save them from a laugh, for should we show the dear children locked in a snuggley embrace too long some ribald lowbrow in the audience will begin to make funny noises which cause his neighbors to giggle and the sweet sentiment of the clinch will be gone entirely.

There are some censor boards, however, that have established legal lengths for the kiss supreme, these differing largely with the temperaments of the locality. In the warm, sensuous South we may linger longer in the sweet dissolve than in the colder northern climes. A frostbitten celibate of the bleak mining districts will write in the official bulletin: "Reel 2—cut kissing scene to three feet; Reel 5—cut final kiss to two feet before fade out."

The Clock Method

But suppose we really wish to get a humorous effect by having the turtle doves maintain their strangle hold for a long, long time, as doves have been wont to do since the dawn of love. Jim invented a wonderful device: first showing the clinch in a long shot, we notice the timepiece registering ten o'clock; then cutting to a close-up and holding it as long as the censors will stand for, he fades out and then in again, but in this view we see that the clock has advanced an hour. Thus when he finally fades out the spectator leaves the theater wondering just how long their true love will really run.

There are other methods of indicating a time lapse by cutting from the clinch to long collateral action and then back to the clinch. But the clock method is much snappier and gets by all the silly inhibitions of unromantic censors.

In the sprightly game of matching wits with one's natural enemies the wise combatant studies the weakness of his antagonist. Jim found a most interesting crack in the armor of certain Canadian censors. Many of these people are of French extraction, but having lived so long beside their British neighbors they have attained much of their attitude toward vice—so-called. Yet deep in their hearts they have so strong an affection for their mother country that they believe anything coming from La Belle France must of necessity be of classic worth. How very, very simple! Whenever Jim is in doubt he labels his story for that province "An adaptation from the French," and over it goes without question.

And this reminds me that in purveying photo-dramatic food for the multitude we are up against strange national and race prejudices. Because of these prejudices our greatest Japanese actor, whose art is surely higher than mere racial boundary, is forever doomed to play nationalistic rôles with a heroine of his own kind, for the fans will not stand to see a Japanese take a white girl in his embrace. Curiously enough, however, the wife of this great Oriental actor may play opposite a white man, à la Madame Butterfly, without giving the slightest offense. Here again we see a fine example of rooster morality, for roosters are the same the world over.

I cite this Japanese prejudice to show that it is not only the official censors who edit our work but that public censorship is even stronger. But the best part of the people's censorship is that it is fairly well standardized and we soon learn to know its wishes. In one of the greatest tragedies the photo drama has brought forth the director, who adapted the story from a well-known English author, has one of the characters killed with a knife rather than by a serpent, as in the original story. This was done out of respect for public censorship. In the early days of the pictures the exhibitors soon made us know that their patrons did not care for snakes in the pictures, just as the bombardment within the last six months has said: "My patrons are tired of the vamp stuff; they want more romance." So it is easy for us to follow the taste of the multitude.

That I may be perfectly fair to the official censor let me state that nearly everybody is more or less censorial, and some of the greatest nuisances we have are right on the lot. The assistant director has notions and the cutter's sweetheart is offended at certain things, but perhaps the most terrifying prohibitionists are the wives of the bosses. Mrs. Emil Gatz has just taken up with some new religion or cult, and you bet we soon learn of it from Mr. Gatz, who thinks that he is free, white and twenty-one; whereas, as a matter of fact, he is not one of these things. And it is in pandering to these silly prejudices, official and unofficial, that we are compelled to water our art and that artists are driven to such hilarious hypocrisies.

Cutting Through All Obstacles

The absurd photo-dramatic cant that is forced upon us is best seen in the film attitude toward feminine virtue. As we cannot be honest and frank about the subject we are driven to all sorts of circumlocutions. We would not, for instance, dare to show a simple, Thomas Hardy, rustic courtship resulting disastrously to the maid, because—you see—that would be highly immoral and the maid would have to pay the price. Yet parochial morality demands the ending shall be happy, which is quite impossible if the wages of sin is death.

On the other hand, we may dally along all the primrose paths of sin, yet if the maid remains pure the ending is secure and our morality is not outraged. I recall a recent picture that passed nearly every censor board in the country. The girl was innocent—oh, so sweetly, filmily innocent—this happy fact being registered with the best cinema technic by her singing in the church choir, feeding the dickey birds, and by several perfectly beautiful domestic-happiness scenes. But the bucolic purity proclaimed by church bells and apple blossoms soon palled upon the dynamic young miss and she longed for the big city and adventure. So the director told her to throw a peekaboo waist and a hairbrush—the usual film equipment—into a hand bag, and thus provided she started for Gomorrah. Here the director obligingly procured for her a job by simply cutting to it.

In real life people climb over tremendous obstacles to achieve position and fame, but in the films we have only to cut to them and there they are. During the second reel the young lady learned much about life—how to drink cocktails by making wry faces and shuddering from head to foot until she smilingly reaches the cherry. The wry-face-and-shudder stuff is our favorite way of registering what a terrible thing is liquor

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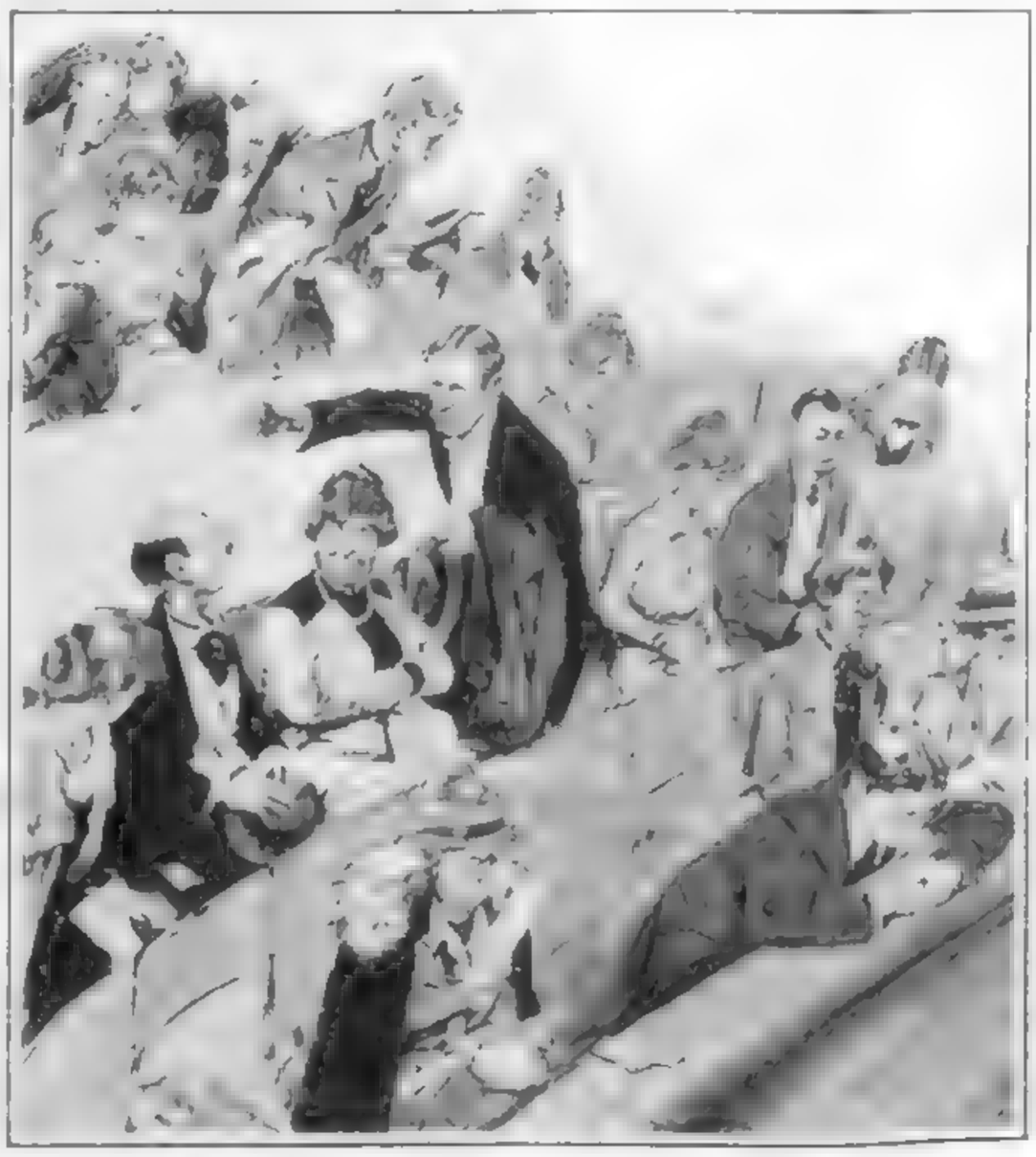

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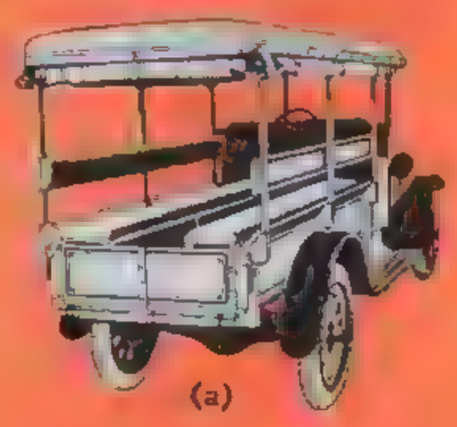
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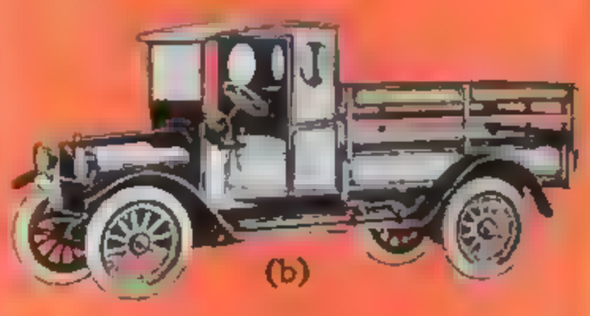
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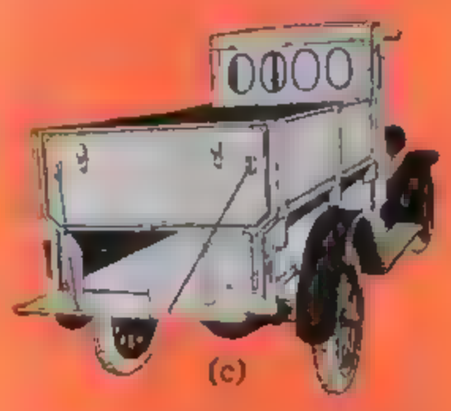
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¶ In thousands of cases and in almost every branch of manufacturing, merchandising, contracting and general hauling, this Reo "Speed Wagon" fitted with bodies especially adapted to each particular service, is doing wonderful work and giving wonderful satisfaction. ¶ We show herein seven types of bodies which we make as standard equipment. ¶ These are;— (a) Carryall with seats for several passengers—seats fold up leaving an ideal van for general baggage, and expressing; (b) Stock-rack for sheep, hogs, etc. (c) Grain-tight box; (d) Grocers or Bakers double-deck delivery; (e) Express with cab; and— (f) Express with Canopy Top. ¶ At bottom is shown the standard basic body on which any of these attachments may be readily and quickly mounted, and which also, in form as shown, is much favored by users whose hauling is compact rather than bulky. ¶ You can add to these types almost without end. ¶ If your special service calls for the quick, economical and safe handling of any commodity—in city, suburban or rural districts—you will find this pneumatic tired Reo "Speed Wagon" ideal for your needs also. ¶ See your Reo dealer and he will show you how readily this vehicle may be converted to any standard or special form. ¶ Then —remember the demand for Reo "Speed Wagons" is almost hopelessly in excess of the factory capacity—a condition that is due to the proven quality of this product. ¶ Only way to be at all sure of obtaining a Reo "Speed Wagon" for reasonably early delivery is—place your order at once. ¶ To-day—won't be a minute too soon.

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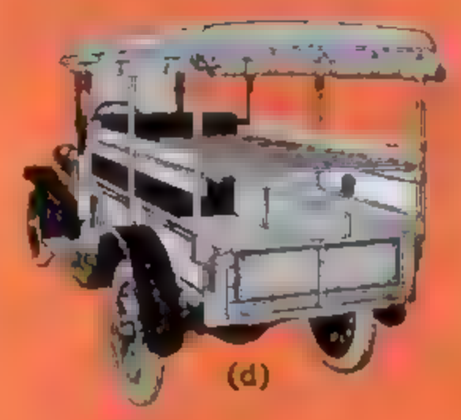
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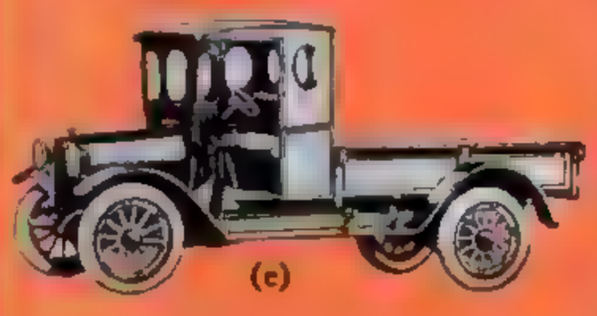
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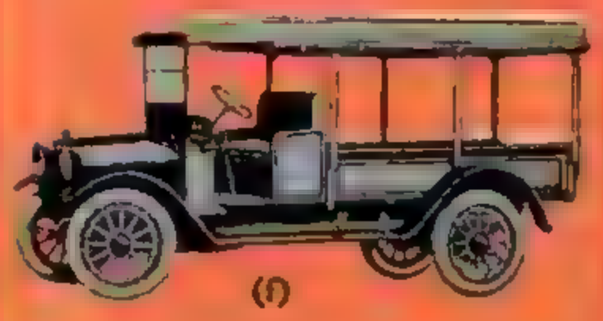
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"THE GOLD STANDARD OF VALUES"

Why didn't you call me earlier — you knew we had pancakes!

Pillsbury's

He'd have been ready in time if he had known the treat mother had in store. Breakfast is more than just breakfast with Pillsbury Pancakes on the table.

Pillsbury Pancakes light, fluffy, delicious pancakes—are made with Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, a new and delightful combination of cereals. Ready to use just add water and bake.

Pillsbury's Pancake Flour Health Bran Wheat Cereal, Pillsbury's Best Flour, Rye, Graham and Durum flours all are members of the Pillsbury Family of Foods; all guaranteed products. Your grocer carries Pillsbury Products.

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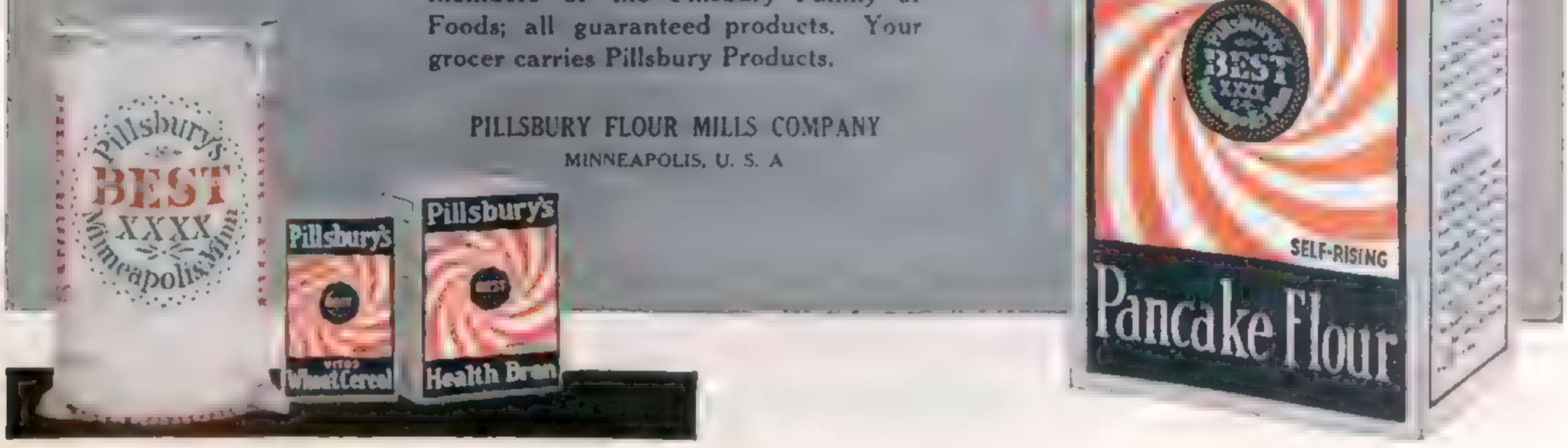

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in the tummy of sweet innocence and how we disapprove of the horrid stuff.

Next we see her salamandering the boss, and in the fourth reel she takes to dope; yet still we are not shocked, for we know that in the fifth reel Harold will arrive, grasp her from the burning, and Myrtle will be saved just as her foot was slipping. And though we have taken a most delightful voyage into the bypaths of sin, our heroine remained pure to the end. And so, you see, we may put over anything so long as virtue is conserved.

Again, though we may not show the mutually happy arrangement suggested in the rustic courtship of Thomas Hardy, we may even film the young girl's foot slipping, provided she is the innocent victim of a man's dastardly villainy; and though there is rarely a fifth reel to life the censors compel us to add it in the photo drama so that the maiden will be saved and we will all feel moral.

Last night I went to the opening of a crook play on the legitimate stage—by one of our leading dramatists—and spent a most delightful evening in the romantic atmosphere of the underworld. Only one character in the piece—and he disappeared in the first act—was not a crook. Even the district attorney threw up his job and indulged in a jail delivery so as to get a good safe cracker out to help him on a job. During the three acts the jolly principals resorted to chloroforming, flimflamming, stealing, shooting off guns with horrific explosions, beaning a crooked banker with a tabaret, and altogether had a rare old criminal time, as in the melodramatic days of the late eighties. Everybody was quite thrilled and felt sloppily sentimental toward the crooks, for in this case they had turned their wonderful technic of violence to the noble purpose of helping the poor. In order to gain our sympathy the author naturally had to make his crooks kind, brave and witty. Who, for instance, wouldn't love a degenerate young yegg girl as bright as this one? When the sentimental judge in his chambers was trying to prove to her that crime didn't pay and she had answered by enumerating several homes and motor cars to her credit and admitted forty-three thousand dollars in the bank, he said with deep feeling: "But weren't you even interested in this holy war of democracy and decency that has just been won?" She replied: "Sure. I gave half of everything I stole to the Y. M. C. A."

Now I recite all this as an expression of freedom on the stage—an art uncensored. Yet in many places it would never be permitted in the films. Talk about a school of crime! At this play every spectator took his A. B. degree; discovered how to drug a victim, to deceive with changing make-up, to avoid telltale thumb prints and other technical achievements of society's moral anarchs. All this crookedness was happily rewarded in the end by a clinching fade-out that would have run over thirty feet of film. Yet the papers record no epidemic of chloroforming and bank breaking.

Ordinarily our villains are wholly wicked and our heroes and heroines wholly good, like the morality plays of the Middle Ages. It is true we occasionally have a villain reform in the fifth reel, but he can't just turn good; he must suffer ere the footage runs out and we can cut to a conversion. Thus we see that under the quaint old institution of censorship the films can never be so artistic as the stage, for with this fear our finest photo-dramatic purposes arrive stillborn.

I was talking with Jim about the problem last night after the show and he was all worked up over it.

"'Tis true, my dear," said he, "that we may conduct a bum school of burglary by drilling safes with egg beaters, but we offer a fine course in philandering—thanks to the monitors. The tragedy of the whole game is not the moralities that are censored but the immoralities we are driven to. A nice, clean-minded fellow like me is much more offended by what the censors pass than what they cut."

The truth of this epigrammatic estimate of Jim's is borne out by the experience of Los Angeles, a city of some six hundred thousand people from every state in the Union, including forty thousand from the highly moralized state of Kansas alone, yet we see the undiluted first runs of all the great studios, and since we gave up our censor board a few years ago not one film has been stopped by the police, nor has any public indignation manifested itself at any parts thereof. In the days of censorship the town was in perpetual turmoil over stupid rulings which were seized upon by pornographic panderers to advertise wares that wouldn't have drawn a corporal's guard without such publicity.

I'll say this much for my sex: It was a woman member of the board who finally spilled the beans—told of the peanut politics, idiotic wranglings and personal ax grindings that went on at their meetings and who finally urged its total abolition.

I have said that fear of the censors edited much of our stuff in advance so that the dwellers in the pink districts get a denatured art even before it arrives for local inspection. But this is mostly the work of the film editors, who cut in advance for the eccentricities of the various localities. The best and most courageous directors long ago gave up paying any attention to the variegated tastes and morals of particular places, and now go ahead and shoot their pictures right at the great majority and let the pink districts do their worst and take the consequences. So if the pink people ever expect to see the best pictures put out by the big responsible studios they will have to climb up out of the Middle Ages and get into the band wagon of artistic freedom.

But if there is still some reader unconvinced that helter-skelter parochial censorship is not a terrific blight upon the pictures and believes that someone ought to give our wares the moral up-and-down, let me relieve his qualms. In New York there is a voluntary, unpaid group of representative men and women of every shaped head indigenous to Gotham, chosen by The Peoples' Institute, who review more than ninety-nine per cent of all films shown in America and who act in an advisory capacity to the producers, and whose opinions are accepted as final with us. This board keeps us in touch with the changing public taste, soft-pedals our excessive enthusiasms and in every way works with us to make the films better. The imprint of The National Board of Review should be guaranty enough that a picture is acceptable.

Of course if you insist that storks bring babies, that strychnine is an unknown poison, that a home can be wrecked on buttermilk, that married folk all stick it out until death them do part and that policemen are intelligent devotees of Melpomene it is your privilege to enforce your notions, but for the love of your fillum favorite don't blame us if your photo plays are just jazz, junk and jabberwock! We'll make a lot better stuff if the busybodies will only lay off and give us a chance.

It is just like a lot of men to go all the way to Flanders to fight for freedom and then come back and vote away their freedom of choice in moving pictures. I once threatened to write a scenario with this pink idiocy as the theme, but what's the use? It would be censored in the places where it would produce the biggest kick.

THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

twist in his chair. And he repeated in a low voice: "You want me to withdraw?"

"Exactly. Now!"

Wint shook his head gently. "No," he said; "I won't withdraw."

Kite threw up one clenched fist in a furious gesture. "If you don't you'll be run out of town!"

"I'm in the fight," said Wint steadily. He spoke so low they could scarce hear him. "I'm in the fight. I'll stay."

"Then I'll smash you, flat as a pancake! You young fool!"

"Kite," Wint murmured gently, "I don't give a damn what you do. I'm in to stay."

Kite banged his fist on the table: "Then the whole story comes out!"

"Let it come," said Wint.

"You mean you want me to tell these men here—the black shame."

"Yes," Wint assented. "Tell them anything you please."

He lowered his eyes again, resumed his study of the carpet, puffed at his pipe. Kite stared at the boy's bent head as though he could not believe his eyes or his ears. He had counted so surely on Wint's surrender; he had been so sure that Wint would yield.

But Wint—the fool sat there, passively defying him; daring him. Kite's face twisted with a sudden furious grimace. He jerked back his head. So be it.

He flung defiant eyes round the room; he said abruptly, curtly: "Very well. Here it is: This young rip is the father of Hetty Morfee's child."

There was a moment's terrible silence in the room. Then Jack Routt cried: "Good Lord, Kite; that can't be!"

Kite snapped at him: "Can't be? It is! Here's the very check he gave her to go away." He shook the slip of paper in the air. "What do you say to that?"

"I don't believe it," Routt insisted. "I've known Wint too long." He got up and strode across and gripped Wint's shoulder. "Tell him it's a damned lie, Wint," he begged.

Wint looked up at Routt with slow steady eyes; and Routt after a moment could not meet them. He turned back to Kite, protesting Wint's innocence. Their wrangling voices jangled in the silence. B. B. pretended not to hear, stared straight ahead of him. Ed Skinner twisted uneasily where he sat. Amos, deep in his chair, was watching Wint; and Wint's father was watching Wint, too, watching his son with a desperate beseeching look in his eyes.

Wint did not see; he was looking at the floor; and he was thinking of Hetty. He had not thought of her before; had not thought what this would mean to her. That which had come to her was already guessed at in Hardiston; now everyone would know beyond need of guessing. She would be outcast; no saving her; but one black road ahead. For the thing would be believed; he knew that. People had been ready to believe before this; ready to accept the mere rumor. His own father, his own mother. This had been their first thought when he wished to help Hetty. Joan—she had sought to question him. Yes, they would believe. Everyone.

He was not angry at them for their credulity; he pitied them, that they should now be so malignant and so blind. He was quite calm, not at all sorry for himself. Sorry for them. And most of all he was sorry for Hetty. He had always liked Hetty; a good girl, give her a chance. The stuff of good womanhood in her. Blasted now. He wished he might find a way to help her. Some way.

A word from Kite to Routt cut through his thoughts. "If you won't believe me," Kite exclaimed, "will you believe her?"

"Hetty never said this," Routt protested.

And Kite got up and went swiftly out into the hall, calling over his shoulder: "Just a minute, then."

Everyone looked toward the door, listening. They heard Kite open the front door and call "Lutcher."

A man answered, outside. Kite asked, "Is she there?"

The man said, "Yes."

"Send her in," Kite directed. And they heard the sound of moving feet.

So she had been waiting there all this time with Lutcher. Wint thought she must have been miserably unhappy as she waited. When he heard her step in the hall he looked up and saw her. Her eyes met his for an instant; and Wint was curiously stirred by the pitiful appeal in them, as though she begged him to forgive. Then her eyes left his. She came in and stood just inside the door. Kite said: "Sit down."

He gave her his own chair by the table. The girl moved apathetically across the room and took the chair. Kite looked down at her.

"Now, Hetty," he said in the tone of one who questions a child, "I have been telling them what you told me. They think I am lying. Am I lying?"

She shook her head slowly; and Kite looked from man to man triumphantly.

Routt cried: "Hetty, you don't understand. He said Wint was your—your baby's father? That's not true! It can't be!"

She looked at Routt; and there was a somber light in her eyes. She said in a low steady voice: "Yes. Sure it's true."

Her eyes remained on Routt. He stepped back as though she had struck him. Wint raised his head and looked round the room; saw Amos squinting at his pipe; saw B. B. ill at ease, and Skinner squirming; saw his father white and shaken in his seat.

Then Routt turned to him, exclaiming: "Wint, for God's sake! You heard what she said."

Wint hardly knew himself; he was, suddenly and surprisingly, very calm, and happy with an anguished happiness of renunciation. The old stubborn prideful Wint would have denied, have fought, have sworn. But Wint looked at Hetty, he was terribly sorry for her. He surrendered himself to a great and splendid magnanimity.

"Yes," he told Routt. "I heard."

"But it's a lie!"

Wint got up slowly, looked round the room, studied them all; and he smiled. "Hetty would not lie about me," he said. "She and I have always been friends. We are going to be married, right away."

He held them a moment more with his eyes; they were frozen, every man. And then he looked at Hetty and saw her eyes widen pitifully, and saw her face twist with anguish. And he smiled reassuringly, and he said: "It's all right, Hetty. Truly. Never fear."

While they were still motionless he turned and went quietly into the hall. Muldoon had been dozing under his chair; the dog scrambled up and followed him. Wint got his hat and went out of the house, Muldoon upon his heels.

In the room he had left every man was very still. Only poor Hetty crumpled slowly in her chair; and she dropped her head in her arms upon the table and began to cry with great gasping sobs. And she whispered to herself in a harsh whisper that every man could hear: "Oh, my God!"

XLVII

THERE is a dramatist hidden in every one of us. We like to cast ourselves as heroes, as heroines, as villains of the piece. Make-believe is one of the fundamental instincts. It is human nature to construct a drama about our lives; it is also very human to seize dramatic situations.

There was a good deal of the dramatist in Wint. When he left his home that night, Muldoon at his heels, he was acutely conscious that his life was broken. He had lost everything. He had lost father and mother; and he had lost Joan. They were irrevocably gone. Furthermore, he was beaten in his fight. There could be no question of this. Hardiston would overwhelm him. There was left for him in this world—nothing.

Wint was enough of a boy to take a keen delight in the tragedy of this; he was enough of a boy—or enough of a dramatist, for the two things are in many ways the same—to emphasize his situation, bring out the high lights, vest it in the trappings of drama. He did not think of himself as a hero for having sacrificed everything for Hetty; he did not think of that phase of the situation at all. He had done that because it was the inevitable consequence of events. It was the only thing he could do. He took no credit to himself for the doing. But he did picture himself as broken or destroyed; and as he walked, more or less aimlessly, it was natural that his thoughts should cast back through the months to those other days when he had fallen low. Thus he remembered the Weaver House and Mrs. Moody.

There seemed to him something appropriate and fitting in the idea of returning to the Weaver House this night. He had risen out of it; he would return to it. It was in such surroundings that he belonged now. He turned that way.

It was only nine o'clock in the evening—or perhaps a little later—when Wint left his home. The day had been fine; the night was clear, and there was a moon. It was pleasant to be abroad on such a night. Wint took a leisurely course that brought him through the last fringe of houses above the railroad yards; and he followed the tag end of a street down the hill to the flats covered with slack and cinders. In the light of day this was a hideous place, black and begrimed. But the moon could glorify even this. It painted blue shadows everywhere; it laid streaks of silver light along the rails; it touched a pool of water, a puddle here and there, and under the touch the water became quicksilver, alive and beautiful. A switching engine moved down the yard, and when the fireman twitched open the

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 115)

door to replenish the fires the glare shone in a pale glow upon his figure and back upon the tender. The long strings of cars, box cars with open doors or coal cars loaded high, took on a beauty of their own in the night; and the winking switch lamps were like jewels—rubies and emeralds shining in the moon.

He had to climb between two freight cars on his way across the yard; and Muldoon scurried underneath them. Wint grimed his hands on the cars, and he rubbed them together, cleaning them as well as he could while he went on. He picked his way across the tracks, past the roundhouse, where a locomotive slumbered hissingly, and on into the fringes of the locality where the Weaver House awaited him.

It is the custom in Hardiston that when the moon is full, be it cloudy or clear, the street lamps are not lighted. Thus the street along which Wint took his way was illuminated only by the moon. On either side the dingy squalid houses stood, with a flick of light from one and another where those who dwelt there were still awake. A little later he passed a store or two and turned a corner, and so came to the hotel.

Something prompted him to stop outside and look in through the dirty window glass. It was so light outside and the lamp inside furnished such a meager illumination that Mrs. Moody saw him at the window; and she took him for some wandering ne'er-do-well and came scolding to the door.

"Be off!" she cried, before she saw who it was. "Get away from there!"

Muldoon snarled at her; and Wint said: "Quiet, boy"; and to the woman: "It's me. Wint Chase."

She came out and peered up at him; and he saw her horribly even teeth shine like silver between her cracked old lips.

"You, is it?" she exclaimed aggressively. "Well, and you don't need to come a snooping round here. We're lawful folks here. And you know it. So you can just go along."

He said: "I came for lodging."

And she backed away.

"Eh?" she asked.

"For lodging," he repeated. "Can you give me a room?"

"What's the matter with you anyhow?" she demanded. "You had a fight with your paw again?" She was still aggressively and suspiciously on guard.

He laughed and said whimsically: "Come; you wouldn't turn an old friend out. Let me have a room."

So she thawed, became her old, meanly ingratiating self. "Why, deary," she protested, "you know old Mother Moody never turned a man away. You come right in now. Come right in where it's warm. Did you say you'd had a scrap with your paw?"

Wint went before her into the office of the squalid hotel. Muldoon kept close to his heels; and Jim, Mrs. Moody's dog, growled from beneath the table.

Mrs. Moody squalled at him: "You, Jim, be still!"

Wint looked round him; it was curious to find the place so little changed. A train clanked past on the track that flanked the hotel. He could almost hear the gurgle of the muddy waters of the creek behind. The office itself was lighted, as it had always been, by a single oil lamp. It did not seem to Wint that this lamp had been cleaned since he was here before. It stood on the square old table in the corner, where the wall benches ran along two sides. The dog slept under this table; and the boy—the same boy—was leaning his elbows on the table by the lamp and poring with mumbling lips over a tattered paper-backed tale. This boy's clothes were still too small; his wrists stuck out from his sleeves, his neck reared itself bare and gaunt above the collar of the coat. There was a strange and pitiful atmosphere of age and experience about him.

There was one change in the room, as Wint saw when he had persuaded Mrs. Moody to leave him to his own devices, and she had gone to her chair behind the high counter that had been a bar. This change lay in the fact that one of the two old checker players was gone. The other sat on the wall bench in the corner behind the table; the disused checkerboard lay before him. He was asleep, with sagging head, his occupation gone. His white beard was stained an ugly brown below his mouth. Wint wondered if the other old man was dead. Perhaps.

He did not wish to be alone just then; he wanted companionship, friendly and impersonal. So he sat down beside the boy and filled his pipe and lighted it and asked amiably: "What are you reading, son?"

The boy was too absorbed to answer. He brushed at his ear with his hand as though a fly buzzed there, and turned a dog-eared page. But the sound of Wint's voice so near him awoke the old man; he stirred, opened his eyes, looked all about. And he reached across and laid a hand like a claw on Wint's arm.

"Play checkers?" he asked hoarsely. "Play checkers, do you?"

"A little," Wint said.

"I'll play you," the old man challenged. "I'm a good player. I always was. Played all my life. Played every night, right here at this table, with the best player in the county, for seven years." His skinny old hands were feverishly arranging the pieces, while Wint took his place by the board. "I beat him too," the old man boasted. "Beat him lots of times. He'd say so himself. He would, but he had to go and die." There was resentment in his voice, as at a personal wrong. He said curtly:

"Your move," and spoke no more.

"'You Go Where You're Going, You Old Buzzard'"

Wint moved, the old man countered. On Wint's fifth move—he was an indifferent player—the old man cackled gleefully. "That beats you!" he cried. "Heh, heh, heh! That beats you, now."

It did; and Wint lost the next game, and the next, as easily. His success put the old man in the best of humor. He laughed much between games, studying the board with fixed intensity while the play was in progress. Wint watched the old man as much as he watched the board; he studied the old fellow with a curiously wistful eye. This old wreck of manhood had been a boy once; a baby once, in a mother's arms. No doubt she had dreamed dreams for him.

He might be President some day. Might be anything. This is one of the things that makes babies fascinating: their potentialities.

There is no greater gamble than to bring a baby into the world. Wint considered this, thought of Hetty's baby, the baby that had died. As well, perhaps. Otherwise it might have come, some day, to playing checkers in the Weaver House. He put the thought aside abruptly. At least it would have lived. Even this old man had lived. No doubt life had been reasonably sweet to him, till his antagonist died. "Had to go and die."

The old man accused him: "You ain't trying to play, young fellow. Now don't you go easy on me. I'll show you some things." Wint gave more of his attention to the game. He was playing when the door opened and Jack Routt came in. He did not look round till Jack exclaimed behind him: "Wint! I thought you'd be here."

He looked up then and said "Hello, Jack," in a calm voice, and went on with his play.

Routt dropped on the seat beside him and caught his arm.

"Here, Wint," he protested. "I want to talk to you. Where'd you pick up that old duck? Listen. I want to —— Let's go outside."

Wint said: "Wait till we finish the game." The old man seemed unconscious of Routt's presence; and when Routt spoke again Wint bade him be quiet and wait.

Only when the game was done did he rise.

To the old man he said: "Thanks. We'll have another game. I'll beat you yet."

The other protested jealously at his going; but Wint said he must. Then to Routt: "Come upstairs."

"Have you got a room?" Routt asked, amazed; and Wint said "Yes." He went toward the stairs, Routt following him. Mrs. Moody had given Wint that same dingy room in which he had spent the night of his election. They went there, and Wint bade Routt sit down. Routt sat on the bed; Wint stood indolently by the door.

Routt exclaimed at once: "Wint, I want you to know this wasn't my doing. You could have knocked me flat. I'm sorry as hell."

"Of course," Wint agreed.

"I want to know if there isn't some way we can fix it up," Routt urged. "There must be something we can do. Some damned thing."

"There's nothing to fix," Wint told him.

"Nothing to fix?" Routt shifted his position, reached into his pocket. "My Lord, but I'm knocked out, Shaky. I've got to have a drink. Mind?"

"Go ahead."

Routt produced a flask. He held it toward Wint. "Have a slug?" Wint shook his head. Routt drank, and again asked: "Sure you won't?"

Wint said: "No."

"If I were in your shoes," said Routt, with the flask still open in his hand, "I'd want to soak myself in it. A good stiff drunk. There are times when nothing else is any good."

"I used to think so," Wint agreed.

Routt took a second drink, wiped his mouth, screwed the cap on the flask and put it in his pocket. "If you want any, say the word," he suggested. "Now, Wint, what are we going to do?"

Wint leaning quietly against the wall stirred a little.

"I'm going to tell you something, Routt," he said.

"Tell me? What?"

"This," Wint went on gently, eyes a little wistful. "This: That I—know you now. At last."

Routt sat for an instant very still; then he got to his feet.

"Wint? What do you mean?"

"I thought you were my—friend," said Wint. "Stuck to that thought. People warned me. Amos, and father, and—Joan. Said you were not—my friend. But I believed you were. I'm not sorry."

"Damn it, I am your friend!"

"I'm not sorry I held to you as long as I could," Wint went on impassively. "It's a good thing to have faith, even in—false friends. But—I know you now, Routt. You've made me drunk, played on the worst in me, slandered me, tricked me, played your part in this black thing tonight."

He hesitated, and Routt started to speak, but Wint cut in: "Are you—responsible for Hetty, Jack?" he asked.

"Am I?" Routt demanded. "Why, damn you, you said yourself ——"

"If I thought you were," Wint told him evenly, "if I thought you had done that to her—she was a nice girl; clean—I think I'd take you by the throat, Routt, and kill you here."

Routt cried angrily: "You're crazy! What the hell? You said yourself that you ——"

"In fact," Wint told him, "unless you go away I am going to hurt you—even now—without being sure. Hurt you as badly as I can."

Routt started to speak; then Wint's eyes caught his and silenced him. He stood for a moment, staring at the other.

And Routt's eyes fell. He looked round gropingly for his hat, and he put it on. He went past Wint at the door; and he went past quickly, as though afraid of what Wint might do.

He went along the hall and down the stairs without speaking again.

Wint, left alone, stood still where he was for a time; then he stirred himself and began to prepare for bed. He moved slowly, indolently; stripped off coat and collar, sat down to unlace his shoes. After a while he crossed and opened the window. He felt somehow infinitely cleaner, healthier, since he had put Jack Routt out of his life.

He felt as though he had washed smears of grime from his hands.

Yet there was a certain loneliness upon him too; for he had lost one whom he had counted a friend.

After a while he went to bed and slept peacefully enough till dawn.

XLVIII

THE crowded events of the evening before had wearied Wint more than he knew; his sleep was dreamless and profound, and he might not have waked till midday if it had not been for Muldoon. The dog slept beside Wint's bed; but at the first glint of day he became restless; and when the sun rose Muldoon got up and walked stiffly across to the open window and propped his feet on the sill and looked out. The slight sound of his nails on the bare floor disturbed Wint and he turned in his sleep; and Muldoon came back to the bed to see what was the matter. Wint's arm was hanging over the side of the bed,

(Continued on Page 121)

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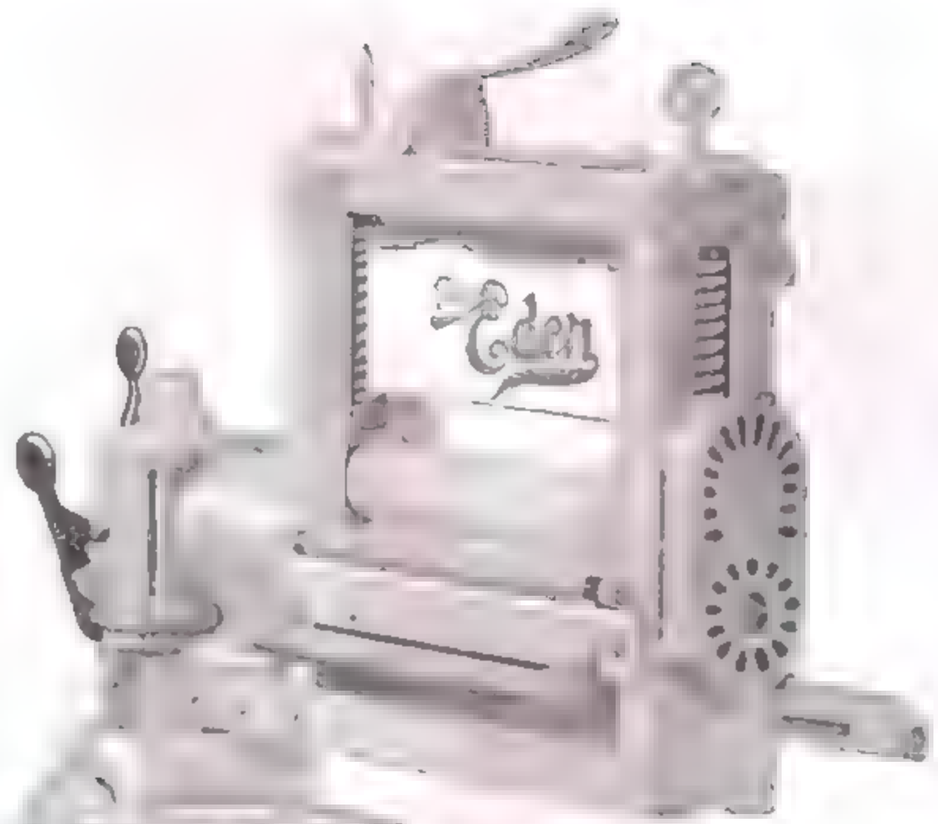

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(Continued from Page 117)

and Muldoon licked his master's hand, which woke Wint effectually enough.

He opened his eyes and at first he could not remember where he was. The dingy room. He stared up at the cracked and broken ceiling. At one place a patch of plaster had fallen, leaving the laths bare. It took Wint some little time to recognize his surroundings. But at last he remembered. He sat up on the edge of the bed, rumpling Muldoon's ears with his right hand, and looked round.

The room contained, besides the bed, a chair and a wardrobe. His clothes were on the chair. The sagging doors of the wardrobe hung open. There was nothing inside the decrepit thing. His eyes wandered toward the mantel. The cracked old mirror still hung there. His eyes fell to the floor, and he marked the charred place near the hearth, burned there that night of his election, when at sight of his own image in the mirror he had smashed the lamp in a fury of shame. He remembered that night now; and he smiled a little whimsically. It seemed his fortunes were always to be bound up with this dingy room.

Muldoon, disturbed by Wint's long silence, looked up at his master, and barked under his breath uneasily. Wint took the dog's head in both his hands and shook it gently back and forth.

"What's the matter, pup?" he asked affectionately. "What's on your mind? What are you fussing about, anyhow? What have you got to fuss about, I'd like to know? Come!"

Muldoon twisted himself free, and he snarled. It was a part of the game. Then he flung himself forward and pinned Wint's right hand and held it, growling. Wint took him by the scruff of the neck and lifted the dog onto his lap; and Muldoon's solid body accommodated itself to Wint's knees and he lay there, perfectly contented.

"You stuck round, didn't you, boy?" Wint asked, his voice a little wistful. "The rest of them didn't give a hoot for Wint; but you stuck round, eh? The rest of them didn't care. 'Get out. Good enough for him.' That's what they'd say. But not you; eh, Muldoon? You stuck. Even Jack Routt—even Jack only came to offer me booze. And the rest of them didn't come at all. Only you, pup. You and I, now. But we'll show them some things, eh?"

Muldoon rolled his eyes up at Wint and said nothing; and Wint lifted the dog from his knees to the bed. "There, take a nap while I'm dressing," he said. "Then we'll be moving on."

The dog stayed obediently on the bed; and Wint dressed, moving quietly to and fro. He did not hurry. He was possessed by an easy indolence. There seemed to be nothing in the world worth hurrying for. He was not unhappy; he whistled a little as he dressed. But once or twice he remembered that his father had let him go without a word, and he winced at the thought. And once or twice he remembered that he had no friend now anywhere, save Muldoon; and that was not pleasant remembering. But for the most part he put a good face on life.

"After all, pup," he told Muldoon, "things can't be any worse. So they're bound to get better. And we'll just play that hunch for all it's worth. Why not? Eh?"

Muldoon had no objections; he wagged the stump of his tail and opened his jaws and laughed, dog-fashion, tongue hanging happily. Wint grinned at him and sat down to tie his shoes.

Save for collar and coat he was fully dressed when he heard through the open door the voice of someone who had come into the office of the Weaver House downstairs. The voice was unmistakable. The newcomer was Amos; and when Wint realized this he stood very still, and his face turned a little white. He waited without moving. There was nothing else to do.

He heard Amos and someone else coming up the stairs, guided by Mrs. Moody.

"Right along here," the old dame was saying. "Always the same room. I always give him the best. That's the kind of a gentleman he is, when he comes to old Mother Moody. Right here, now."

In the doorway she said: "Here's the congressman to see you, deary."

She stood aside to let Amos come in. Wint saw that B. B. Beecham was with Amos, on the other's heels. He watched them, steady enough by this time. He wondered what they had come for. To triumph? That would not be like B. B. Nor Amos.

Amos turned and told Mrs. Moody to go.

"And thank you ma'am," he said.

She went away a little reluctantly. She was a curious old woman; she liked to know what went on in her hostelry. But—Amos had, when he chose, a commanding tone.

When she was gone he turned and looked at Wint, head on one side, squinting good-humoredly; and he said, "Well, Wint, how's tricks?"

Wint hesitated; then he said, "Good morning, both of you."

Amos nodded. B. B. said, "Good morning."

Wint looked round at the sparse furnishings of the room.

"You've caught me early," he said. "I'm not dressed yet." And he added: "I can't offer you both a chair, because there's only one chair."

"Me," said Amos, "I'll sit on the bed. B. B., sit down."

Wint remained on his feet. "Well," he asked, a challenge in his voice, "what's on your mind?"

Amos leaned back against the wall and began to fill his pipe.

"Nothing much, Wint," he said slowly. "We come down here principally to shake you by the hand. Don't let me forget t'do it before I go."

His tone was friendly and reassuring. Wint wondered just what he meant.

He smiled a little and said, "All right."

"Thought you might be glad to see your friends," Amos added. And Wint said with lips a little white, "I would be."

"Well," Amos told him, "here's two of us."

Wint looked at the congressman; and he looked at B. B.

B. B. said quietly: "That was a fine thing you did last night, Wint."

Wint flushed, as though he were ashamed of what he had done.

"I don't understand this," he said a little impatiently. "What do you want? Out with it!"

Amos said: "Want to help you, any way we can."

Wint's eyes narrowed; and he flung out a hand. "You're too darned mysterious, Amos."

Amos lighted his pipe. "Well, Wint, I don't aim to be," he declared. "I'm talking straight as I know. B. B. and me are on your side; that's all. We're taking orders from you. We do anything you say."

Wint laughed—a sudden harsh laugh.

"I've heard they give a condemned man anything he wants—the last morning," he exclaimed.

Amos nodded. "Yes, I've heard tell o' that. But what's that got to do with this?"

"Plain enough, I should think."

"You don't count yourself a condemned man, now, do you?"

"I should think so."

Amos shook his head doubtfully. "And here I thought you said last night you didn't aim to quit."

"I don't. But I'll be snowed under—now. Of course."

"Well," said Amos, "that may be so. I ain't sure. Gergue will know, time he's talked round a spell. Prob'ly you are. Are beat. But I've seen men beat before that turned out pretty strong in the end." He added slowly, "Anyway, licked or unlicked, I'm on your side, Wint; and always was."

Wint stared at him with a curious threatening light in his eyes.

"What's the idea? You turned me down cold, in public. Now you come whining round."

"I'm not whining, Wint," said Amos cheerfully. "Do you think I'm whining, B. B.?"

B. B. smiled. "Congressman Caretall has his own methods, Wint. I know he seemed to be against you; but I also know that he's been secretly working for you, that every vote he can swing will go to you. He's been passing that word round for a week."

Wint hesitated, looking from one to the other. "I never caught you in a lie, B. B.," he said.

"It's true enough," the editor told him. "You see"—he looked at Amos, then went on—"you see, your father has no use for Amos. And Amos knew it. He also knew your father could do a good deal to help you win this election. But Chase would not be on your side so long as Amos was with you. Do you see?"

"I see that much," said Wint. He was thinking hard.

"But your father has been working for you since Amos pretended to have turned against you, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I don't suppose you ever thought of that," B. B. suggested; and Wint drew his hand across his eyes and looked at Amos, and asked huskily: "Is it true, Amos?"

Amos grinned; and he said: "I'm like you. I never knowed B. B. to tell a lie."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"You can't keep a secret, Wint. You're too damned honest. Maybe you're too honest for politics. I don't know. Anyhow I couldn't let on to you without your father's seeing it in your eye."

Wint said, grinning a little shakily: "It hurt me a good deal, just the same."

"I guess you'll outgrow that."

"I suppose so."

He said nothing more for a minute; and Amos puffed at his pipe, and B. B. studied Wint, smiling a little at the young man's confusion. Wint was flushed; and he was happier than he had ever expected to be again. These two were true friends, at least. Not all the world had turned its back on him. He crossed abruptly and gripped their hands.

"Why, that's all right," said Amos, marking how Wint was moved. "If you hadn't run away last night before we could move I'd have told you then. I tried to find you, after. But no one seemed to know."

Wint nodded. "I just walked blindly for a while. I could not go home. This was the first place I thought of."

Amos blew a cloud of smoke. "Well, that's all right."

"How did you find out I was here, now?" Wint asked. "Just guess—or what?"

"Jack Routt is—spreading the word," Amos explained. There was a suggestion of something hidden behind his simple statement.

"Routt? Yes; he was here last night," Wint agreed.

"Yes; he said he was."

Wint caught the implication in the congressman's tone and he asked, "What's the matter? What does Routt say?"

"Well, as a matter of fact he says you were down here last night, stewed to the eyes and getting stewedier all the time."

Wint's eyes narrowed; then he laughed. "Oh. Says that?"

"Says it frequent and generous."

"He came down last night and suggested that I drown my sorrows," Wint explained. "I —" He hesitated. "You see, Jack and I—I've always counted him my best friend. But I seemed to see through him last night. I—don't count him my friend any more."

"We-ell," Amos drawled, "I can't say as I blame you for that. I'll say he don't talk friendly about you."

Wint, flushing, asked quickly: "You don't believe what he's saying?"

Amos shook his head. "I know a hangover when I see one; and I know when I don't."

Wint nodded. "I'm not starting in again on the booze at this stage of the game."

"No; I'd guess not."

Wint sat down beside Amos on the tumbled bed. "Now, Amos, let's get down to tacks. I said last night I was going to stick; and I meant it. I mean it all the more now, with you to back me. The thing is—"

Amos turned his head toward the door. "Someone coming," he said.

Wint heard steps on the stairs, and Mrs. Moody's cheerful harangue. He got up quickly. His father stood in the doorway.

In the long moment of silence that followed the apearance of the elder Chase Wint put his whole heart into the effort to read his father's face. Was there anger there? Or shame? Or bitter reproach? Reason enough, in all conscience, for any one of these emotions. He stared deep into his father's eyes.

The elder Chase came into the room one stiff step; and he looked at Wint and at B. B. and at Amos. His lips twitched a little at sight of Amos, then set firmly together again. That was all.

Wint moved toward him a little.

"Dad!" he said huskily.

His father's eyes searched Wint's. The older man's voice was shaking. He said slowly: "Routt is telling Hardiston you are drunk down here."

Wint nodded. "Yes; I'd heard."

"I heard him telling men this thing."

Wint said nothing; the older man's face lighted fiercely. "I knew he lied, Wint. Oh, I knew he lied!"

Wint flushed with the sudden rush of happiness within him. He looked from his father to Amos.

"Dad," he said, "there's one thing—I know my friends now."

"Routt is no friend."

"I know."

"I always told you."

"Yes."

"He—"

Wint laughed softly. "Forget Jack Routt, dad. I've other friends. Amos here."

Chase's face hardened; he said without expression: "Amos?"

"He and B. B. came to me when I thought I hadn't a friend in the world. You and Amos have got to make it up, dad. You've got to. Please."

The older man hesitated; then he turned to Amos. "All right," he said. "I—Wint's friends are mine."

Amos got up from the bed and took the other man's hand; and he smiled shrewdly. "I did play you dirty, Chase," he confessed. "I admit it. But doing it—I played a good trick on your son. Didn't I now?"

Chase said slowly: "Yes."

"Wouldn't you rather have him as he stands?" Amos asked. "Wouldn't you rather have him as he stands—than the way he was a year ago?"

"Yes, God knows."

Amos said slowly: "When you're sorest at me—just give me credit for that."

Chase exclaimed swiftly: "It doesn't matter. It's past. Done. All I want is—my boy. You, Wint."

Wint was beginning to believe all was right with the world. He said slowly: "Even after last night, dad? Hetty—"

"Yes," said his father.

"Mother?" Wint asked. "She'll—is she unhappy?"

"Why did you go away from us, Wint?" his father asked huskily. "Why did you run away?"

"I thought you wouldn't want me at home."

"We always want you."

B. B. caught Amos Caretall's eye; and he nodded slightly; and Amos understood. He said: "We'll be moving, Wint. See you uptown, by and by."

"Yes, I'll be up," Wint said.

"So long, Chase."

"Good-by," Chase told him quietly.

Amos and B. B. went out, and along the hall, and down the stairs. Wint and his father were left alone. For a little while they did not speak. Then Chase said gently: "Come home to your mother, Wint."

Wint asked: "Even—knowing this? What happened last night? You want me in spite of it?"

"Yes."

"In spite of—what I've done."

Chase threw up his hand. He cried: "Damn it, yes! What do we care? Whatever you do"—his voice broke huskily—"you're always our son!"

Wint could not move for a moment; he was choking. At last he laughed, happily enough; and he touched his father's shoulder with one hand.

"Wait till I put on my collar," he said. "I'll come along."

Muldoon, as though in his dog mind he understood, began to prance and bark about his master as Wint prepared to leave the Moody hostelry behind him. Wint was as happy as the dog. He knew his friends now; knew the loyal ones. And his father and his mother—they loved him.

All was well with the world.

XLIX

WINT and his father walked home in a silence that was little broken; across the railroad yards, up the hill. A new understanding of his father and mother was coming to Wint; some measure of comprehension of the completeness of their love for him. He marked that there had been no reproaches from his father, no questions, no scolding. That which had passed was to be forgotten, was to be ignored. He was their son; nothing else

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The $7,00 0

ACTUAL SIZE illustration of a 3½-inch Firestone Special Molded Tire. The No. 2 Firestone factory is devoted exclusively to this 3½-inch tire and the tubes to match.

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3½ Inch Tire

—or it might be called the $73,000,000 tire, for it is possible only because of the entire resources of the Firestone Company.

BUT $7,000,000 is what has gone directly into this new, vast Firestone factory that is devoted exclusively to the making of this tire and the tubes to match. The main plant is now concentrating on cords and big sizes.

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AT EVERY TURN Firestone thinks and plans to give you the most for your money, knowing that this is the surest method of obtaining the greatest demand. Every move Firestone makes is toward this end—mileage at lowest cost.

NEVER HAS FIRESTONE, NOR ANY tire maker, offered car-owners so much as they are offered now. Ask your dealer.

Most Miles *per* Dollar
Firestone

(Continued from Page 121)

mattered in any degree. His father on their homeward way spoke of other matters once or twice. He said the day was fine; he said Mrs. Chase would probably have breakfast waiting. Wint took the older man's lead, ignored what had passed the night before.

When they got to the house his mother met him in the hall, and she put her arms round him and cried on his shoulder and called him her boy. Wint cried, too, and was not ashamed of it. He kept patting her head and saying: "There, mother," in an awkward way. She told him he must never go away from home again. Never; for anything.

He said, "I thought you would want me to go."

But she clasped him close, protesting.

She had breakfast hot upon the stove. The elder Chase had gone uptown as soon as it was day, to try to locate Wint. They ate together; and after that first moment in the hall they did not speak of what had happened at all.

When breakfast was done Wint went into the kitchen with his mother to help with the dishes. She tied an apron round him and laughed at him with a sob in her voice; and Wint laughed with her and joked her, till the sob disappeared. His father looked in on them once or twice, then left them alone together.

Once Wint broke a little silence by saying, his arm round her shoulders: "Mother!"

She looked up at him with quick anxiety; and he said, "I'm sorry, for your sakes."

She said, "You didn't lie, Wint. Any way, you didn't lie. There, dry that plate. So."

He smiled a little, whimsically. After all, he had lied. But they did not care whether it was true or false, these two. He was their son. The thought was glorious. He nursed it, treasured it.

When the work was done and the dishes were being put away they heard a step on the porch outside the kitchen. They both looked that way; and through the window they saw Hetty. She passed the window, knocked on the door.

Wint looked toward his mother; and he saw that she was white as death. But even while he looked at her she touched her mouth with her hand and steadied herself, and went to the door and opened. "Hetty!" she said pleasantly, gently. "Hetty! Well, come in."

The girl came into the kitchen. She was pale but she seemed very sure of herself. She looked from Mrs. Chase to Wint.

"I want to talk to Wint," she said gently.

Mrs. Chase nodded. "You wait here." She went quickly out into the dining room. They heard her speak to her husband. She was back almost at once. "Go into the sitting room," she said. "There's no one there."

Hetty went toward the door; but Wint at first did not stir. He was curiously ashamed to face Hetty. She stopped in the doorway and looked back at him; and he pulled himself together and untied his apron and followed her. In the sitting room she sat down on the couch, and Wint sat by the table. She looked at him steadily, smiled a little.

He said, "Well, Hetty?"

She laughed at him in a tender way. "Oh, you Wint!" she exclaimed, in a fashion that reminded him of the old careless Hetty.

He shifted uneasily. He felt as though he were guilty toward her. There was no accusation in his voice.

She shook a forefinger at him. "What got into you?" she asked. "Why didn't you tell them to go to the devil?"

There was no way to put it into words. He shook his head. "I don't know. It's all right."

"You knocked us flat; the lot of us," she said. "Wint, you pretty near killed me. You darned, decent kid!"

Wint stirred uneasily.

"I thought I'd die," she said. Her voice shook, though she was smiling. "I ——" She laughed. "You ought to have seen the others."

He asked awkwardly, "What happened? I haven't heard."

"Didn't your father ——"

"No. I stayed at the Weaver House last night."

She laughed. "Oh, you! Leave it to you to think of the fool thing to do."

He said soberly, "I was in earnest, Hetty. I meant what I said."

She nodded. "Sure you did! You're just a big enough fool to go through with it too."

"Of course."

"You've got a f-fat chance, Wint," she said; and her voice broke, and she was very near crying through her smiles. "I've waked up now. You've got a fine, fat chance of that!"

"I don't hold it against you," he said. "I'd—be good to you."

"Don't be a nut, darn you! You'll make me cry. I came near crying myself to death last night."

Wint's curiosity was awake. He asked again: "What happened?"

"Why, you knocked us all flat," she said. "I took it out in crying. Routt beat it after you. He was the first to move."

There was a curious hard quality in her voice; and Wint asked, "Was it ——" He bit off the question, furious with himself for asking.

She said slowly: "Never mind. That's past. I thought for a while I'd be better dead; but I know better now. Nothing can kill you unless you want to be killed. Nobody ever fell so hard they couldn't get up. I'm going to get up, Wint, and go right on living."

He told her quickly: "Of course. I'll help. Honestly."

She said fiercely: "You will not! If you think I'm going to let you go through with this ——" She broke off, laughed. "Well, I was telling you what happened. Routt beat it after you. The rest of us sat still, me bawling. Then your father got up and ran out to the front door and out to the street. While he was gone Kite began to stir. I looked at Kite. Believe me, Wint, he was squashed. He hadn't expected you to—do what you did. He looked like a dead man. He stuffed his things into his pocket and pattered out into the hall. Then he came back and he said to me, 'Come, Hetty.'

"I said to him, 'You go where you're going, you old buzzard.' And I went on crying. It felt good.

"I heard Kite go out the front door; and then your father came back. He says: 'He's gone! Wint's gone!'

"Then he looked at me, and I couldn't look at him. And he went out and went upstairs.

"The rest of them went along then. Ed Skinner went first; then B. B. and Amos together. Amos says to me: 'Don't cry so, Hetty. Don't cry so.' I told him to shut up; and he went along. When they were all gone I got myself together and went out. Lutcher and Kite were waiting at the corner. They stopped me; and Kite, he says: 'What are we going to do?'

"I hit him in the face, hard as I could. Lutcher grabbed my arm; and I told him to let go, and he let go. I went on and left them. Went home and cried some more."

She laughed a little. "I'll say I felt like crying, Wint. That was your doing. Darn you!"

He said, "You mustn't feel badly."

"Badly!" she echoed, and her eyes were suddenly hard. "Wint, I could cut out my tongue." She moved abruptly, hid her face. After an instant she turned to him again.

"There's no use in saying I'm sorry. They fed me up to it. Threats and promises. If I'd do it they'd give me—a rat of a man to marry. He said he'd marry me himself. But he'd said that before. He told me himself that he'd marry me if I'd do this. Marry me and take me away. I knew he was a liar, but I thought maybe he'd keep the promise this time. I thought I had to have him, to be able to look people in the eye. Oh, I'm not making excuses, Wint. There isn't any excuse for me."

He said: "It's all right. Please don't feel badly."

"The thing is," she said steadily, "how am I going to make it up to you? What do you want me to do?" He did not answer at once; and she told him humbly, "I'll do anything you say."

He shook his head. "Nothing. I'm willing to go through with it."

She rose to her feet with a swift furious movement.

"Damn you, Wint," she cried chokingly, "don't you say that again! Ain't I sorry enough to suit you? Haven't you poured coals of fire on my head till—till my hair's all singed. Don't rub it in, Wint," she pleaded. "You've made me feel bad enough. I'll say I was ready to quit last night. It wasn't worth a penny to live. Then I thought I might make it up to you. So I—stayed alive. Don't you rub it into me now. Don't you say that again. I tell you, Wint, I went through something last night." Her voice shook, she stretched out her hands to him. "For God's sake, Wint, don't rub it in any more."

There were tears in her eyes, on her cheeks; her face was the face of one in torment. He took her hands; and he said gently, "Please—I didn't mean to make you unhappy. You've—really, you've made me happy. I thought everyone would be against me. But Amos and B. B. came to me, offered me their friendship and their help. And father came to me. I never knew before what friends I had. You've done that for me already."

"I'll bet Routt came to you too!" she said, a terrible scorn in her voice. "He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Wint. "He came."

She was frankly crying now, her shoulders shaking, tears streaming down her face. Her lips twisted; she held out her clenched hands. "I'd like to kill him!"

"Don't cry," Wint begged. "Please."

She brushed her arm across her eyes and smiled at him. "All right. Now—what do you want me to do? It's up to you."

"I don't want you to do anything," Wint protested. "It will all come out right in the end."

"I'm not going to stand and wait."

"Please. You'll see."

She stamped her foot fiercely. "I tell you, no! I was the goat yesterday. They made a fool of me. But I've grown up overnight, Wint. This is my day. I'm going to tear things open—wide!"

For all the harshness of her speech there was a strange new gentleness about Hetty; and there was a new strength in her. Wint had never liked her more, respected her more.

He said steadily: "You're wrong, I think. You're excited to-day. I tell you things will turn out better than you think."

The telephone tinkled in the hall; and Wint said, "Wait a minute, will you?" And he went to answer it.

Sam O'Brien, the fat restaurant man, was on the other end of the wire.

He asked, "This Chases' house?"

Wint said, "Yes, this is Wint Chase. That you, Sam?"

O'Brien exclaimed: "Yes; it's me! Say, Wint—you're there, boy! You're a man!"

"Pshaw!"

"Say, Wint," O'Brien cut in, "is Hetty up there? They say at her room she started for there."

Wint glanced toward the door of the sitting room. "Yes," he said.

"Do me a favor?" Sam asked.

"Of course."

"Keep her there till I come?"

"All right," Wint agreed. "What ——"

But Sam had hung up. Wint went back to Hetty. He decided, for no reason in the world, not to tell her what Sam had asked him to do.

She asked as soon as he came into the sitting room: "Who was that? Sam O'Brien?"

"Yes."

"What did he want?"

Wint laughed uneasily and said: "He just wanted to tell me he was on my side."

Hetty nodded. "There's one decent man, Wint." There was a curious warmth in her tone.

"Yes, he is," Wint agreed.

"He's been fine to me," she said a little wistfully. Then she put Sam aside with a movement of her hand. "Well, Wint, you want me to go ahead my own way?"

He hesitated; then he said: "Hetty, you're all right. I don't blame you for anything. But I do want you to forget the whole thing. You'll see it will straighten out. Don't mix things up."

They heard his mother come into the dining room across the hall, and busy herself there; and they kept silent till she went out into the kitchen again. A matter of minutes. Hetty moved once, crossing from her chair to stand beside Wint and touch his shoulder lightly with her hand.

When Mrs. Chase had gone out of hearing she said softly: "I guess there's one person you'd like to have know the straight of this."

Wint's jaw set slowly with something of the old stubbornness; and he said: "No, she doesn't believe in me. She's made no move. I'll not."

She twisted her fingers into his hair and shook him good-naturedly. "You, Wint; you're as stubborn as a mule," she told him. "What would you think of her if she'd come running, when you'd said you were going to—marry me? What could she do? But she knows you're a liar, just the same. I'll bet she's just waiting."

Someone came up on the porch outside, and she looked sharply that way and asked, "Who's that?"

"I'll go," Wint told her; and he went to the front door.

Sam O'Brien was there. He had expected Sam. But Jack Routt was with him, and Wint had not expected to see Routt.

He looked from Sam to the other. Routt's collar, he saw, was rumpled; and there were little beads of perspiration on Sam's forehead. Wint hesitated.

Sam said huskily, "I know you don't want this skunk in your house, Wint. But is—she here?"

"Yes," Wint told him.

"Well, this thing wants to see her," Sam explained. "Speak up, you!" He looked at Routt.

Routt said, "Yes." He ran a finger round inside his collar.

Wint moved aside. "Come in," he agreed; and they stepped into the hall.

Then Hetty came out of the sitting room. She had heard their voices, heard what they said. She stood very still, looking at Jack Routt with inscrutable eyes. Routt looked from Sam to Wint furtively. Then he looked at Hetty; and he moved toward her as though he expected violence. Two paces from where she stood he stopped; he fidgeted.

At last he said, "Will you marry me?"

There was a parrotlike quality in his voice that made Wint, even in that moment, want to smile.

Hetty did smile; she said quietly: "I suppose Sam brought you here?"

Routt looked at Sam; then he protested: "No. I wanted to come. Honestly."

"You never wanted anything honestly in your life, Jack," she told him; and there was as much pity as anger in her voice. "I wouldn't marry you—I wouldn't look at you—not if you were the last man in the world!"

No one said anything. They stood very still. Then Routt moved a little; and he turned and looked at Sam O'Brien. Sam had his hat in his hand. He dropped it, to leave his hands free. He opened the front door and stepped outside; and Routt followed him as though at a word of command.

Sam took him by the arm; then he closed the door. Wint looked at Hetty.

They heard a muffled thudding sound, a hoarse cry, a scuffle of feet. The front gate banged.

When Wint opened the door Sam was standing on one foot, precariously poised; and with his handkerchief he was carefully wiping the toe of his right shoe. Routt was not in sight.

Hetty came to the door beside Wint; and Sam looked at her humbly and asked, "Will you walk along with me?"

Hetty, smiling a little, tenderly, said: "You oughtn't to have done that."

"I can clean my shoe," Sam explained, as though that were the only consideration. "Will you walk along with me?"

She hesitated a moment; then she said swiftly: "Yes, Sam." And she looked at Wint with a quick laughing glance. "Yes, Sam. I'll walk along with you."

Sam looked at Wint. "We're much obliged to you," he said.

Wint nodded. Then Sam and Hetty went down to the gate; and Wint watched them go away together.

L

IT WAS well toward dinner time when Hetty and Sam O'Brien went away together and left Wint. He watched them to the corner, and thought Sam was a good fellow. And a lucky one too. There was a fine strength and pride in Hetty. No doubt about it, Sam was lucky.

When they were out of sight Wint went into the house. His father had not yet come downstairs; Mrs. Chase was still in the kitchen. Wint settled himself in the sitting room and filled his pipe and went over in his thoughts the scenes this room had witnessed in twenty-four hours past. He looked back at them as though he had been an observer. He could not believe he had been chief actor in them all. It is perhaps this trait of the human mind which permits mankind to rise to emergencies. The emergency does not seem like an emergency at the time. It seems rather like the ordinary run of life; it is only in retrospect that the

(Continued on Page 127)

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actors realize, and wonder at themselves. There is, during these great moments, a vast simplicity about life. It had been so with Wint; it was only now, as he thought back over what had taken place, that the drama of it caught him. And he wondered at it all, and most of all he wondered at himself.

His father came downstairs after a little while and joined him. The older man made no reference to Hetty's having been there; and Wint, at first minded to tell the whole story, to tell his father that Hetty was going to right the wrong she had done, decided on second thought to wait. It would be sweeter to anticipate their joy when they should hear the truth. So he held his tongue.

After a while Mrs. Chase called them to dinner; and they went into the dining room together. Some impulse made Wint drop his hand lightly on his father's shoulder; and the older man reached up and took Wint's hand and held it, so that they crossed the hall with hands clasped, as though Wint were still a little boy. He was suddenly very proud of his father, and ever so fond of him.

At the dinner table it was as though nothing had happened. Mrs. Chase was cheerful; she talked amiably of everything in the world except Hetty. Wint and Mr. Chase answered her—that is to say, they interrupted her with a remark now and then—while they ate.

It was only when they both had finished that Chase looked at his son and said a little awkwardly: "You don't want to forget you have a rally arranged for to-night, Wint."

Wint exclaimed, "Good Lord; I had forgotten!"

"You're not going to give it up?"

"Give it up? No! But I'd forgotten all about it. I'll have to go uptown."

"You had made some arrangements, hadn't you?"

"Yes. Hired the Rink. B. B. is going to preside. That is, he said he would. And I asked Sam O'Brien to speak, and you promised that you would."

"I think I'd rather not," Chase said, flushing uncomfortably.

Wint asked: "Not deserting me, are you?"

"No. I'll be with you. Sitting on the stage. But—I wouldn't know what to say, Wint."

"And Davy Morgan is going to speak." He pushed back his chair. "I'll go right uptown and make sure things are all right."

Chase said, "I'm glad you're not giving it up. I'll walk up with you, Wint."

His mother kissed him good-by at the door; and that was unusual. It was the only sign she gave of what she must have been feeling. Wint had sometimes thought impatiently that she was a babbling old woman, never able to keep a thought to herself. He was learning a new respect for her, and something more. He had felt that he was justified in counting on his father and mother to stand by him; but he had expected and been prepared for questions and perhaps reproaches. There were no questions; there was never a reproach. It is often tactful to keep silent; and tact is sometimes a shade nobler than loyalty, than many another virtue.

He hugged her close and hard, kissed her again; then he and his father walked away toward town, shoulder to shoulder, swinging like brothers. They met people. Wint could see a furtive curiosity in the eyes of those they met. But he could bear that. He had anticipated covert jeers, perhaps an open gibe; and his muscles had hardened at the thought.

They went into the post office together and separated there. Wint met Dick Hoover; and Hoover gripped his hand and clapped his shoulder and told him he was all right. That heartened Wint. On his way from the post office he encountered V. R. Kite, face to face, in front of the bazaar. Kite dropped his eyes and scuttled to cover like a crab in seaweed. Wint chuckled with amusement.

Hoover said, "He can't face you."

Wint laughed good-naturedly. "Oh, Kite's all right. He fights in the only way he knows."

He left Hoover in front of the Journal office and went in. B. B. was there stoking the decrepit stove, breaking up the clotted coals with a bit of wood and pouring on fresh coal.

He greeted Wint smilingly; said, "Good afternoon!"

"Hello, B. B.!" Wint rejoined and sat down. "Still fussing with that stove?"

B. B. amiably enough, said: "Yes. It's a good stove. Perhaps it doesn't look as well as it might; but it heats this office. That's the way with a good many things that don't look very well; they manage to do their work better than the fine-looking things. Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"In other words," Wint agreed, "beauty is only skin deep, even in stoves."

"Well, I'd rather have an ugly stove that would draw and give heat than a fine one that wouldn't," B. B. declared; and Wint said he did not blame him.

B. B. sat down at his desk, working and talking at the same time. This was a way he had; a way he had to have, for there was nearly always someone in the office to talk to him.

Wint said: "I almost forgot about my meeting to-night. Are you still willing to preside?"

B. B. said "Certainly."

"I thought you might have changed your mind."

"No indeed. At the Rink, is it?"

"Yes."

"Who are your speakers?"

"I'm not having any fine talent," Wint said, smiling. "Just a couple of good friends of mine. Sam O'Brien, and Davy Morgan. And if you'd be willing to say something."

"Oh, I always talk when I get a chance like that."

"Sure."

"Is your father going to speak?"

Wint shook his head. "No," he said frankly. "Dad's all right. He's been absolutely fine. But—he says he wouldn't know what to say. He's no speaker, you know."

"I've heard him do very well."

Wint laughed. "You probably wrote those speeches for him yourself." And B. B. good-naturedly acknowledged the corn.

"About half past seven?" Wint asked, as he got up to go; and B. B. agreed to the hour, and said he would be there.

When he had left B. B. Wint telephoned the furnace to make sure of Davy Morgan; and Morgan said energetically that he surely would be on hand.

"I've some few things to say also," he declared. "I can talk when they get me mad, Wint. And I'm mad enough to-day."

Wint said: "All right; go as far as you like. This is a fight. It's no pink tea."

And he dropped in on Sam O'Brien. But Sam was not in the restaurant. His underling told Wint that the fat man had been out all day.

"He went looking for Jack Routt," the man explained.

"He found him," said Wint. "Well, tell Sam I'm counting on him to be at the Rink to-night."

From the restaurant he crossed the street to Dick Hoover's office. Dick and his father were busy, so that Wint was alone for a time. Then he decided people might think he was hiding; so he went downstairs and out to the street again, and went to the barber shop for a haircut.

Jim Radabaugh was there; and Jim shifted the bulge in his cheek and shook hands with Wint and said: "You're there, boss! I'd say you're there."

Marshall, the barber, violated all the traditions of his craft by being a silent man. He said nothing whatever while he trimmed Wint's crisp hair; and Wint was glad of that. He would not hide, but he did not want to talk overmuch. When he came out of the barber shop he saw Amos and Sam O'Brien and Peter Gergue on the other side of the street. They were walking purposefully, coming uptown from the direction of Amos' home. They saw him, and Amos waved his hand in greeting; then Peter spoke to Amos, left the others, and came across to Wint, scratching the back of his head.

Wint said, "Hello, Peter."

Gergue grinned. "Well, Wint, you've started something."

Wint nodded. "I suppose so."

"You've made 'em talk, Wint. That never hurt a bit."

"I think you told me that once before," Wint agreed, laughing.

"Well, and it's so," Gergue insisted. He looked all round, took Wint's arm. "Let's walk along," he suggested.

Amos and Sam had disappeared. Wint said, "I've been looking for Sam. I want to see him."

"What about?"

"He's going to speak at my meeting to-night. At least I want him to."

Gergue chuckled; and he gripped Wint's arm as though he knew a thing or two which he might tell if he chose. "Oh, he'll speak," he said. "Sam'll speak."

"I've counted on him."

"You going to speak, ain't you?" Gergue asked.

"Why, yes. Naturally."

"Fixed you up a speech, have you?"

"Not yet. I'll—just say whatever comes up at the time. Anything ——"

Gergue shook his head. "I tell you, Wint," he said, "you better go on home and write you a speech. A good one, with flowers on it, and all."

"Oh, I don't need to ——"

"I've seen more'n one man get up on his hind legs and go dumb. Good idea to have something on your mind before you get up."

"We-ell, maybe."

"I tell you," Gergue said again, "you go on home and fix up something. Best thing to do."

"I want to see Sam."

"I'll see him."

Wint was more than half persuaded before Peter spoke to him. He had thought of going home; he was tired. He wanted to sleep. He said, "We-ell, all right."

"That's the talk," said Peter. "You go along."

"So long, then."

"Fix you up a good one," Gergue advised him again. "Fix it up, and learn it, and all. You'll maybe be interrupted, you know."

"If there's anyone there to interrupt," Wint said in a tone of doubt; and Gergue cackled.

"Lord, there'll be some folks there! Don't you worry about that. You go home and fix you up a speech. You'll have a crowd."

So Wint went home in midafternoon. He found the house empty. His mother, he thought, was probably next door with Mrs. Hullis. He felt sleepy; and he went to his room and lay down.

His father woke him at last; told him it was supper time.

At supper Chase asked Wint's mother if she were going to Wint's rally. She said: "I don't know. I said to Mrs. Hullis this afternoon that I wanted to go, but I didn't know whether women went. And she said she didn't know either. But I told her I ——"

"You'll have plenty of company," her husband told her. "From what I hear, the whole town is going to be there. Everyone was talking about it this afternoon."

"Then I'm going," she said. "Mrs. Hullis wanted me to go with her; and I ——"

"You go with her," Chase advised. "I'll be on the stage with Wint."

She said, "I'll have to leave the dishes. There won't be ——"

"I'll do them, mother, while you're dressing," Wint told her cheerfully. "Don't worry about that."

"Well, I don't know."

In the end Wint and his father did them together. Wint broke a plate, and Mrs. Chase called downstairs to know what had happened and protested that she ought to come down and do them. But they would not let her. In the end they all started uptown together, Wint and his father, Mrs. Chase and Mrs. Hullis, two by two.

It was dark; the early dark of an autumn evening. They met people, or overtook them, or were overtaken by them; and Wint thought there were more people than usual abroad. The moon was bright again this night, bright as it had been the night before, when Wint took his way to the Weaver House. That seemed more like weeks than hours ago.

As they came nearer the Rink they saw more people; and Chase said, "You're certainly going to have a crowd."

Wint nodded. He was beginning to be nervous. He realized that this was going to be hard.

But it was only when they turned the last corner and started down the hill toward the Rink that he realized just how hard it was going to be. It seemed to him all Hardiston was there ahead of him. The crowd clustered in front of the Rink and extended out into the street; and more were coming from each direction. Mrs. Hullis and Mrs. Chase, ahead, were lost in the crowd. Wint stopped; turned to his father.

"We'll cut through the back way," he said.

Chase agreed, and they turned down an alley and came circuitously to the stage door and went in. The minute he got inside the door Wint heard the hum and buzz of many voices. He could see out on the stage, with its stock set of a farmyard scene. There were chairs there, and a table.

Amos, and Sam O'Brien, and B. B. and two or three others were waiting just inside the stage door; and Sam gripped Wint's shoulders and exclaimed:

"Lord, but you give us a scare, Wint! Thought you wasn't coming. I was all set to go fetch you."

"Oh, I was coming, all right," Wint said nervously, one ear attuned to the murmur of the crowd. "Sounds as though there were a lot of people here."

"Every seat, and standing room in the aisles, and half of 'em can't get in."

Wint grinned weakly. "And I suppose they've got every rotten egg in town."

Sam stared; then he howled. "Rotten egg! Oh, Lord, Wint, you'll be the death of me. I'll die a-laughing. Rotten egg!" He turned on Amos. "Wint says rotten egg!" he cried.

Amos looked at Wint in a curious fashion; and he smiled.

"It's half past seven," he said. "No need to make them wait."

(Concluded on Page 131)

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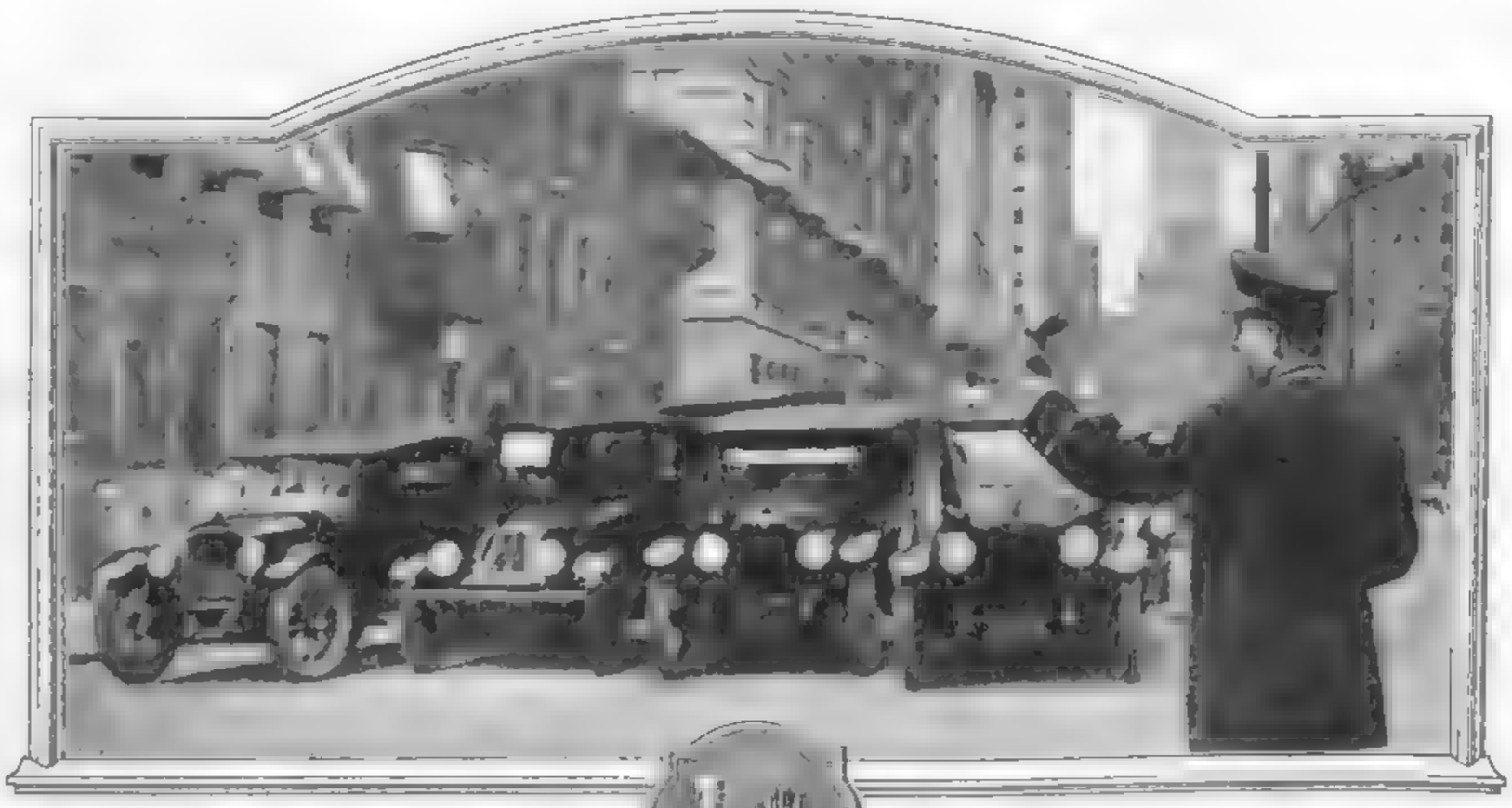

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Wint gulped. "All right. I'm as ready as I will be."

Amos nodded. "Then it's your move, B B."

B. B. cleared his throat. "Very well."

He turned and started toward the stage. Sam shepherded Wint that way. Amos and Wint's father came side by side, the others following. Wint found himself out on the stage.

The glare of the footlights blinded him for a moment; but he heard the sudden brief clatter of handclapping that greeted them. The stir was quickly hushed. His eyes, accustomed to the footlights, discovered that the house was banked full of people. Floor and gallery were jammed. Small boys clung to the great beams and steel rods that crisscrossed to support the roof. Some of them seemed right overhead. And everywhere Wint looked people were staring at him. He felt the actual physical weight of all those eyes overwhelming him. He felt crushed, helpless; he had a curious obsession that he could not move hands or feet. He worked the fingers of his right hand cautiously, and was relieved to find that they answered to his will. He was dazed.

He became conscious that B. B. was on his feet, his hands clasped in front of him in a characteristic way; there was a little smile upon his face, and he was speaking in a low pleasant voice. Wint could not catch the words; his ears were not functioning; His senses were numbed by that overpowering sea of faces in front of him.

He caught, presently, a word or two that appalled him. ". . . violate the usual order," B. B. was saying. "The principal speaker . . . usually last. . . . Keep you waiting. . . . Lengthy introduction. . . . I believe you know him now. . . ."

He had turned to look at Wint; and Wint, absolutely panic-stricken, saw the invitation in B. B.'s eyes. B. B. wanted him to speak first; but he was still tongue-tied and muscle-fast in the face of all those eyes. He shook his head weakly. Someone tugged at his elbow. Sam O'Brien.

Sam whispered hoarsely, "Get up on your feet, boy!"

Wint shook his head again, trying to find words to explain. Then a man yelled, out beyond those footlights. Other men yelled. Wint flushed angrily; his courage came back. They thought him afraid; baying him like dogs. He'd show them all!

He stood up and strode forward to the very lip of the stage. There was a moment's hush. He flung out one hand. "People," he began.

But it was as well that Wint had not wasted time in following Gergue's advice to fix up a good speech; because on that one word of his an overwhelming blast of sound struck him full in the face. A roar, a bellowing, a whistling, a shrilling. Shouts and screams and cries. He stiffened, furious. They were trying to yell him down. He flung up both hands, shouted at them.

Everyone in the house was up on his or her feet. Someone threw his hat in the air. Order came out of chaos. A terrible rhythmic order. The blare of sound dissolved into beats; they pounded on Wint's ears; he shuddered under the blow of them. His anger gave way to bewilderment. He could not understand. He bent lower to see more clearly the faces of those in the front row, just beyond the footlights. Dick Hoover was there. And Dick was yelling in a fashion fit to split his throat, flinging his fists up toward Wint, shrieking. Beside Dick, Joan. Her face stood out suddenly before Wint's eyes. She was crying—that is to say, tears were streaming down her cheeks. Yet she was happy too; smiling, laughing, calling to him. She was clapping her hands, he saw. Then he discovered that others were clapping their hands while they yelled at him. All of them were clapping their hands.

Utterly bewildered Wint whirled round to look at the men behind him. And there was Amos, both hands upraised, beating time to that appalling roar that swept up from the house before them. Beating time, leading them!

Sam O'Brien and Davy Morgan—they were both yelling—yelling like fools—came swiftly across the stage to where Wint stood. They caught his arms. He struggled with them, not understanding. They swept him off his feet, up in the air, to their shoulders, swung him to face the house.

The noise doubled; then it seemed as though an army of men swarmed upon the stage. So at last Wint understood. They were not trying to yell him down. It is one of the most hopeful facts of life that all mankind is so ready to recognize and to applaud an action which is fine.

Wint was in the hands of his friends. He thought, for a little while, they would kill him.

When it was all over—and this took time, and left Wint sore and stiff from hand-shaking and back slapping—the people began to drift away. And Wint escaped off the stage into one of the compartments that served as green room for theatrical folks. His father was there, and his mother, and Peter and Amos and Sam.

Everyone seemed to be wild with exultation; they continued the celebration there among themselves. And Wint heard how it had been done. Hetty had gone to Amos with the story. To Joan first, Sam told Wint.

"I was with her," the fat man said. "You understand. I was with her."

Wint nodded, gripping Sam's shoulder. "She's fine," he said. "You're lucky. I understand."

And after she had told Amos, Amos arranged the rest, sent Wint home—Gergue was his agent in this—and spread the word through Hardiston. To-night had attested the thoroughness of his work.

Wint found a chance at last to thank Amos. They were a little apart from the others, and they talked it over briefly. Amos, Wint thought, was curiously subdued, curiously sad. He wondered at this. But he understood at the end.

He had said: "Wonder what Routt will say to this anyway? And Kite?"

"You don't have to—worry about Routt," said Amos.

Wint asked quickly, "Why not? Is he—is there something?"

"He took the noon train," said Amos. "And—Agnes went with him. She telephoned to-night. She says they're married."

Wint was so stunned that for a moment he could not speak; he could not move. He managed to grip Amos' hand; tried to say something.

"I've said to myself more than once," Amos told him huskily, "that I wished her mother hadn't 've died."

He began slowly to fill his pipe. Wint thought there was something heroic, splendid about the man. Facing life, driving ahead—and this to think upon. He was sick with sorrow.

Amos was facing the stage; he said slowly, smiling a little, "But forget that. Here's someone coming for you to see her home."

When Wint turned he saw Joan.

11

THEY walked home slowly, Wint and Joan. The moon was bright upon them; the streets were still filled with the dispersing throng. People spoke to them, then went discreetly on their way and smiled back at the two. Wint and Joan said little, and what they said was of no importance. He told her he had seen her crying.

"I had to," she said; "I was so happy."

"I wasn't happy," Wint declared. "I was scared."

She said she didn't blame him. "It must have been hard to face them all."

He nodded. "I'll tell you; all that noise—it—made me seasick. Something like that."

"I know," she said.

When they were halfway home she told him that Hetty had come to her that morning. Wint looked at her quickly.

"Hetty's all right," he said. "She'll be all right. She's found herself."

Joan nodded. "It's going to be a fight for her."

"She'll win. Sam will help."

"I know. I saw that this morning."

A little later she said: "You—did the right thing. Foolish, maybe. But—it was fine too. Foolish things often are."

Wint shook his head. "But I'd like to pound Routt."

"Don't," she said. "Agnes loves him."

Wint told her then what Amos had told him; and she uttered a low pitiful exclamation.

"But—they may be happy," she thought. "Agnes is good. Loyal—in her way."

"You knew about them?"

"Yes. I've always known. Agnes has talked to me."

"I hope Routt does—settle down."

Joan said thoughtfully: "There is something strong in him. Misdirected, but——"

"I liked him," Wint agreed. "I can't help it, even now. He was my friend."

"I believe they will come out all right. I feel it."

Wint laughed at her gently. "Intuition?"

"Yes. You men call it a hunch."

Silence again for a while. They came to her house. Wint thought the simple place was beautiful in the moonlight; he wanted desperately to go in.

But there was a curious diffidence upon him, and he stopped at the gate till she said: "Come. It's not cold, to-night. We can sit on the porch."

"You want me?"

"Yes, Wint." Her eyes said more than her words. He opened the gate, and they went up the walk to the house sedately enough, side by side. Anyone might have seen.

The moonlight did not fall upon the porch. There was a shadowed place there. When they came into this shadow Joan stopped and looked at Wint. Her eyes were very dark. Something was pounding in his throat so that he could not speak. He put out one hand in an uncertain fumbling way. Joan looked down at his hand and smiled a little and put her hand in his.

They stood thus for a little, hand in hand, facing each other.

Wint said huskily at last, "I've—tried, Joan."

Her voice was clear and sweet as a bell when she answered.

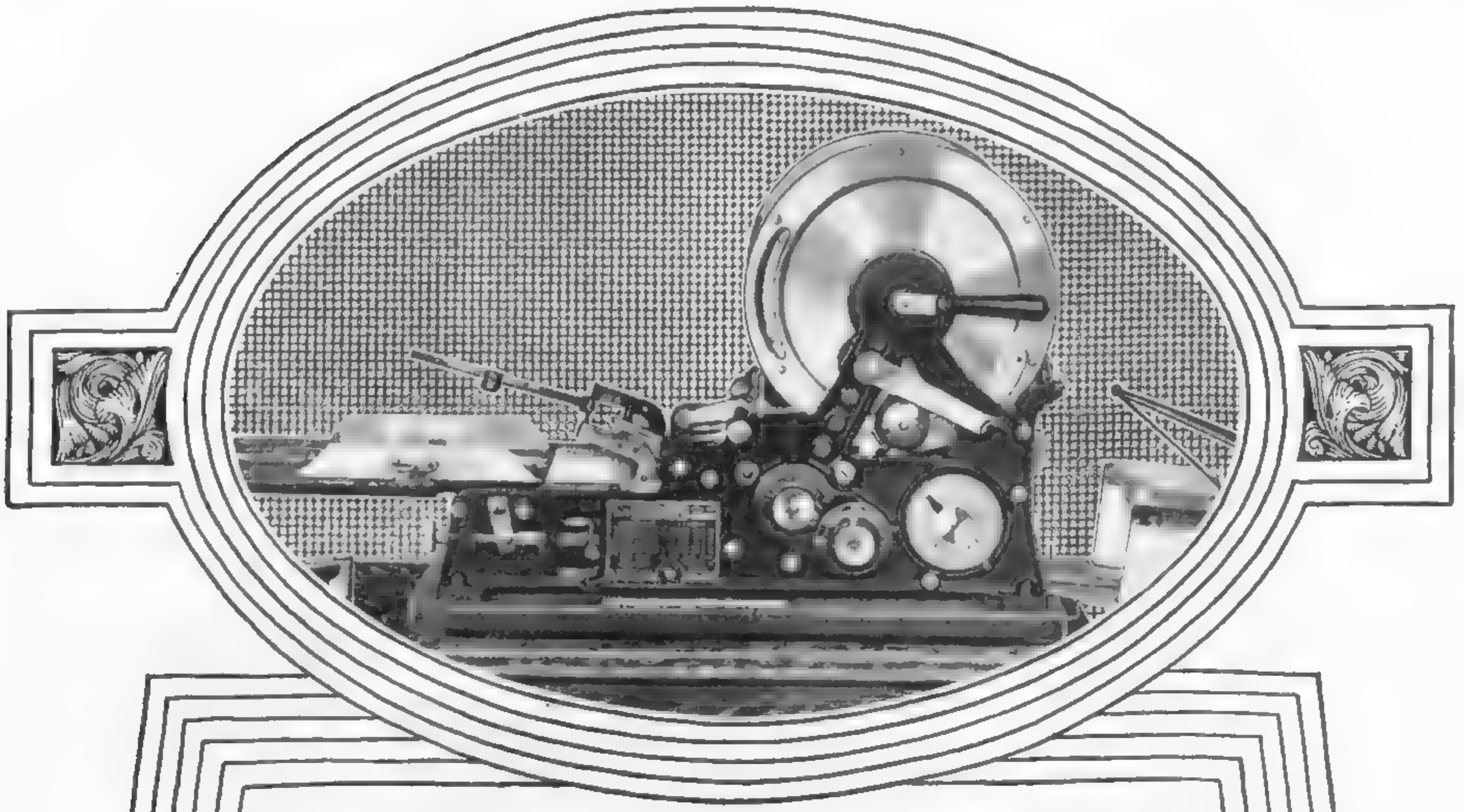
"You've done more than try, Wint," she told him "You've—won."

So, without either of them knowing or caring how it happened, she was in his arms. And he kissed her; and her lips answered his. No cool kiss of a child, this. Months of longing and of yearning spoke through his lips and through hers. Infinite promise of the years to come.

While they sat together on her shadowed porch thereafter they could hear for a long time the murmuring voices of people passing on their homeward way. Some looked toward Joan's house; but they could not see Wint and Joan.

It was as well; for it is the way of Hardiston to talk. The way of a little town.

(THE END)



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EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 49

Hugh Wiley

when he promised faithfully not to kill me if I would buy another boat from him for two dollars before the saloons closed.

Joe's funeral was weird. A stonecutter, who carried a side line of oratory and caskets, said that life was a narrow vale between the peaks of two alternatives, and to lower away; and everything was pretty solemn except the high notes which the cornet player couldn't reach when a bartender with whiskers sang "I gather 'um in, I gather 'um in," with appropriate gestures.

I resolved then to become considerably outcast as soon as possible, but I was only an apprentice outcast until 1899, when I landed a card in the outcasts' union and a government job on the Mississip' at the age of fifteen years, two months. I agree that it was my mistake, but my life had been blighted quite a lot by a young thing who lived so far out of town that the sidewalks couldn't make it.

Illinois was muddy, like France, and I either had to carry a pair of rubber boots or leave my shoes at the front gate, like Japan, and love's young dream didn't thrive any to speak of, either in its stocking feet or boots, so in April I signed the pay roll and drew twelve dollars for twelve days' work near St. Louis before I forgot my busted heart.

I learned a lot about tobacco that year and bought some light reading matter, including several snappy little tomes by Messrs. Kant, Darwin, Spencer, Emerson, Mill and other dust collectors. I studied the Mississip', human nature, criminal law, poker, astronomy and how to avoid work, and landed at Chester, Illinois, with twenty dollars, in December. I found a good home with my father and mother and resolved to board there until the ice went out in the spring. Room and board were free, including Saturday bath, but I spent two or three days a week on the government fleet, which was laid up for the winter in Old River, across from Chester, and often managed to escape the bath part.

It was during this winter that I almost quit being an outcast. I studied the Roycroft business, and the Bohemian trade appealed to me. My hair was wild and free and I had the necktie and a suit of clothes whose southern hemisphere was all Bohemianed up where some paint wasn't dry when I sat down. I had written two or three poems by hand and looked haggard on account of a prominent Adam's apple which I still own. Ah well, the Creator never committed no pulchritude, February 26, 1884, on me in Kentucky.

The young élite of Chester rounded up a dancing teacher from St. Louis and a hall, and everybody who amounted to anything socially started in learning to waltz and twostep at one dollar a night, two nights a week, over the pool room where it was rumored young boys were sold whisky; but it wasn't so, because a chilly friend and I traced the rumor to its lair one cold night and discovered a wildcat instead of a blind tiger.

On the opening night I was all primed up for the first lessons, and when the strains of music began to strain I put my cue in the rack and walked upstairs. I knew some buck-and-wing steps which I had picked up from the roustabouts on the Lee Line boats, and a nonalcoholic war dance which Injun Joe had taught me, and I felt that the refining influence of the gentler or waltzing sex would give me enough éclat to justify the Bohemian business, including the pants and necktie.

But when I entered the ballroom the surge of ambition died, for all the male dancers were festooned with natty full-dress clothes like waiters, and kid gloves. The gloves, I afterward learned, were not rented.

"This is too damn bon ton for a river-man." I drifted into the night and landed across the street a block up, where Bill was kicking out a mess of handbills on the old pearl-jobber in his father's newspaper office.

"We could start a magazine like this Fra Hubbard thing, only better," I said. "You draw the pictures and I'll write a feature article, an essay, three poems, and whatever else it needs to make ten cents' worth."

"Have you fifty cents?" he agreed. "What'll we name her?"

"No," I said. "What do you want it for? We'll call 'er—outcast, outcast—call 'er The Pariah."

"Butcher paper f'r the cover. What does 'pariah' mean?"

"Outcast. Get fifty cents from the cash drawer. I've only got thirty and you and me eats at midnight. All Bohemians do."

Bill was O. K. on landscape, and he could put enough raiment on the people in his pictures so you couldn't tell Falstaff from the Hunchback of Notre Dame, but he sure was impressionistic with hands and feet and faces. We got round that though, through the courtesy of a gentleman guest in the Chester penitentiary who loved forgery and tobacco and who put the visible extremities on whatever Bill drew. I wrote an article, an essay, three poems beginning respectively: "Thou who wert," "O Sullen Sea," and "Dew jewels at dawn on the lawn."

The Pariah was launched.

She lived up to her name. Anyhow, it taught me never to fool with literature or writing pieces for the paper. The same parents I mentioned earlier in this treatise entered me in a college contest where you get a misleading diploma stating facts after four years of supreme effort; but I didn't thrive much on a straight educational diet. I escaped to Mexico, beating the gun, and sought the companionship of the native Mexican, or *frijole*, as he is so quaintly termed in the pure Castilian peonese.

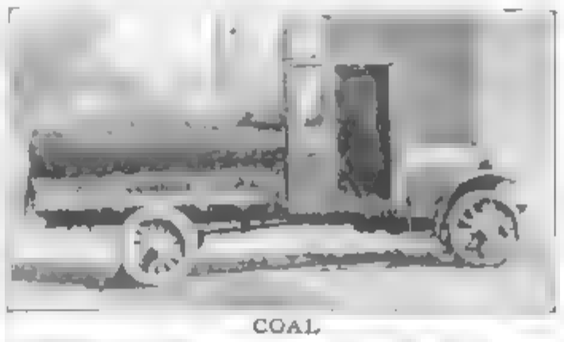
Toying with the strenuous life of an engineer and contractor we now build bridges and railroads and power plants for fifteen years in full view of the audience, skipping meanwhile from place to place on a couple of hemispheres, finally landing with two index fingers knee deep in the keyboard of a typewriter having eighty-three characters, some of which are desperate, some public, and some yet to be introduced to the magazine world.

The United States went to war after my first story was published, so I went to France in August, 1917, with the 18th Engineers. I got back to San Francisco just in time to see it go dry. In spite of my old Kentucky home, where the rent is free, I am the most permanent living outcast in San Francisco. The outcast business is all run down now though, compared to what she was twenty years ago—us union outcasts has a hard time with the country so full of I. W. W.'s and Democrats and everything.

Some day I hope to write a story for THE POST worth a nickel, so that the week it is published THE POST will be only four pages thick and I can carry hundreds of sample copies to inflict upon my chance acquaintances.

I am very busy this season eating ripe figs and painting. I am painting a picture just now entitled Boy, How Come? in which I am in the foreground sneering at the president of one of our largest banks, who has just asked me to lend him twenty dollars until the spring checks come in.

Some of the Many Kinds of Business Using Apex Trucks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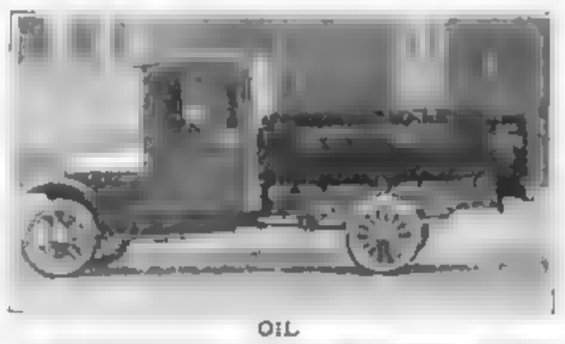
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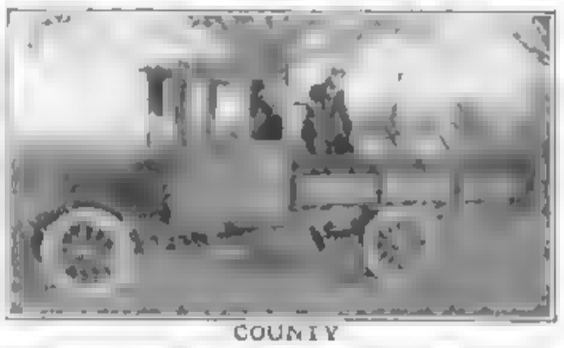
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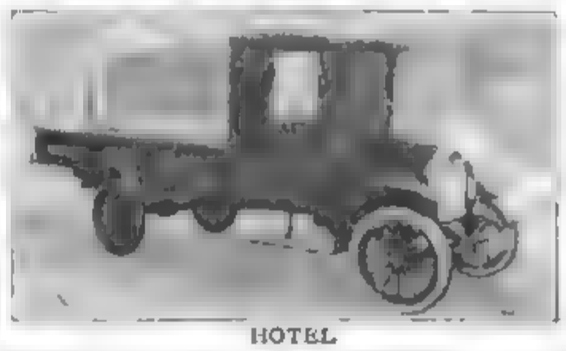
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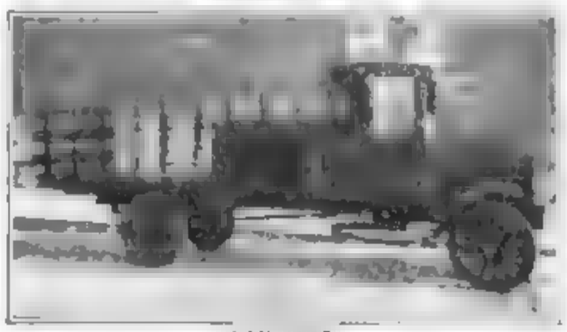
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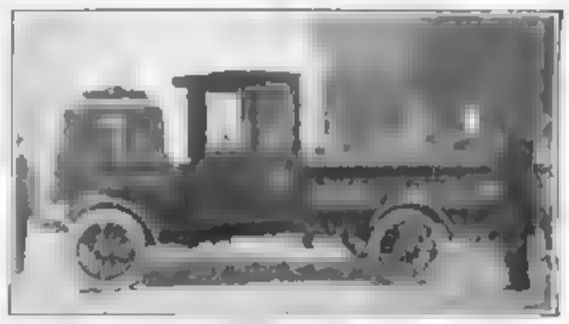
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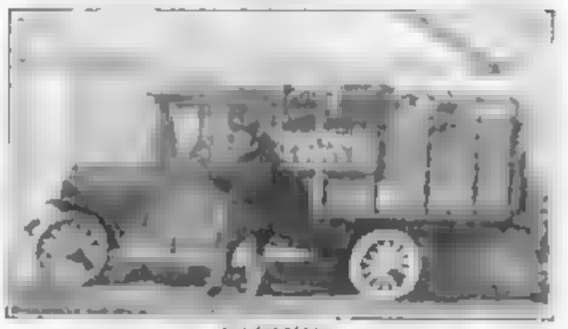
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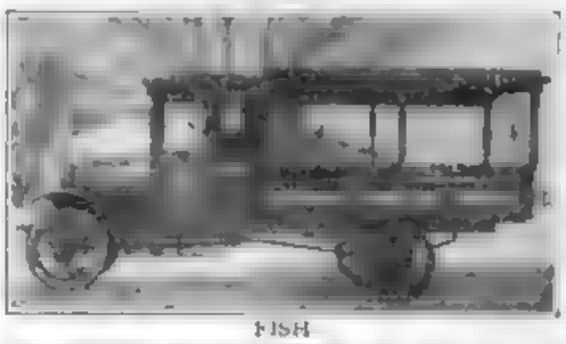
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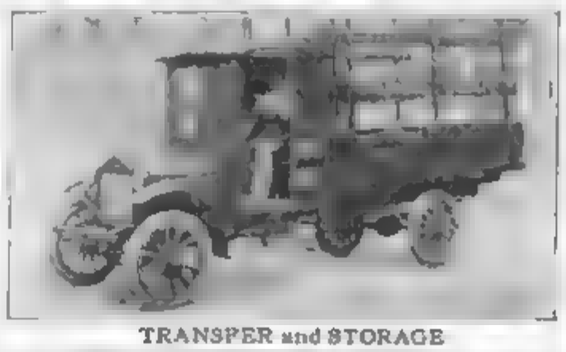
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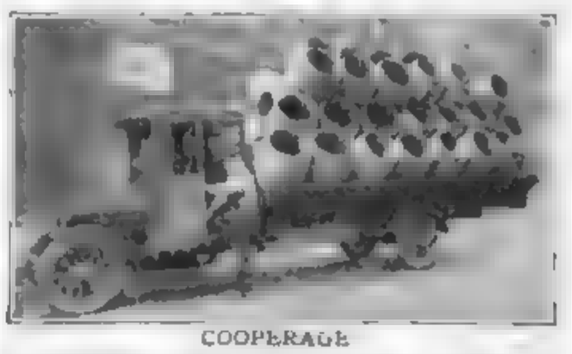
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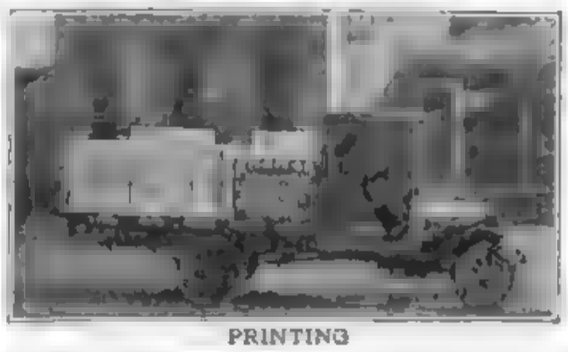
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THE BALD-FACE

Continued from Page 38

valley and found but a single tepee to mark the site of a once mighty nation. The white plague had ravaged the villages of Shoshone and Blackfeet alike. The remnants of both tribes had intermingled and now lived in a single village far down in the low country near the edge of the settlements.

These Indians told strange tales to the white men with whom they traded. They spoke of Tumwa-Ka-Tin—Three-Bears-In-One—the ancient chieftain who had stayed behind in the ancestral valley to rule his nation—a nation which now numbered but one lodge, that of his own grandson and his young squaw, the last of the full-blood Shoshones. They told too of a mighty bear, Logo, the grizzly king, whose tracks had been seen on the head reaches of the river since the day of Manitou, which was the beginning of all things.

But Logo knew nothing of all this. He merely knew the actual that unrolled before him from day to day. Long ago a thousand lodges had lined the banks of the river—now there was but one.

For more than a quarter of a century Logo heard no more of the crashing reports. The Shoshone chief was the only man whose trail scent was crossed in the hills. Logo came to accept him as a fixture—as one whose trail he would always cross the same as he would those of Saka, Tumwa and others of his friends. The chief's black hair turned gray, then white, but he carried his head as proudly as before and never once through all the years did he fail to flash Logo the hailing sign of royalty when they met.

Then Logo began to hear the reports once more, but with a sharper, snappier sound—the magazine guns of the whites. These became more frequent as ever-increasing numbers of white men penetrated the hills each year. Logo found the remains of many animals, his own kind among the lot, stripped of their pelts and left behind. He crossed the trail scent of men, but his habits were still the same. Nothing had occurred as yet to show him that he must change his ways.

One day he traveled with the wind at his back and the man scent came from behind him with great persistence. He could not seem to shake it off. He knew it was the body scent which he smelled, but not once did it occur to him that a man would deliberately take up his trail. He crossed an opening in the timber and turned to see a man come from the far edge along his track. Not until within fifty yards did the hunter look up and see the big grizzly standing just within the timber. Instead of retreating he threw something to his shoulder and peered at Logo down the length of it. There was menace in the move and Logo growled a warning.

There came a shattering report and something seemed to tear through his chest with rending pain. Logo rushed him with bellowing fury, but the man stood his ground. Twice more the roar crashed in his ears in rapid succession and each time the tearing pain racked his body. Then Logo struck him down. He seized the limp form by the shoulder and shook it savagely, then fled from the spot.

The man revived and crawled to his camp where he told the tale of the monster silvertip whose tracks measured twelve inches in length and ten and a half across. The hunter swore that his belly fur was yellowish and that his face was white. The Shoshone legend of the grizzly king was verified.

Logo was very sick and near to death. For weeks he stayed in the same down-timbered pocket lest traveling should reopen his wounds.

Logo now realized that he had found a fact which was beyond his comprehension. He had found that men controlled some mysterious force which inflicted hurt at a distance. They did not need actual contact with their enemies as did other animals. Logo was a very intelligent beast. He knew that a new order of things had come to pass; that the grizzly was no longer king.

His wounds were scarcely healed before another man was on his trail. His old dislike of the man scent had been intensified a hundredfold by this latest evidence of their treachery. He avoided the man who trailed him by the simple process of walking faster than the man could follow.

Twice more within a month men tracked him. For the first time in his life he knew vindictiveness. He had fought with other bears, but bore them no malice. When he had killed elk it had been for food. Now a dull rage seemed always with him. There is not a doubt but that many superior animals have pride. The springy stride and high-held head of the dog, transformed into an air of drooping dejection when in disgrace with the master, is evidence of this; the thoroughbred who runs his heart out to be first under the wire. There is that same pride and spirit, the desire to excel, in animals as in man.

Logo experienced a distinct sense of humiliation at being thus deposed as monarch of the hills. His placid good nature curdled under this treatment and he felt a murderous fury when the man scent came strong. And his was the dangerous anger of the powerful good-natured man who is suddenly engulfed in a berserk rage occasioned by some wrongful persecution. He met Saka and Tumwa and sensed in them the same deadly quality which had replaced his own even temper.

Then came the day when he turned on his tormentors. The wind carried the message that a man was on his trail. He turned in his tracks, his hair bristling as the fresh scent steeled his rage. But he knew the danger of the fast-shooting guns. He turned and walked straight ahead past a tangle of down timber, then circled swiftly back and crouched flat ten yards from his trail.

A man came swinging along on his tracks and Logo watched him come. As he drew even with the bear Logo's eagerness betrayed his whereabouts. He chopped his teeth rapidly together before he made his rush and the man whirled instantly and threw his rifle to his shoulder. He had time for but one shot as a towering beast intent upon his death covered the short distance between them. The ball plowed along Logo's jaw, shattering the outer surface of the bone and tearing along his shoulder, but he did not waver a single inch in his rush.

He tore the man down and mauled him. He seized the gun in his teeth and worried it. The barrel was hot from the recent firing and he dropped it and ran on. The pain in his jaw prevented him from eating his fill and he went into the winter in poor shape.

His fame had spread and all men coveted his wonderful pelt. When he came forth in the spring there seemed to be an ever-present menace hanging on his back track in the soft spring drifts. Within a week after coming from the den he was shot at once more. He whirled in a rage and forged down in the direction of the shot. It sounded again and there was a sickening snap and rush of air near his head. He altered his course and fled. He had learned to give trail for the magazine gun.

He found more and more dead animals in the hills and knew that they had been slain by the thundering rifles. He met fewer grizzlies each year and there were many old friends whose trails he no longer crossed. The bald-face tribe was slow to accept the new order of things and learn the lesson of the fast-shooting gun and their ranks were thinned.

For untold centuries his kind had shared with the Shoshones the joint monarchy over all the hills. Logo still found their old-time hunting camps; their tepee poles, old and brittle, leaned against the lodgepoles in the timber, their old log bear pens still stood in the hills and would stand for a hundred years, but the Shoshones themselves were gone. And now his own kind had reached the beginning of the end.

Down in the lonely tepee Tumwa-Ka-Tin was also feeling the pressure of new conditions. The first of the whites, having small use for involved nomenclature, had arbitrarily rechristened him and called him Three-Bear. They had renamed the Stinking Water, calling it the Shoshone after this last man of the race whom they found living on its shores.

The ways of the white men were not his ways and he was too old to learn. He had steadfastly believed that the Shoshones, who had fled in time of plague, would one day listen to the call of the hills and return. His one hope had been that he would live to see the day when the smoke from a thousand Shoshone wigwams would once more drift above the valley. The white men told him that they would never come—that the last few of them had been confined to a reservation thirty sleeps away and that there they would remain. He felt the full burdens of his years and longed for the day when he could lay them down.

Among the white men who came to the Land of Many Rivers was Jacques Lear. From a long line of French Canadian forbears he had inherited wonderful strength, a stout heart—and little else. He fared down from the North in search of that wonderful place which lies ever just ahead—always just round the bend or over the next divide. Here he found untold variety of game and fur where the animals of the South meet and mingle with those of the North. There are antelope in the flats and white-tail deer in the low cottonwood valleys; elk and blacktail in the hills and bighorn sheep in the peaks. Bears—black, brown and grizzly—find shelter in the timber. Mink and otter follow the streams and there are moose in the beaver swamps of the Yellowstone. Red, cross and silver foxes travel the high divides. Ermine and marten leave their tracks in the timber where the lynx meets the bobcat, his Southern cousin. Badger and swift fox burrow in the bad lands and wolf greets coyote in the foothills. The wolverine of the North feasts on the victims wantonly killed and left behind by the mountain lion, slayer of the South.

And here Jacques Lear found his long-sought paradise of game and fur.

It was now only a question of the one best spot of all this good land in which to settle. He came out upon the snow combs of the Wapiti Mountains and looked down upon the green spring in the lovely valley of the Stinking Water. He plunged down across the white peaks and over the packed drifts of the spruce slopes until he came out at last upon the spring-garbed shores of the stream. Here he drove his ax to the eye in an aspen trunk and strode on, carrying only his rifle and a few of the finest furs of his winter's catch. It was his way of saying that it was to this spot he would return and build his home after trading his furs for supplies in the distant settlements.

A mile below Jacques saw a single tepee standing in a little glade on the banks of the stream. An aged Indian sat before it eying the approaching stranger. He noted Jacques' tall powerful figure and the easy swinging stride which spoke of strength and self-assurance. He called to someone inside and the tepee flap opened as a young girl came out and stood beside him.

"He has come," said Tumwa-Ka-Tin.

"True, father," Jacques smiled. "I have come."

"Are you not Saka-Tumwa, the silvertip?" the aged chief inquired.

"You mistake me, father," Jacques said. "I am called Jacques Lear."

"No matter," said the Indian. "You are the one of whom Pakatan has spoken. Many white men have come and gone, but you have come to stay."

Jacques looked upon the loveliness of the girl and bowed assent.

"Yes," he answered. "I have come to stay. My ax still quivers in an aspen trunk scarce a mile upstream."

"It is well you have come," the old man said. "The white men call me Three-Bear. I am very old. The grass has turned green on more than a hundred springs since that time when Pakatan made his prophecy. This is Meteetse, the daughter of my grandson. She is the last princess of the Shoshones."

Since her earliest infancy Meteetse had heard of Pakatan's saying. Whites had come to the banks of the Stinking Water and gone on, leaving her unmoved. Now she looked upon the comely strength of Jacques and knew that Pakatan had spoken well.

And Jacques, as he resumed his journey to the settlements, marveled at the miracle which had led him to strike his ax at that very spot.

In the settlements he heard of the great bear, Logo, whose pelt all men desired. He heard too the legend at which men laughed—the fable that allowed the Shoshone chief but three days of life after the passing of the grizzly king. But Jacques did not laugh. He knew that he must not kill this bear. In truth it seemed that no man was able to do that. The white men had sought his pelt for thirty years, but he still wore it about in the hills.

Logo had turned his feet to new trails. He had the sagacity to know that habits are dangerous and he changed old-established customs to meet the new conditions. He knew that men watched the carcasses of winterkilled elk for grizzlies to feed in the spring. He fed but once at a place and never returned to it.

All old grizzlies learn what few other animals ever fathom—that men follow a trail by sight, not scent. Logo broke his trail for visibility, crossing bowlder fields and wind-swept ridges where his broad feet left no sign, or traveled on the pine-straw carpet under the trees.

In addition to all this he had learned one thing which few even of his own kind ever learn until too late. All through the hills men set great traps, the largest made. A grizzly fears nothing on earth except a man with a gun, relying on his massive strength to handle all other issues. Gifted with wisdom in all other things, he is stupid as to traps and will walk into one that animals of the lowest brain power will avoid.

But no trapper looked upon his trap and found Logo fastened there. The white men had made use of the log pens of the Shoshones, repairing and strengthening them. It was this which made Logo trapwise. For a century there had been lying dormant in some cell of the old bear's mind a dread which had quickened to life at once more smelling bait in the bear pens of the Shoshones; a dread of logs which penned him in and shut him off from the hills. He would go near no bait which bore the least taint of man scent.

Tumwa and Saka were two of the last of his old friends to go. He found Saka in the heart of a windfall jam, where he had crawled to die with a bullet through his lungs.

Later he saw Tumwa raging and foaming at the steel thing which clamped his foot. This in turn was toggled to a green log six inches through and twenty feet in length. Tumwa was past reason and could not recognize his friend. All things were enemies in his last extremity. He had wrecked every living thing over half an acre, breaking off young trees and biting the bark from others. He roared at Logo in a frenzy of hatred and waved the trap in the air, jerking the log toggle about and smashing it against the trees.

As Logo moved on he felt very tired. It is doubtful if he remembered his first tussle with Tumwa a century before, but he did know him for an old-time comrade of years' standing and felt a sense of loss at his passing.

The hard life was aging Logo two years for each one he lived. He had changed his denning habits with the rest. Someone hung always on his trail right up to denning time. Now he waited for some heavy storm and traveled far, the snow blotting out his tracks, and crawled under a windfall jam in the heavy timber while the snow buried him. Early spring thaws frequently drowned him out before he was ready to wake. He denned in this manner on the fall of the year that Jacques Lear came to the valley of the Stinking Water.

The Shoshone chief was failing fast and to Jacques he explained the reason for this.

"The great bear rolls restlessly in his den," he said. "Logo has not long to live. There is an ache in his bones. The ways of the white men are not his ways—or mine. It is well that very soon now the two of us should go back to the old ways together."

And Jacques Lear, who believed not at all in prophecies, knew that this one would be fulfilled. The old chief had long believed it. It had been a part of him for more than a hundred years and whenever the news came to him that Logo was no more, then the very strength of his belief would serve to close his eyes and still his heart. This Jacques knew—and so it later proved.

The heart of the aged chief was troubled. The Shoshone who sought a bride first approached the head man of her lodge with presents. The white man's way was the reverse of this. The head of the girl's household gave presents to accompany the departing bride. He had little to give. Was Meteetse, last princess of the Shoshones, to go to her white suitor with no inheritance?

There was but one way. The white men placed great value upon the pelt of the grizzly king. This pelt should be her dowry.

(Concluded on Page 137)

GRANT SIX

Recognition of the new Grant Six as a truly fine car was instantaneous.

The great Koh-i-noor diamond needed no explaining when it was shown to the admiring public. The way it glowed and sparkled told its story in positive fashion to experts and laity alike.

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They see instantly that the outer beauty of the car is simply a truthful reflection of its definite inward quality. It proclaims itself both a *fine* car and a fine looking car.

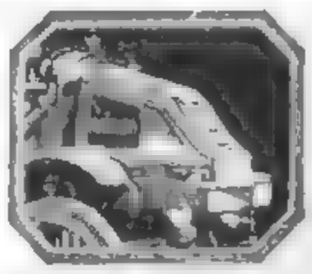
The fact that it is comfortable and speedy also develops as naturally as day follows night, and examination shows more clearly than words the unusual completeness of its equipment.

The new Grant Six is built in four body styles, Touring Car seating five $1495; Roadster $1495; Four passenger Coupé $2450; Five passenger Sedan $2450. These enclosed models meet every expectation for quality, luxury and completeness.

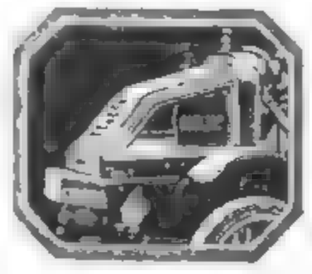
Grant dealers everywhere are now showing this model. Literature describing it mailed on request.

GRANT MOTOR CAR CORPORATION · CLEVELAND · OHIO

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TRUCKS

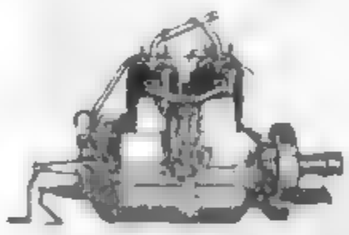


The Big Brother to the Railroads

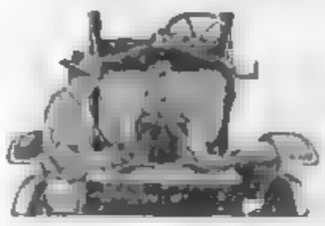


Everyday Service as Well as Long Service Is An Outstanding Characteristic of Kelly Trucks

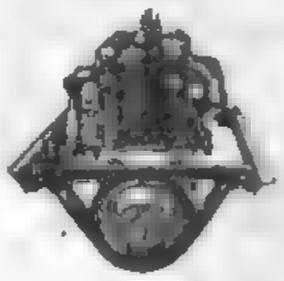
These are features which make constant truck service possible and which directly affect the truck profit and loss account.



The Series "K" Engine has attained its present enviable reputation from the fact that Kelly Trucks have the excess power to meet all demands. It was designed and always built in the Kelly-Springfield shops.



The Accessibility of the Kelly moving parts means easy care, which makes the Kelly outlive others. As the operator faces the truck with hood removed, the engine is as on a work bench. Magneto, Water Pump, Carburetor and inside of Crank Case are all "get-at-able."



Kelly Three-Point Suspension differs radically from the usual method of engine design and is supported at two points in front and attached to the forepart of the frame. At the rear the crank case is suspended at one point in a flexible yoke which neutralizes all twists and strains and assures constant perfect alignment. This exclusive Kelly design means a full delivery of power to the driving wheels.

These desirable features are backed by a responsible manufacturer, whose resources, organization of engineers and efficient service stations assure maintenance and constant dependability to the user.

Write for name of nearest Kelly user.

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"This Kelly-Springfield truck (6 ton model) has been in service more than two years, and has been driven to full capacity at all times. During this period, less than $75.00 has been expended for repairs."
THE AETNA PAPER CO., Dayton, Ohio
By L. P Boswell, Mgr

(Concluded from Page 134)

In the spring he took up Logo's trail. The old Indian knew the habits of the animals of the hills as well as they did themselves—better, for it is not within the province of beasts to know that the living of their daily lives is habit. He unerringly picked the one habit which Logo had failed to alter.

In common with all other game but the sheep he used the low saddles in the ridges when crossing from the head of one stream to the next in preference to selecting the higher rocky points.

The ridges which separated the tributary creeks swept back from the river and flared up against the base of the main divide at right angles. Near where each of these joined the parent range a deep notch or saddle in the crest of the ridge afforded an easy crossing.

Three-Bear selected one of these and waited for a drove of elk to cross. He dropped a cow in the very center of the open lane on the crest of the saddle. His patience was far greater than that of the whites. He took up his vigil and prayed that Manitou would send Logo to feed upon the elk. Day after day he watched it from the rocky point which commanded the notch.

Several bears came to feed, but not the bear he sought. Then at last he was rewarded. Logo came from the timber and crossed to the elk. He was very tired. If he lived the summer through it would surely be his last. He heard a queer droning chant, but could not locate its source. He stood swaying from side to side, his massive head drooping below the hump of his shoulders as he listened to the sound.

Up above a single voice was crooning the death chant. It carried Logo's mind back into the misty past as if he once more lived in the good days of old. For the voice carried the old powerful boom and rang with triumphant certainty.

"Manitou, thy son is coming. Meteetse shall have her inheritance. Logo is about to enter the land of Manitou and in three more days the last chief of the Shoshones will sit round the council fires of his people."

Logo stood in the open lane walled in by heavy timber. He looked a monster as ruggedly hewed as the hills he ranged, king of a vanishing race. The dying sun shone through a notch in the range and cast a searchlight tongue of flame, the tip of it just reaching the bear and turning the white guard hairs of his coat to sparkling silver.

And from the rocky knob above the last chief of the Shoshones was looking down the barrel at the grizzly king. He made the hailing sign of chief to chief, but Logo did not see. Neither did he hear the sharp report. He sank quietly down to rest and as the echoes of the shot roared up against the cliffs and on across the high divide there traveled with the sound the soul of the silvertip.

CANNING OUR VOICES

(Continued from Page 14)

"Silence, please!" from the recorder. He removes the swinging zinc funnel and puts another smaller one in its place. With great care the test is run over and you listen with painful attention, standing close to the horn. You note mentally that that tone was too bright with its flat a-a, it cut too deep in the wax for the soft sounds before and after it. That high note came very near being a blast—I was too close. On the next high note I must have cramped my upper body muscles as I swayed back, for it sounds a trifle flat in pitch. All these things are carefully noted.

A slight shifting of the orchestra's several positions takes place, for the keen, practiced ear of the master recorder has noted that the flute was too dull in one place, the brass too heavy in another. The maestro gives his opinion, and the men who have left the room—showing small interest in the first test—are called back. With much talk and banter they climb back and blow a few swirls and quirks on their instruments; the violinist jazzes the melody you have just been singing and a general smile relieves everybody. We begin again.

"Ah-h, say"—from the flute when he has finished his introduction—"I did someding funny." His top note has been a bit husky, just like a prima donna with a frog in her throat. The cut is stopped. There is still room on the wax for a twelve-inch record, so we start again. We swim on:

"Connais tu le pays."

We get about a third through. The man at the machine holds up his hand. A hole in the wax—no good. "A hole" sounds tremendous; in reality it is a minute flaw, not to be seen by the naked eye, but the needle has discovered it. Tiny as it is, it will affect the perfection of the record. A fresh wax is put on.

The musicians swirl and toot again absent-mindedly. I do a few mi-mi's, or perhaps feeling the fatal "master" approaching, I slip a moistening lozenge under my tongue. I have not been nervous so far in any degree. Habit and knowledge that in all probability it will have to be repeated several times have detracted from the sense of responsibility. Now I gird up my loins—this is probably the selling record.

A perfect orchestral attack digging out of the silence pleases everybody. The recording master smiles where he stands beside me, ready to sway me back should I forget, or pull me gently forward should I neglect that. He gazes impersonally at me, all ears, and I try to keep from thinking how unattractive my black tongue—black from the succulent lozenge—must look to him. I stand with my hands on my hips, swaying, enunciating clearly, every bit of me concentrated on making a perfect record.

A bit of phlegm, tiny, unimportant on the concert platform or operatic stage, where one may expectorate comfortably at will, seems to float across my chords. A burning rage seizes me. I look up and shake my head at the leader. He may not even have heard it, but he taps his baton—the orchestra stops. I say: "Isn't that maddening? A miserable frog—I'm so sorry!" No one pays any attention to me. The violinist says to the saxophone player: "You wouldn't move an inch, would you?"

"Well, what can I do?" protests the big Russian loudly. "He"—pointing to the recorder—"told me to stand here and you want me to get out. What can I do?"

He has been called Kerensky, Trotzky and Bolshevik during the course of the war and the latter name has stuck.

"The saxophone," jeers one of the woodwind players, "the joke of the orchestra, the lowest form of musical instrument!"

"Not at all," I take up the cudgels. "It's a marvelous instrument. It just has not been used properly. You will see Richard Strauss or some other tone master will use it some day and make it famous."

"He has already," chimes in the flutist, once a dweller in the Fatherland. "He has used it in quartet form."

"Well, I'm glad somebody likes it," says the huge Russian in a meek voice.

"Just the same you can move back a little," says the recording master, "even if it is wonderful, you big Bolshevik."

"Never mind the Bolsheviki—they're all right," growls the erstwhile smiling Russian. "You'll see in a month or two where they'll be!" His face, beaming good-humoredly the moment before, grows dark and menacing in an instant. A silence falls, an ugly thing has shown its head. The Americans—and strangely enough there are several of them—laugh after an instant.

"That's all right—you'll be in jail," says one of them. But ugly thoughts have been raised—the voice of the discontented foreigner menacing our free land jars in our ears.

They resume their tuning up and trilling while another wax is adjusted. Off we go again. By now a tinge of boredom has crept into everyone at the many repetitions. This is a blessing in disguise, as one is automatically less nervous on account of it and—at last we have made a master.

The almost perfect, careful singing you have done has put your voice in fine condition for the next number and you repeat the whole process. You are tired at the end of a session from standing so long in one spot and from the strain of trying to do your very best. You learn with every recording, and personally I always have a feeling of exultation if the general opinion is that my work has been good, as it is a difficult thing to master.

Sometimes I have made a master record at the second repetition. Sometimes it takes an hour to get one acceptable record.

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A "Gold Bond" GUARANTEE With Each Garment

I have heard singers laboring for hours to make a certain spot perfect, filling perhaps a whole afternoon, only to find the difficulty unconquerable.

When you buy a perfect record of some favorite singer you may be pretty sure that you may then hear that singer at his best. Rarely will he attain such perfection on the concert or operatic stage

Voices record very differently, some qualities being too resonant, some not enough so. It is rare indeed to find the perfect recording voice.

A duet or quartet is, of course, even more difficult to make. There are certain horns with two mouths—one for each singer—that are sometimes used for duets, or each singer may have a horn to himself. It's most mysterious and wonderful to me to think that in that tiny groove are recorded the manifold gradations of sound, of tone color, of infinitesimal shadings in quality of perhaps four masculine and feminine voices, not to speak of the various voices of the orchestra.

I find English the most difficult language to record. We have so many impure sounds. Words like "must," "love," "think" are difficult to sustain. You may do as the music-hall singer does and say "theenk" or "laaaav," but it is not elegant. Our way of saying "thu" for "the," for instance, in "Way down upon thu Swanee River," makes a very difficult syllable to record clearly.

The singers of popular hits make their words much more clearly understood than we do, as they sacrifice everything to them. You hear, "Good-by, maw, good-by, paw, Good-by mulie with your old hee-haw," every word staccato and wonderfully distinct. But legato singing is an unexplored territory to them.

If I were to sing *Connais tu le pays* in that manner very little would be thought of my artistic attainments.

To oblige someone I once tried to make a popular record, but I could not bring myself to chop the words as they should be chopped, and so it did not have the proper stamp and was a failure. Some familiar element of style was lacking. I could have given an imitation of a vaudeville singer doing it and have done it fairly well, perhaps, but I did not quite see the sense of that; better leave it to an expert.

Italian, with its smiling vowels, its lovely open finals, its strong clear consonants and general flowing line is much easier to record.

"*Ombra mai fu di vegetabile, cara ed amabile, soave piu.*"

What could be more grateful, purer in sound? The mouth is open naturally, the lips elastic and unstrained, the tongue at rest.

Then German by contrast: Try to spit "*mich beschimpft Dein verdacht*" into the horn. You are all tied up in a second and the wax records an unclean sputtering that has little or no beauty when played in a red-velvet parlor.

French I have always adored singing in any shape or manner. You can polish and purify French to the *n*th degree; you can make it unbelievably elegant, resonant and rich. The slight nasal tone so often required is wonderful for the horn, the variety of tone quality most prepossessing. To me it is a brilliant delight.

Some companies record differently from the one I have described. You may not see anything of the machine or mechanism in some of them. The horn then protrudes through a screen from behind which you hear mysterious sounds. A face appears at a hole cut in the wall to give you directions when to begin or leave off. Perhaps you will have a horizontal bar firmly screwed into the wall in front of you like a towel rack, below the horn. This you may grasp and it certainly is a great help in steadying one, and in swaying.

On the horn may be pasted as a last gasping hint from the management: "Enunciate clearly." They hope that that will move you when nothing else will.

The master you have made is carefully rolled in cotton and put into a metal case and sent to some mysterious factory where good little records are born.

I once had the joy of stamping out my own records. I saw a square lump of black stuff like asphalt put between two presses of metal. This was then slipped into a stamping machine and I pulled a lever and pushed a handle and a record was born! I also saw the black stuff being prepared, but I suspect that was a secret and we had better not talk about it.

A master recorder who has recorded all over the world told me he was once recording in China. They had been working for some time, the Chinese musicians sitting in utter stolidity round him, twanging and scraping when told to, laying aside their instruments in the pauses, all with no show of interest or spark of enthusiasm. The singers would record impassively amid the same dull atmosphere, and the recording manager began to grow discouraged. Some of the songs were supposed to be comic, and he thought: "Well, they can't be very successful or at least one musician would crack a smile."

At last up stepped a little Oriental and began to sing. One musician smiled, another grinned—at last they were all chuckling, then roaring.

"Aha," thought the manager, "this man is really good. At last I have a true comedian. We must do lots of his songs and make them especially carefully."

After the session he said to the interpreter:

"That last fellow was a good one, wasn't he? He must be very funny to make them laugh so—a really good comedian"

"Oh, no," said the interpreter quietly, "they were laughing because he was so bad!"

At another time the interpreter chose for him at his request China's most popular song. A sort of counterpart of Old Black Joe or Home Sweet Home, he asked for—a song every grandmother and every child knew. He wanted to record the best-known melody in all China, and by some beloved singer.

The singer arrived, the recording began. The singer began. He stopped. Back again, he stopped again. He stumbled on, the musicians after him, he stopped once more.

"What's the matter?" queried the irate would-be recorder of the best-known Chinese song. "Is he sick?"

"Oh, no," said the interpreter with immovable suavity of manner, "he just doesn't know the song."

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The coat illustrated on figure in background is our Summit Town & Country coat, leather lined and with leather sleeves.

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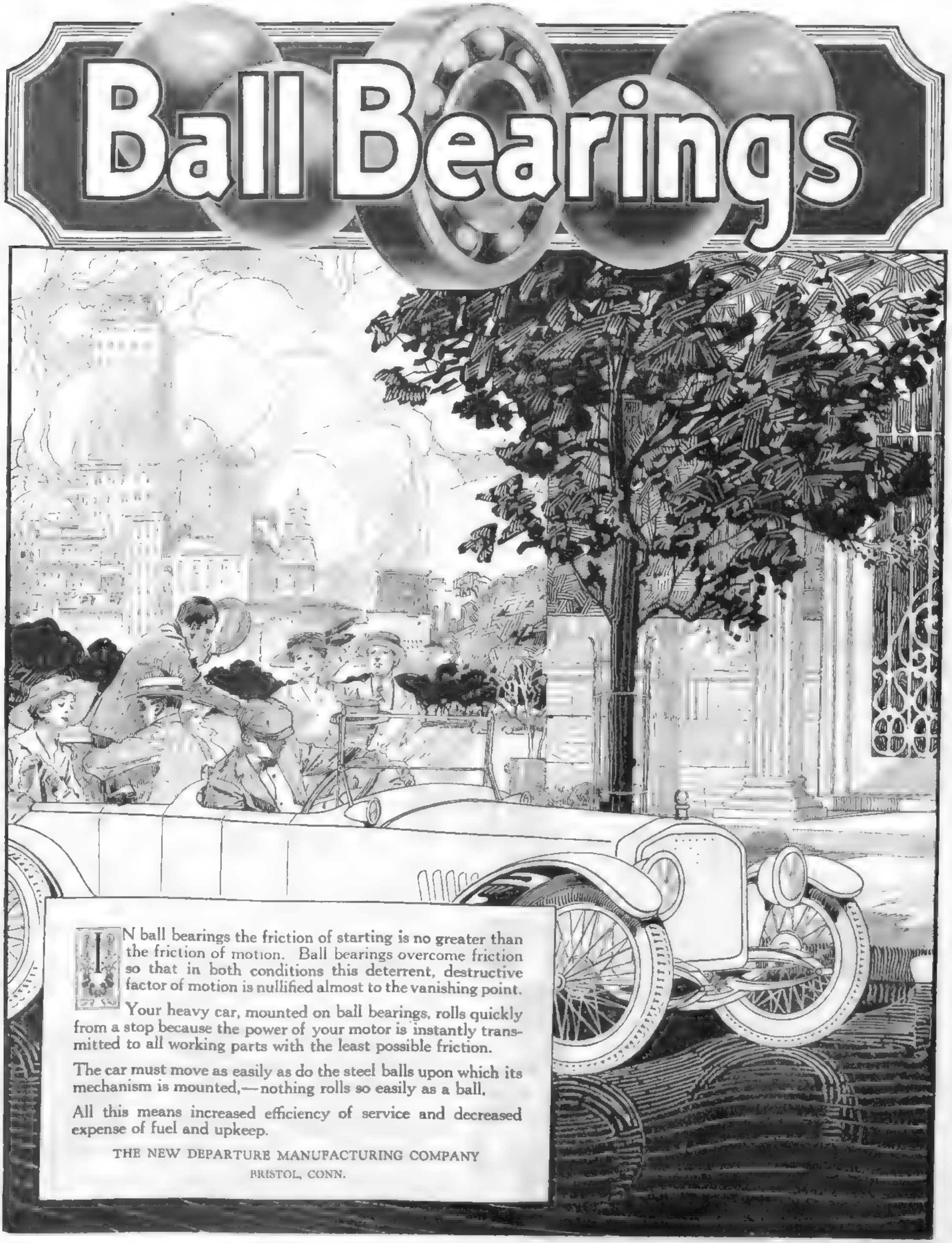

IN ball bearings the friction of starting is no greater than the friction of motion. Ball bearings overcome friction so that in both conditions this deterrent, destructive factor of motion is nullified almost to the vanishing point.

Your heavy car, mounted on ball bearings, rolls quickly from a stop because the power of your motor is instantly transmitted to all working parts with the least possible friction.

The car must move as easily as do the steel balls upon which its mechanism is mounted,—nothing rolls so easily as a ball.

All this means increased efficiency of service and decreased expense of fuel and upkeep.

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BRISTOL, CONN.

Straight from Song Headquarters!

FOUR BIG HITS

LEADING the procession of new music from Song Headquarters—are these four wonderful hits! Four great songs for everybody everywhere! G-R-E-A-T in theatres and restaurants along the Rialto—G-R-E-A-T on piano, phonograph and player piano in your own home—G-R-E-A-T wherever, whenever there is a call for music. Treat yourself—surprise your friends—get these four new songs—to laugh with, to harmonize with—to dance with, to love. *Get them today!*

"Hawaiian Lullaby"

FOR those who love rare melody—for those who love harmony—for those who love a waltz—and that's almost everybody—here's the most beautiful song hit in years. Soft, dreamy melody and a pretty lyric combine to make "Hawaiian Lullaby" a song you'll want to enjoy forever on your piano, player piano and phonograph. Ask your dealer about it.

"I Used To Call Her Baby"

FUN—honest to goodness pep and fun—lurks in every bar of "I Used To Call Her Baby." There's a lyric that brings a laugh to the most cynical. There's a melody that brings a dance-craving to the most austere. It's a regular song, introduced by Frank Fay in "Oh, What a Girl." It's a natural hit—already famous in Song-Centers all over America. Try it on *your* piano.

"Freckles"

(Introduced and featured by Nora Bayes in her big show hit, "Ladies First")

FEEL like reminiscing?—here's a song that will take you back to school days. Or dancing?—here's a delightful melody that will put wax under your shoes and pep in your feet. Or singing?—here's a song you'll love and sing over and over again, each time with more delight. "Freckles" is so good it is a pet number of Nora Bayes'—enough said. Get it.

"Hawaiian Lullaby"
by Dorothy Terriss & Ethel Bridges
"There's a lot of Blue-Eyed Marys down in Maryland"
by Jack Yellen, Milton Ager & Grace Kaufer
CHORUS
"I Used to Call Her Baby"
by Howard Johnson, Murray Roth & Cliff Hess
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"Freckles"
by Cliff Hess, Howard Johnson & Milton Ager
You can't go wrong with any 'Feist' Song

"There's a Lot Of Blue-Eyed Marys Down In Maryland"

JUST take this song to your piano and try it out—you'll know why as a fox-trot "There's a Lot Of Blue-Eyed Marys Down In Maryland," with its catchtune, its wonderful melody, is leading the dance order of bands and orchestras everywhere today. You will know why, as a song, it is winning encores for singers. It's a wonderful song—get it.

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THE SURVIVAL OF THE FATTEST

(Continued from Page 17)

But the white man waved it aside. "You bet it for me, Lucreshus. It's a good bet even if I lose."

"It's sho' gwine be a good bet then, boss."

"I'm taking the chance," reassured Rossler.

Lucreshus sighed and pocketed the fifty dollars. He was still sighing regretfully as he finished the last leg of his journey to Birmingham and parked his car on Morris Avenue. He turned over to the bookkeeper the cash received in payment for the truckload of ducks, reminded his boss that he had been promised leave for the afternoon and departed. He made his way to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor, where he inhaled a few savory sandwiches and two steaming cups of coffee.

The atmosphere of the pool room was vibrant with baseball gossip. The long and limpy Bud was in conference with Boston Marble, a melancholy gambling agent. It was patent from the conversation that there was very little Knoxville money in sight. The defeat of the previous day without the help of the mighty whip of Angel Nash had served to chasten the spirits of the Knoxville betting fraternity. Lucreshus started unhappily across the smoke-laden room toward Boston Marble, fat chocolate fingers wound round the fifty dollars intrusted to his care by Mr. Al Rossler, his one-time employer. Then he hesitated. He continued to hesitate, and continuing he was lost. He lounged back to the corner and dropped into a wicker chair.

After all was said and done, Mr. Rossler had been a good friend to Lucreshus in the days when the little brown boy needed a friend. True, he had shoved off on Lucreshus a job that developed into pneumonia, but he had also nursed him through the illness and defrayed all medical expenses when he might have deserted him. And it was an infernal shame, reflected Lucreshus, to jes' nachelly th'ow away fifty good hard dollars belongin' to his ve'y bestes' white frien'.

Lucreshus knew that he ought to obey orders; execute his commission and let the sadness fall where it listeth. But he hadn't the heart. More, he knew that Mr. Rossler was a very liberal individual—terrible in wrath, but generous in peace—and he envisioned a triumphal entry into the booth of Mr. Rossler that night after the Knoxville team should have bitten much dust for the second consecutive time. Mr. Rossler would be downhearted over the loss of his money, at which psychological moment Lucreshus would thrust under his nose the unwagered fifty dollars, saying: "See heah what I is done made fo' you by not losin' it as you ast me to do."

Twenty-five dollars would be a conservative fee, thought Lucreshus—and the die was cast.

When Lucreshus Mabry and a rather reluctant Zinnia Sanders boarded the trolley for Rickwood Park at two-thirty that afternoon fifty dollars belonging to Mr. Al Rossler rested securely in the pockets of Mr. Mabry's new seven-dollar pants. And despite the apathy of the pretty brown girl at his side Mr. Mabry's spirits were away up.

The cup that he was planning to quaff that afternoon contained a bitter-sweet draught. Fortunately there was much more of the sweet than the bitter. True, Angel Nash would not only exhibit his undeniable skill as a pitcher of baseball but he would be winning a crucial game for the team which Zinnia loved. On the other hand, while Angel was winning the game and the approval of their common lady love he would be piling money into the coffers of Lucreshus Mabry. Hence the predominance of the sweet.

When the car pulled up before the imposing entrance of Rickwood Park—home grounds of the Birmingham Southern League team—Lucreshus was glad of the perspicacity which had prompted him to purchase his box seats at Bud Peagler's.

Long lines had formed before each of the ticket windows and the merry clink of silver half dollars blended harmoniously with the eager chatter of the Afro-American fans. Inside, the grand stand was rapidly filling. Save for a small section in the general direction of third base which was reserved for white people, the enormous stand was jammed with a press of yellow-to-black humanity. Every notable was there in force: Vanguard Collins; Mr. and Mrs. Christopher P. S. Shoots; Mr. and Mrs. Anopheles Ricketts; Luscious Chester; Mrs. Spinola Reed-Chester; Belshazzer Elliott, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise; Mr. and Mrs. Quintus Weefalls; Lawyer Evans Chew; Dr. Vivian Simmons; Mrs. Dr. Elijah Atcherson and husband; Hammond Bias; Jerry Skillet; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gethers; Keefe Gaines; Cupid Baldon; Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring; Acey Upshaw; Ellick Pinckney; Semore Mashby, who had managed to work a pass from someone and then slip by the gate without paying his war tax; Reverend Wesley Luther Thigpen and his contemporary of the First African M. E. Church, the Reverend Plato Tubb; Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Broughton and—of course—Florian Slappey, misogynistically alone.

They were out en masse; the worth while and the worthless, the high and the low, aristocrat and proletarian, the degreed and pedigreed. The grand stand was a riot of vivid coloring—shrieking yellows, gorgeous reds, unctuous lavenders, palpitant purples, staggering blues. On the top row of the grand stand was the orchestra of Professor Alec Champagne, which worked overtime spurting jazzy music into the innocent summer air.

Out on the field the two teams disported themselves idly, languidly dipping after grounders and casually pulling in long flies, product of the fungo-hitters' skill. Then came the regular preliminary practice: an affair of brilliant stops, excessive comedy and rank errors. Team for team, exclusive of the battery superiority, Knoxville and Birmingham seemed a toss-up. But there was no forgetting the battery.

A stentorian-voiced umpire announced the batteries, and at the mention of Angel Nash's name a scream of delight rent the air. That gentleman rose from the dugout and bowed smilingly, showing a wide expanse of shiny white-and-gold teeth. And when he strolled into the box bedlam broke loose, and Lucreshus felicitated himself on the fact that he had not thrown away Mr. Rossler's money by betting it against this hurling phenom. It gave him his opportunity of helping his friend of former days—even against the latter's will.

There was something about Angel Nash as he faced the breast-protected and masked catcher which infused confidence. It was not precisely an indifference to his surroundings. Rather it was a contempt of them. The idea that this team from Knoxville should even presume to send batters up against him seemed amusing to Angel, and he wore a large golden grin. He lobbed three over the pan and signaled the umpire that he was ready.

The first Knoxville batter tapped twice on the rubber with his heavy bat, set himself, swung at two swift ones and then at a dead floater which seemed retarded in the air. He retired in disgust. The second batter swiped at two, concluded that the third would be wasted, discovered very quickly that he had made an error of judgment—and he too sat down. The third met the second ball squarely and slammed it in the general direction of center field. It hit the ground midway between the plate and the pitcher's box and bounced.

There was a resounding smack as ball struck glove and remained there. The batter started frantically for first. Angel Nash regarded the ball in his hand speculatively, allowed the runner a sporting start and then tossed the ball gracefully to the first sacker. Then Birmingham came in.

But Knoxville was on edge. It had played well against the team which had beaten Birmingham and it had no mind to lose two straight games. It played steady businesslike baseball, and the locals were retired in one-two-four order.

For six innings the rival twirlers gave masterly exhibitions. Neither allowed a hit, and only one man reached third. In the last half of the seventh the first batter for Birmingham fanned. Then Angel Nash strolled with rare insouciance to the plate, selected a ball and hit over second for two easy bases. And first among those who leaped up and screamed was Miss Zinnia Sanders.

Lucreshus was financially enthusiastic, but the exhibition on the part of his lady

True Shape

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FOR HER absolute hosiery satisfaction has been summed up in *TRUE SHAPE* No. 564

She likes the beautiful, silky texture—the "cross-stitch" in the garter top which prevents runs—the flare top which makes the stocking so comfy where it is often so tight and binding—its shaped and fashioned leg—the narrow, close-fitting foot—and the heels and toes of four-ply yarn.

FOR HIM there is *TRUE SHAPE* No. 152—a fine lustrous silk sock for every occasion—

made from very choice Japanese silk, with strengthened ankle, toe, heel, and sole that defy wear. He can't help liking it.

Wherever you are you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on this trade-mark on each pair.

If your dealer does not have *TRUE SHAPE*, we will gladly tell you of one who has.

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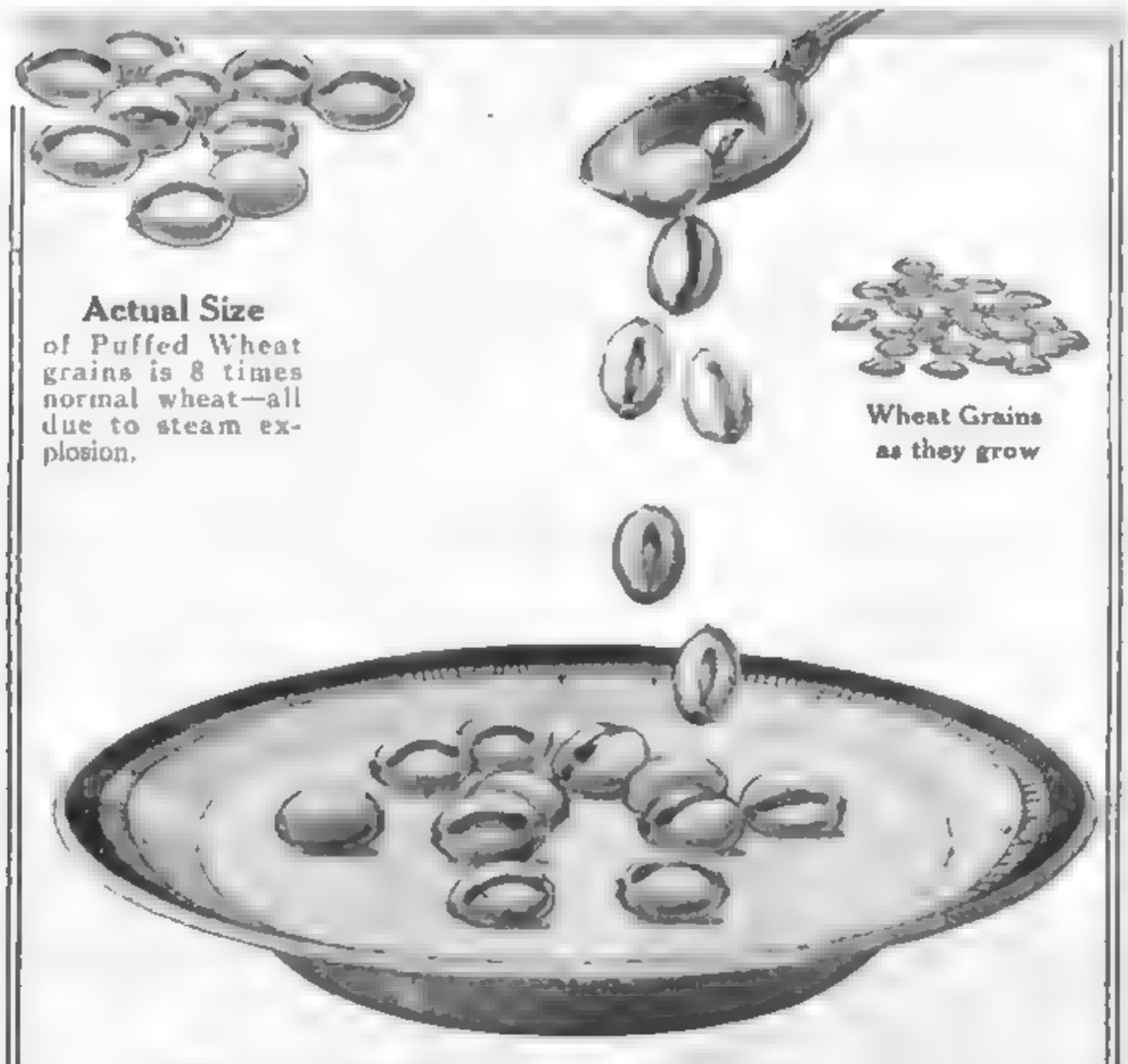


Actual Size
of Puffed Wheat grains is 8 times normal wheat—all due to steam explosion.

Wheat Grains as they grow

Witching Foods

But Also Scientific

These bubble grains—flimsy, flaky, toasted—seem simply tidbits to enjoy.

They seem to breakfast what dessert is to a dinner—a delightful garnish.

But that's a wrong impression.

Puffed grains were invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson—a scientific man. And there's deep reason for them.

To Make Whole Wheat Digest

Take wheat, for instance—a premier grain. Nature stores minerals in the outer coat, and other needed elements. Without them children suffer.

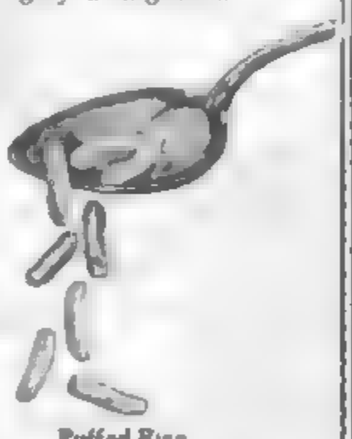
Yet that outer coat, under usual methods, goes largely undigested.

Corn Puffs

Prof. Anderson's method applies to wheat an hour of fearful heat. Then the grains are shot from guns. Thus 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. And every food cell is so blasted that it easily digests.

Thus every atom feeds. This whole-wheat food means whole-wheat nutriment.

So with Puffed Rice—so with Corn Puffs. The food cells are all broken. The result is airy, nut-like globules—fascinating foods. But also foods which yield their precious elements.



Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

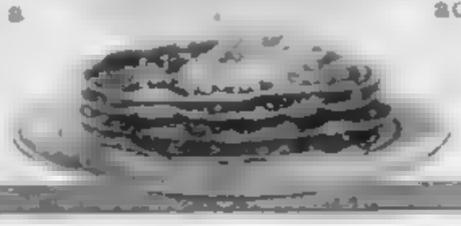
Corn Puffs

Also

Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Like Nut-Made Pancakes

Our food experts, after countless tests, have made an ideal pancake mixture. And they mix in it ground Puffed Rice. The result is flaky pancakes and a very nut-like taste. The finest pancakes ever served are made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Try it. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water.



3240

friend ruffled his dignity and riled his feelings. He fastened strong fingers about her dimpled arm and caused her to reseat herself with extreme suddenness. She swung on him in fury.

"Take yo' han's off'n me, cullud man!"

"You is makin' a specktickle outen yo'se'f."

"I reckon it's my own specktickle—an' 'sides, 'tain't none of yo' business."

"Folks is lookin' at you."

"They is lookin' at sumthin' when they does."

"You makes me 'shame' of myse'f."

"Well, blame yo' own fat se'f for that."

Lucreshus became aware of the fact that he was pursuing a rather tactless course. "I ain't meant to make you mad."

"Ain't meant ain't ain't did."

"On'y jes' 'causen a man goes an' flukes a two-bagger——"

"Flukes! Huh! I reckon you could of done it too."

"Ise a business man—not no ball player."

"Pity you is an' pity you ain't. Now you remove yo' han's off'n me an' lemme root liken I likes."

Mr. Angel Nash bowed response to the applause of the stands, kidded with a superior air the shortstop, who was covering the base, and languidly strolled from the sack for a long lead toward third. He noticed vaguely that the coach on the third base line was making grotesque gestures and uttering weird cries, but he didn't bother particularly.

The Knoxville pitcher whirled; the ball shot straight to second and into the waiting hands of the second baseman, who had sneaked up unobserved. And to Angel Nash came the greatest disgrace in baseballdom: He was caught asleep off the base.

His march in from the center of the diamond was not exactly a triumphal procession. And at least one man in the stands was chuckling.

"I reckon, Zinnia, that he is a swell base runner, also pitcher."

Zinnia's nose went high in the air. "You is entitled to yo' own reckons, Mistuh Mabry."

"An' 'tain't no harm to be 'spicuous by yo' rootin', is it?"

"I said it."

"Ve'y well." Lucreshus Mabry rose to his feet and his barytone rolled out across the field and thrummed into the ears of the chagrined Angel Nash: "Some ball player you is—not!"

The ninth inning came and went. In the tenth Knoxville scored and Birmingham managed to even things. The eleventh resulted in two large goose eggs on the scoreboard. But in the first half of the twelfth something happened.

It was plain that the first batter was ball shy. He stood back from the plate and refused to strike at an ice-cream ball which floated up tantalizingly. A chorus of hoots from the stands lent courage and he crowded the plate. And Angel caught the ball which his catcher returned, posed airily, wound up lavishly and let fly.

There was a sharp crack as the ball connected with the crest of the batter's cranium and bounced merrily over the grand stand. The batter looked round, grinned and trotted unconcernedly to first. Angel, hands on hips, shook with laughter. With no one down and a man on first the Knoxville manager sent in a pinch hitter, an enormously large and intransigently black gentleman who swung a Brobdingnagian bat over his shoulder. He had orders to play the hit-and-run game.

Angel chuckled good-naturedly: "Hello, Useless!"

The pinch hitter glared. He stood at the plate.

Suddenly the ball left Angel's hand. It cut the heart of the platter and the umpire announced a strike.

"You is 'lowed to hit at 'em," announced Angel sweetly.

"Shut yo' fool mouth!" grated the batter.

Angel ignoring the man on first wound up deliberately. The ball appeared to leave his hand with terrific speed. The batter swung, spun and almost fell. "Stri-i-ike tuh!" Angel laughed.

"Ain't you learn' to stan' alone yit?"

"Open yo' mouth ag'in an' you is gwine be a angel sho' 'nough!"

Angel speared the return. "Heah you is, Nothin'! Heah's one right over the plate."

"You woul'n't dare!"

"Watch this!" The ball shot in. But just before it reached the plate it broke sharp and wide. The swinging bat missed it by six inches, and there came a roar of laughter from the grand stand. Angel received his catcher's return and motioned the batter aside.

"Go ast yo' manager ain't he got no real batter to send up heah."

The giant Knoxvillian started menacingly toward the box, swinging his bat and swearing elegantly. The adoring smile never left the face of Angel Nash. He stood quietly fingering the ball.

"Cullud man," he remarked conversationally, "my control is good an' my speed is sizzlin'!"

The big man turned sullenly and retreated to his dugout while Angel inspected the cleats of his shoes. He was as calm as a church deacon at an ice-cream festival.

The next batter up laid a pretty bunt down the first-base line, sacrificing the runner to second. The man who followed him shot one to third and the third sacker threw wild to first, leaving first and third occupied, with two men down. The few Knoxville fans awakened and rooted.

The first ball went straight over. The bat met it squarely. It sailed like an arrow to center field. The center fielder braced himself for the catch. The ball hit his glove, hung uncertainly for a moment, and then oozed over the side.

There was a deep and hollow groan from the Birmingham stands as the runner crossed the pan. That ended Knoxville's scoring for the inning.

But the one-run lead was sufficient. One Birmingham runner reached second, but there he expired. And slowly and solemnly the crowd rose to its feet and started for the exits.

But Lucreshus Mabry did not rise. Save for a weak remark to Zinnia: "Swell pitcher you is lovin'," he made no comment on the catastrophe.

He couldn't. The disaster beggared description. The ultimate cataclysm had occurred. With Angel Nash in the box, backed by a superior team, Birmingham had yet gone down to inglorious defeat. It mattered not that the box score showed that it was Birmingham's game throughout, that Angel had twirled winning ball and lost only by the combination of a fluke and an error—the stark fact remained that every available cent of cash or credit which Lucreshus possessed had been swept away by black magic.

And then a poignant memory smote Lucreshus. It smote him hard and smote him frequent.

Mr. Al Rossler.

In the pants pocket of Lucreshus Mabry reposed fifty dollars belonging to Mr. Al Rossler, which at that moment should have blossomed forth as one hundred. For that was the fifty which had been intrusted to Lucreshus to wager for his friend on the chances of the Knoxville team. And he found himself hoist by the petard of his friendly effort to present his friend with a half-century note and perhaps receive a substantial honorarium in appreciation of his superior judgment.

Lucreshus Mabry was rapidly arriving at realization of the fact that he was up against it about as hard as one colored man can be and yet continue to exist. Even the obvious warmth of his lady friend did little to assuage the great gob of grief that enveloped him. Every nickel he owned or was likely to own had been swept away by the inexcusable bobble of a center fielder.

Eventually Lucreshus rose. Zinnia held his arm tightly. It was patent that Mabry stock had risen materially in the face of a Nash defeat. But Lucreshus was ponderously unhappy. He was about as superlatively unhappy as it was possible for him to become. They passed through the grand stand to the exit gate, the tail enders of a saddened sorrowful throng of erstwhile enthusiastic rooters. Near the gate they came face to face with Angel Nash.

But it was a different Angel Nash, an Angel stripped of his incomparable poise, an Angel heroically striving to keep up the appearance which was his by right and which an error had stolen.

Angel bowed. "Evenin', Miss Zinnia."

"Evenin', Mistuh Nash," came the response in a tone so cool that it would normally have brought an access of exultation to Lucreshus.

"That was a pow'ful hahd-luck game, wa'n't it, Miss Zinnia?"

Lucreshus sniffed. "Hahd luck? Huh! A man which cain't pitch an' cain't run bases gittin' to talk 'bouten hahd luck!"

(Continued on Page 145)

The joy of succeeding while you are still young

TWO men work equally hard, and both succeed. But to one man position and independence come at thirty-five; to the other not until sixty.

Success is sweet whenever it comes; but at sixty the capacity for enjoyment is less keen. The travel that seems so alluring at thirty-five has lost a little of its charms; the distance to the end of the road of life is shorter and many a man finds fortune in his hands so late that there is time only to arrange to pass it on to someone else.

Happy is the man who finds a way to save somehow the intervening years; there is joy in succeeding while you are still young. The reason why success comes so late for most men is that there is so much to learn.

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IS there no way to shorten this process? Must every man's life have so many wasted years?

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THE book which the coupon will bring is "Forging Ahead in Business," a 116-page book that tells how the Institute has helped so many other men to find success while they are still young. It is a valuable book, but it is free. No obligation; send for your copy now.

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(Continued from Page 142)

Angel glared. "I wa'n't directin' nothin' at you, Mistuh Mabry."

"No—an' you wa'n't directin' nothin' at the plate neither."

"You is gettin' pussonal, Mistuh Mabry."

"Yeh, an' tha's all what I is gettin' after the game you played."

Angel turned his attention to the girl again. "You ain't so' at me, is you, Miss Zinnia?"

"I is mo' sorrier than so'."

"They ain't nobody cain't he'p bein' sorry fo' a poor fish liken to what you is, Mistuh Nash," interjected Lucreshus.

Angel swung upon him. There was an expression on Angel's face that was unmistakably not of the heavenly regions. "One mo' word liken to that, Mistuh Mabry, an' you is gwine to be ain't!"

Lucreshus sized his man up and decided that discretion assayed about 99% the better part of valor at that exact moment. He made no answer and continued to make it. He and his lady friend passed mournfully through the gate and boarded a city-bound baseball special. In the car Zinnia snuggled close to him.

"You seems pow'ful depressed, Mistuh Mabry."

"Depressed is happy compared to what I is."

"Seems like you wouldn't be."

"How come?"

"With Mistuh Nash losin' his game thataway."

"I was rootin' for him to win!" snapped Lucreshus.

"Knowin' that I was rootin' too?"

"Wimmin an' baseball don't mix none in my min', Zinnia. One is a pleasure an' t'other is a business."

"Which one is the business?"

Silence fell between them, and Lucreshus miserably passed up his most glorious opportunity for rehabilitation in the eyes of his lady love. It was all that Lucreshus could do to retain his veneer of dignity—and dignity was Lucreshus' greatest asset.

He was sad at heart. Mr. Al Rossler loomed up about as large as a mountain and as fearsome as a thundercloud. Thought of the fifty he should have won for his white friend was staggering. It was bad enough to have lost every cent he possessed, but to be fifty dollars in the hole in addition thereto ——

He conceived wild and futile schemes for borrowing fifty dollars and turning it over to Mr. Rossler. There was no more chance of his being able to raise more than five dollars than there was of his marrying Zinnia that night. He was buried deep in an earthly cavity of his own digging and poignantly and painfully aware of the fact.

He was in a ferment when he left Zinnia abruptly at the door of her own home. He ambled sadly downtown, reflecting upon the disaster which had come to him and plotting weird and impractical methods of escape. A sudden and informal departure from Birmingham was impossible for several reasons, not the least of which was the total lack of funds. He conceived the plan of making himself considerably scarce until the street fair should have departed from Bessemer for another town, but he knew that that, too, was not sound. Mr. Rossler was a kind and indulgent white gentleman until he got the idea that somebody was trying to put something over on him. Then—Lucreshus shuddered.

He clenched his pudgy fists and shrugged his flabby shoulders. There was plainly nothing for him to do but face the music; to go to Bessemer, turn the fifty dollars back to Mr. Rossler and make a complete confession. He paused. Suppose Mr. Rossler should get the idea that he had wagered and won, and was holding out fifty? Well—after all that was the smallest risk he was running.

One hour later he alighted from a North Bessemer street car and made his mournful way toward the glare and glitter of the street fair. It stood out in blaring colorful contrast to its sodden drabness of the morning.

The street was a blaze of light and thronged with black and white humanity. There is something about a street fair in the South which does more to bridge the social gap separating the races than any other one thing. Quality white folks, laughing-eyed and traveling in large joyous parties, rubbed elbows with their ebony cooks and washerwomen. They crowded together at the raffling booths, chancing their nickels and dimes on candies, live ducks, large and pop-eyed dolls, Indian-blanket robes.

The riding concessions were doing a land-office business; one-third of the cars of the Ferris wheel were, for instance, being occupied by jolly care-free white people of the society crowd, who were doing the fair in large groups; the remaining two-thirds filled with their Ethiopian brethren. Ballyhoo men roared the quality of their wares—designating rows of flashily costumed, infinitely bored young ladies as proof of their contention of superiority. It was an anarchy of light, blatant music, high-pitched laughter, racial intermingling, general hilarity—a scene typically Southern and wholly bizarre.

But Lucreshus looked upon the surging laughing crowd, the glaring lights, the wholesome joy—and found little to lift his spirits from the slough into which they had descended. He headed for the concession belonging to Mr. Al Rossler at the far end of the midway, but there was a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm in his gait. He was headed for a conversational guillotine.

But even the worst of things must end eventually, and he came to Mr. Rossler's booth. It was suffering from a complete collapse of enthusiasm. No crowd gathered before the counter eagerly depositing nickels for three chances to duck the sad little negro who sat perched on the seat over the galvanized-iron tub. Lucreshus looked and understood. The person who pays his nickel and hits the target likes to feel that he is bringing distress to the duckee, and the little fellow on the platform could not possibly have looked more woe-begone than he already did had they heaved him into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

But the very dearth of business was disastrous for Lucreshus. Mr. Rossler being sans work found time hanging heavy on his hands and he spotted Lucreshus and summoned that melancholy gentleman to his presence. Mr. Rossler, his prophecy fulfilled, was grinning genially.

"Told you about that Knoxville team, Luke."

"Yassuh—you sho' did."

"I'm surprised it took them twelve innings to do it."

"So is I."

"Broke you, didn't they?"

Lucreshus nodded emphatically. "Broke is rich, compared to what I is."

Mr. Rossler laughed. "Your pitcher friend was defeated, that ought to put you in strong with your mutual lady friend."

"I ain't studyin' 'bouten no gals, Mr Rossler."

"Don't you worry, Luke. I'm fifty dollars ahead of the game, and—you brought my winnings down with you, didn't you?"

Lucreshus gulped, strangled, shivered—and then took the plunge. In frantic, adjectival, apologetic speech he explained to Mr. Rossler that he had known all along that Knoxville didn't have a chance to win and he couldn't bear to see fifty dollars thrown away.

"An' so, boss man, I ain't bet yo' money a-tall!"

"Didn't bet it?"

"Nossuh. Not on Knoxville n'r neither Bummin'ham." He fished the fifty from his pocket. "Heah 'tis, suh, an' Ise sorry that Knoxville won, an' ——"

Mr. Rossler was not precisely angry, but he most decidedly was peeved. It was exactly as though he had had fifty dollars taken from his pocket. He stared at Lucreshus for a few minutes and then commenced to speak.

His speech was more graphic than elegant. He started with the creation and said things which bore directly on the quality of Lucreshus' ancestry from the days of Ham to the present; none of which were exactly laudatory. Pausing only briefly for breath he started in with the forthcoming generations and damned them heartily even unto the days of the millennium. When he paused it was only because he had exhausted his vocabulary of descriptive profanity.

Through it all Lucreshus cowered and trembled. Gone was the exquisite dignity which had won him recognition in Birmingham, and there had crept into his heart a horrible fear, a terror of consequences. Visions of the county jail, known to the negroes as the Big Rock, loomed before him, and he quivered.

"Please, suh, boss man, I di'n't go fo' to do you no dirty trick. Please, suh, don' tell no p'lice 'bouten what I done. Ise gwine save up an' pay you back them fifty dollars an' ——"

"You're not going to do anything of the kind; you're going to take your medicine and you're going to take it now!"

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"Noesuh! Please, suh, I ain't meant to ——"

Mr. Rossler transfixed him with a glare. He looked to the petrified Lucreshus like a man contemplating murder. What the overly ample and entirely elegant colored man did not know was that inside his red-and-white-striped shirt Mr. Al Rossler was laughing!

Mr. Rossler turned away and motioned to the little negro on the platform in the cage. That individual scampered down the ladder and presented himself before his employer.

"You've got a vacation this evening," announced the owner of the concession. "Here's four bits. Have a good time."

Lucreshus stared. A hint of the diabolical punishment in store sent a tremor of apprehension through him. He started to say something but Rossler cut him short and motioned toward the diving seat.

"Get up yonder!"

"B-b-but, boss man ——"

"Take your choice: that or the calaboose ——"

Lucreshus looked at Mr. Rossler, glanced at the seat over the tank of water and envisioned the Big Rock. He adopted the wisest course. He started to remove his coat and hat.

"Keep 'em on!" snapped Mr. Rossler. "You're going to bring me fifty dollars worth of business to make up for the money you failed to win for me. If there's a person on this midway who won't be willing to shell out a quarter for the chance of ducking you, then I'm no showman."

It was a thoroughly pathetic Lucreshus Mabry who again, after the lapse of many years, climbed upon the platform and gazed apprehensively into the yawning tub beneath. True, his plight was not nearly so bad as it might have been, especially since Bessemer, though only thirteen miles removed from Birmingham, is actually as far away as Jersey City is from New York. There was a minimum of chance that his disgrace would become public property to ruin him socially in the city of his choice. It was merely, then, a case of taking his wet and bitter medicine.

The stentorian voice of Mr. Al Rossler bellowed forth in impassioned ballyhoo. A party of white people drifted up, turned away, and then, noticing the sartorial elegance of the figure on the platform, planked down a dime and took six baseballs. Lucreshus braced himself for the sudden giving way of his seat and the plunge into the waters below. But the white men were poor pitchers and he was temporarily safe.

But meanwhile others had come up toward the concession and now a burly brown chap bought three balls and missed with the first two. But his aim was improving. The third ball went straight as an arrow against the target, the trigger gave, the seat ditto. There was a splash, a roar of laughter, and a terrible "Whoosh!" from Mr. Lucreshus Mabry as he became immersed in the icy shallows.

He climbed lumbrously and abjectly back to his seat, acutely conscious of the genuine amusement of Al Rossler and the now thickening crowd of patrons.

Another man tried his aim, and then another and another. The spirit of the thing became infectious and business picked up as fast as Lucreshus could climb from the water to the platform.

And then when he had been ducked a score of times and the numbing ignominy of his position had become bearable by familiarity much of his old professional aplomb returned. He was doused regularly and commenced to take it calmly, acquiring a contemptuous impersonal interest in the crowd which paid well for his discomfiture.

An hour passed; thirty minutes more. It had become a habit by this time. Lucreshus was distant and aloof. His disinterestedness dulled the earnestness of his tormentors and they gradually drifted away, seeking more zestful diversion. Once in a while a new couple ambled up and tried their luck. Lucreshus had become fatly and utterly indifferent. The ordeal was just about finished; his debt paid.

Suddenly he sat up very straight. His eyes seemed about to pop from his head, his jaw sagged and a low groan of unspeakable woe issued from between his lips. His eyes bored into the dusky throng of the midway and met another pair. In the clashing glances there was an admixture of amusement, surprise, fear and joy.

The other pair of eyes belonged to Mr. Angel Nash, pitcher for the Birmingham Colored Baseball Association!

And with Mr. Nash leaning confidingly on his mighty arm was Miss Zinnia Sanders!

Lucreshus groaned again. The ghastly quintessence of disgrace had arrived all in a bunch. What had before this seemed like disaster now appeared bright and cheerful by contrast. Angel Nash and Zinnia! What weird caprice of a malevolent fate had directed them to the Bessemer street fair Mr. Mabry did not know. All that he did know was that they were there, that he recognized in his misery that they were coming toward him, startled surprise in the eyes of Miss Zinnia Sanders and unholy glee in those of Mr. Angel Nash.

For one brief instant Lucreshus considered flight. Then he reconsidered. The damage was done. To him there came a feeling of morbid satisfaction. He knew what he was in for, and he was grimly determined to make the best of it.

But he also knew that all matrimonial bets were off. By morning Birmingham would seethe with the tale of his degradation; the dignified Lucreshus Mabry a target for baseballs, a huge human duck, a three-for-a-nickel street-fair employee. A cloud of grief settled about his shoulders in a damp soggy mantle. He scarcely heard the cheerful greeting of Angel Nash:

"Evenin', Mistuh Mabry."

Angel purchased a quarter's worth of balls; fifteen of them. "You ain't never tol' me you wuk'd heah."

Lucreshus hung his head in shame. He heard a low-toned remark made by Angel to Zinnia, and sensed that it was not complimentary to him. Then Angel spoke again: "How does you prefer to hit that water, Mistuh Mabry, sittin' or lyin'?"

No answer from Lucreshus. His figure was slumped forward in piteous abandon to an unkind fate. He awaited the smack of the ball against the target.

Angel Nash took aim. He wound up elaborately. Then he threw. He didn't use much speed, but he had plenty of control. The ball hit the target, but there was not sufficient force behind it to release the trigger. The next time Angel used more smoke.

There was a jar, a splash, a gurgle—and as Lucreshus emerged from the depths he heard the harsh biting laugh of Miss Zinnia Sanders.

He took his place doggedly, sullenly. Within fifty cents' worth of shots it became plainly evident to him that Mr. Angel Nash was an exceedingly good pitcher. Life was just one damducking after another; a succession of ups and downs—up on the platform, down in the water.

Mr. Nash was in fine fettle. So was the crowd, which was growing ever denser about him. Lucreshus heard a man in the mob address Angel, who was reveling in the spotlight:

"Ain't you the pitcher on the Bummin'-ham cullud team?"

"I is."

"Does you know that nigger yonder?" pointing to Lucreshus.

But it was Zinnia who answered for herself and for Angel: "We ain't neither of us knows him pussonal. I think he useter wuk in Bummin'ham."

Lucreshus gave it up as a bad job. She had pronounced the death sentence. He had nothing further to lose.

Angel shot one into the canvas. Lucreshus raised a sarcastic voice: "Did you say you was a pitcher?"

"I did, Mistuh Mabry."

"Then whyn't you pitch? What you ain't got is no speed n'r neither no cumtrol."

"Ain't I? Ain't I jes'? You watch this, cullud man."

Angel wound up elaborately, and suddenly out of the maze of arms shot a fast one, a fearfully fast one. It looked like it was going to miss the target by six inches—until it took a sudden break, and Lucreshus kersplashed into the wetness. Zinnia led the salvo of laughter which rang out as he unimmersed himself and climbed grimly upward for another douse.

"Accident," he taunted Angel. "You cain't do it ag'in."

But Angel could. And what's more to the point he did, the crowd applauding now, greeting each precipitation of the portly Mr. Mabry with laughter ever more uproarious. As for Al Rossler, he stood by raking in the shekels with an avid hand.

Angel showed every trick in his twirling repertoire.

"Heah you is, Mistuh Mabry—a fast one!" Splash! "An' now, Brother Lucreshus, a slow out!" Flop! "A li'l inshoot fo' yo' health!" Sloah!

(Concluded on Page 149)

—And now you can "Weed Chain your Horse to Safety"

AMERICAN CHAIN OVER-SHOES

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No. 2 " "	(4½ " " ")	" No. 4 " "	
No. 3 " "	(5 " " ")	" No. 4 " "	
No. 4 " "	(5½ " " ")	" No. 5 " "	

No. 5 Horseshoe	(5¾ in. across middle)	takes No. 6 Over-Shoes
No. 6 " "	(6⅛ " " ")	" No. 6 " "
No. 7 " "	(6½ " " ")	" No. 7 " "
No. 8 " "	(7 " " ")	" No. 7 " "
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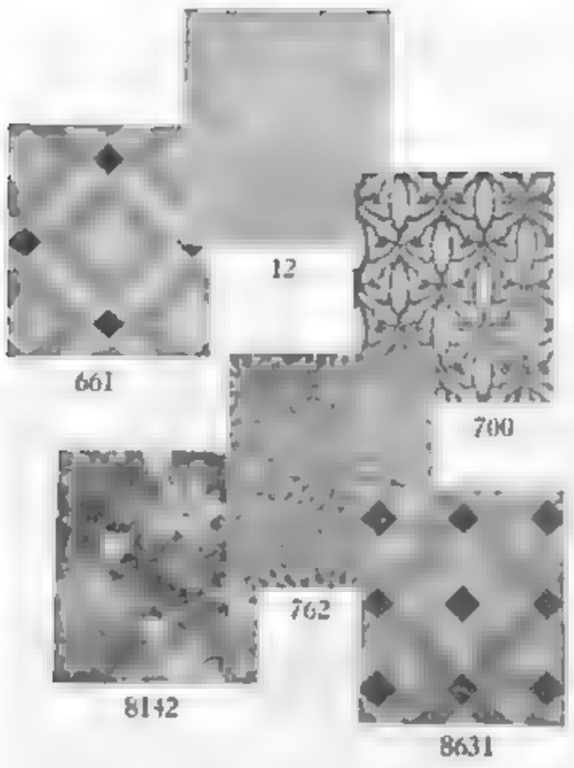

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Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

(Concluded from Page 146)

Lucreshus almost glorified his job. A new dignity sat upon his enormous martyred shoulders.

"Huh! Pitcher, you calls yo'se'f, does you? You ain't no pitcher—you is a farm han'. You ain't never done nothin', Angel Nash, on'y pitch hay. Lookit what Knoxville done to you this afternoon." Splash! Lucreshus shook himself and climbed up again. "Li'l mo' speed, cullud man. You ain't showed none when you got beat t'-day; Ise bettin' you ain't got none a-tall!"

"Speed?" Angel sneered. "Lis'en heah at me, Lucreshus. Tha's the on'y thing I ain't got nothin' else but. Try this heah yout curve, fo' instance. One—two ——" Kerflop! Angel turned to Zinnia. "Ain't he sumthin' to sit on a platform, Miss Sanders? Ain't he jes'?"

Zinnia laughed loud and ringingly. "You should worry 'bouten him. He ain't nothin' on'y a common lab'rer."

The fun grew faster and furiouser. If there was any trick in Angel's bag which was not produced for the edification of the crowd no one would have guessed it. The overhand delivery, the side-arm heave, the ice-cream ball, the fast-breaking shoot—each did its share to add to the ignominy of the unfortunate on the platform.

But with each splash into the water Lucreshus won new friends in the crowd. The temper of the mob veered; it commenced applauding Lucreshus when Angel missed. And finally, after spending more than two hours and a half before the stand and within two dollars and a half of his worldly capital, Angel Nash and Miss Zinnia Sanders moved away.

Lucreshus watched their departure apathetically. He had plumbed the nethermost depths of misery and the future was a thing of drab inconsequence. He saw Al Rossler walking toward him and heard Al Rossler's hearty voice:

"That's enough, Luke. You can climb down."

Lucreshus climbed, sore in body and crushed in spirit. Mr. Rossler extended something. "Here's a towel. Dry yourself off."

The broken Mr. Mabry raised pain-filled eyes to the man who had caused his multitudinous downfalls.

"Towel!" he scoffed. "I don' want no towel. I wants a windin' sheet!"

The following day things happened. They happened steadily and consistently, and they started in the third inning.

During the first two innings the mighty wing of Mr. Angel Nash and his hypnotic poise in the box combined to hold the Knoxville batters helpless. But suddenly without warning the fireworks started. When the smoke cleared away seven Knoxville runners had crossed the platter following nine consecutive hits. Angel Nash was dragged ingloriously from the pitcher's box and another substituted.

Angel was finished and done for. So was Birmingham's colored team. The game ended with a score of eight to one in favor of Knoxville, and the Tennessee team left the field bearing with it much glory and a plenitude of coin.

Angel Nash sought out Miss Zinnia Sanders as she was leaving the grounds. He was armed with a 100% alibi. But Miss Zinnia Sanders would not listen. Words were one thing, facts another. And the facts were that Angel had pitched two games for Birmingham and that Birmingham had lost those two games and the series. Angel knew that it was his cue for a sudden and complete exodus and he exodusted expeditiously.

And that night as Zinnia Sanders sat on her front veranda gazing yearningly in the general direction of Morris Avenue, upon which narrow thoroughfare was housed the firm for which Lucreshus Mabry had worked faithfully for many years, a vision turned in at the gate and Zinnia straightened with an accession of tremulous expectancy.

The vision was Lucreshus Mabry. But what a Lucreshus! He wore a new blue serge coat and white serge trousers. His shirt was of the purest robin's-egg-blue silk, his flowing necktie a distilled blue of darker hue. His new shoes were white buckskin, his socks sheer white silk. Upon his head a soft white hat perched at a jaunty angle and he carried in his left hand a pair of white kid gloves and in his right a silver-headed snowy cane. Zinnia rose eagerly to greet him. He paused ostentatiously on the top step. There was a smile on his face—a smile of one who is well contented with the progress of his own particular evolution in the general scheme.

"Where Angel Nash is at, Miss Zinnia?"

"I ain't studyin' 'bouten no sech wuthless, no 'count, unpitchin,' grinnin' ——"

"I gathers, Miss Zinnia, that you disfavors Mistuh Nash at this pretickler momunt?"

She hung her head. "I is well salisfried with my presint comp'ny."

Lucreshus tapped the porch flooring with the tip of his new white cane. "I on'y jes' dropped in fo' a li'l explanationin'," he said slowly, "jes' so they woul'n't be no misunderstandin'. I soht of wan'ed you should understan' that I uses my haid fo' sumthin' mo' than hangin' a hat on.

"Fust off, the reason why I took that job down to the Bessemer Street fair las' night was causen Mistuh Rossler is an ol' frien' of mine, 'countin' I worked fo' him yeahs ago. An' I is always been a man to he'p my frien's out."

"Ain't it the truth?" she interrupted encouragingly.

He continued fixedly: "An' when I had done same he went an' give me this heah swell outfit I is got on jes' to show his gratitood. You might also remember that Mistuh Angel Nash is paid fo' mos' of it.

"An' to continue, lemme state that when Angel Nash stahted pitchin' at me I stahted thinkin' at him. An' I thunk thoughts which was wuth money. I knowed he was gwine pitch against Knoxville t'-day an' I egged him on. An', Miss Zinnia, I knowed that ev'y ball that man pitched at me las' night meant one less ball he could pitch in the game t'-day! 'Cause why? 'Cause them nickel baseballs will ruint a pitcher's arm quicker'n anythin' I knows.

"So when he wan'ed to stop I kept him goin'. An' then I tipped Mr. Rossler off an' he bet six hund'ed dollars on Knoxville to win t'-day, which same it done—easy. He give me two hund'ed dollars fo' my share, not countin' lettin' me off on fifty which I owed him. You see"—reflectively—"I soht of figgered Angel Nash's arm would give plumb out in the fo'th innin'. But he beat my 'ticipations by th'ee aingles an' a home run."

Zinnia's eyes were glowing invitingly. "You sho'ly is the thinkines' man, Mistuh Mabry. Ain't you gwine stay an' spen' the evenin' with me?"

Lucreshus shook his head and turned elegantly toward the front gate. He delivered an elaborate bow. "Ise got a 'pawtant 'gagement t'-night with another lady frien', Miss Zinnia. I jes' stopped by to give you a chance to reflec', in the lonesome solsitood of this beautiful evenin', on a few of the hawss laughs you was kin' enough to waff in my direction down to Bessemer las' night when you was in the comp'ny of the mos' easies' mark, the mos' bigges' sucker, the swell-headedes' man which ever 'magined hisse'f a baseball pitcher."

Lucreshus started for the gate. There he turned, hat in hand. "An' b'lieve me, Miss Zinnia," he said impressively, "what I is said is sumthin'!"

And then triumphantly, with his pristine dignity unimpaired, Lucreshus Mabry blended into the darkness.

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THE PLIGHT OF THE TRACTIONS

(Continued from Page 19)

the Washington Government replied—through its War Labor Board—saying in effect:

"No matter what your financial condition may be, your employees are entitled to a fair wage. We are sorry for you, but if the administration of your city or state won't listen to our recommendations for your relief—well, that's your funeral, not ours."

The traction men groaned. How would you like it yourself if a big and all-powerful Federal board had gently but firmly ordered you to raise the pay of your men, all the while recommending that some other board—entirely individual and foreign and with pretty set ideas of its own—raise your rates of fare, while still another Federal board was ordering you to use a poorer grade of coal at a higher price than you had ever paid for the best, and doing no recommending whatsoever, and a third setting your fuel and material shipments back in railroad priority? No matter what had been the sins of your fathers, a pretty generous punishment was being meted out to you. No mistaking that.

And because some of even the most obdurate common councils and public-service commissions finally recognized the real force and fairness of these things fare increases were granted—in 1918 literally by the hundreds.

The pressure for these had begun long before. As far back as 1912 some of the interurban lines in Massachusetts were permitted to increase their fares to six and in a very few instances to seven cents, and for a time gained some slight relief in the situation.

But not for long. For a perfectly simple and natural situation evolved itself as soon as any radical increases in fare were adopted. You may invite a man to ride upon a trolley car or rapid-transit train, but you cannot compel him to—not unless the distance he rides is considerable and there is no other method of transportation available. And even in the crude days before the business had been thoroughly analyzed and understood almost any expert trolley man could tell you that in the long-haul rider was the skim milk of his business. The fellow—lazy or in a hurry—who boarded his car for a mile or less and still paid his nickel uncomplainingly was the real cream of the traffic. In fact it was he who made it possible for the road to carry the long-distance man—an individual loss in practically every instance—and still keep in business.

The Jitney in Newark

With the raise in fare the short-distance rider disappears almost automatically. The additional pennies generally are the factors that make him decide to walk that mile up the street or take a jitney if one be available. The jitney, where it has been established and survived in our American cities, has rarely ever been established upon a scientific transportation basis with proper portions of its revenue set aside for depreciation and renewals, for taxes and street repairs and for accident claims that may be made against it. But it, too, has gone far enough to know that there is no profit in the long-haul rider, and so leaves these to the trolley road while it chooses for itself the short and more profitable routes—routes upon which for a time at least it may carry five-cent riders at seeming profit.

Take Newark, New Jersey, a sizable manufacturing community, where the jitneys not only have obtained a hold but have succeeded in retaining it. Newark's streets even in her downtown sections are unusually wide and so in a sense adapted to this form of transportation. The official figures there show that from May, 1918, when the single consolidated company which operates most of the electric-railroad mileage of New Jersey still had a five-cent fare, until May, 1919, when the trolley system had a seven-cent fare well established, the Newark jitneys showed an increase of traffic of 107 per cent, while the street-car traffic had fallen off seven per cent. In the first six months of 1919 these same jitneys carried 16,000,000 passengers, or about $800,000 worth of business, which otherwise certainly would have gone to the street railroad. As to what the privately owned and operated automobile—not only in Newark but in many and many another American city—has cost the street-railroad company no one can estimate accurately, but any man is privileged to guess.

In Boston, because of the narrow streets and fearful congestion of its metropolitan heart, the competition of the private automobile is slight indeed, while jitneys are entirely out of the question. Inside of a year, beginning August 1, 1918, the Boston Elevated Railway—which holds a monopolistic but withal a very broad-minded control of the street railway as well as the subway and elevated railroads of that town—advanced its fare through three successive stages from five to ten cents, but in that time lost some eighteen per cent of its riders. There was no other method of popular transportation available there, but the thrifty, traditional New England conscience simply refused to pay a dime to ride the half mile from Scollay Square to the North Station or from Tremont Street to the South Station. It preferred, if you please, to wear out its shoe leather.

Here there is the chief problem about fare raising. It is easy to say that—common councils and public-service commissions willing—fares may be raised to keep pace with wage increases. But it is not quite so easy to force men and women to ride at increased fares. It begins to look as if at ten cents the limit of increase had not only been reached but passed—and by quite a distance.

The Vanishing Short Rider

The miscellaneous noncompulsory sort of riding has ceased entirely. Women begin to take more to the telephone for their shopping or for chats with their neighbors; folks go less frequently to the movies or if they do go walk longer distances to reach them. The same thing is true of agents and salesmen of every sort.

These things are not theories. They have been proved by careful and searching investigation on the part of traction men who are studying the entire problem upon a broad and scientific basis. And these are the men who say that we can go no further—not at present anyway—in the increase of the flat fares in the cities.

Where then are they to find their relief? It is by no means a certainty that the peak of operating costs has yet been reached. And it must be admitted that there are certain obligations to the honest dollars invested in the traction properties that have been passed by in recent months but that are justly entitled to their delayed reward.

Where are the tractions to find their ultimate relief?

I do not, myself, think that this question is impossible of correct answer. It is a difficult problem, mightily complicated in all its details and ramifications, but still capable of intelligent solution. And in my mind this solution lies in two important things—better operation of the properties and a more intelligent and scientific working out of the fare scales.

Better operation?

A good many trolley executives will raise their hands to the high heavens when they see these two words. Doesn't he know, they will ask, of the steady progress and betterment in electric railroad operation that has been going on for the past twenty years—in fact ever since the electric railroad in America reached its earliest stages of development?

Of course I know. For a half dozen years I was intimately associated with a big traction company which passed through all of the vicissitudes of its kind—and then some more. I saw a vast and uncanny aggregation of horse-car lines and trolleys and elevated roads and cable roads and suburban lines and mule cars thrust willy-nilly into consolidation and from it evolved a six-hundred-mile city railroad that for a few brief years actually earned and paid dividends on its great issues of common stock; and I knew that those dividends could not have been earned if it had not been for uncommonly good operation.

It was common in those days to laugh at "operating a railroad by drafting board." The old rule-of-thumb crowd still existed in goodly numbers. But our road was "operated by drafting board," by hundreds of unsentimental but deadly accurate blueprinted charts on which were recorded by strangely tremulous but highly intelligent lines the rise and fall of power-house cost for each passenger who paid his nickel to ride upon our cars; his proportionate share of the oil that lubricated them, of the pay envelopes of the men who personally operated them—all the rest of the detail. If it had not been for those charts—for the very system that they personified—we should not have been able in a twelvemonth to go into the open market and buy nine turbine generators at a mere half million dollars each, to buy a thousand tons of coal a day for a single power house, to dodge bankruptcy for more than seven days.

We studied the charts and crimped the pennies; we bought new generators because they were more economical than old ones which were far from being worn out, great new cars because it meant that many more nickel passengers might ride behind the pay envelope of a single motorman and in front of that of a single conductor than in the older short-length cars. There was not an hour of the day, and hardly one of the night, when we were not studying economies.

On economies—on the skimping of the outgoing use of the nickel that came into us—our operating officials rose; on their lack of them they fell. We felt that in our day and way we were some little sharks in railroad operation.

And yet as I look back upon those days in the light of these I can see some things in which we failed. I shall not speak of our failure to gain the public confidence—that is too delicate and personal and moot a question. We put in big cars—I think that our road was the first to install a surface car seating forty-eight persons and an elevated train unit seating ninety-six—but we failed apparently to note two things in their use: the pound upon the track and pull upon the power that their very size gave to them.

Last spring I rode upon many trolley cars in London and in Paris, as well as in various other cities of France and of Great Britain. Before I had boarded the first of any of these—it was in Liverpool—I was struck by the fact that it wasted not one possibility of carrying capacity. It utilized its roof for seating purposes, just as I have seen our modern and wonderfully efficient motor busses in New York and Chicago so utilize their roofs.

In other words, in and upon a single-trucked four-wheeled trolley car, such as with us will not seat more than twenty-four at the uttermost, England seated twice that number. To put the thing in another way, she carried one-third the dead weight in car per passenger of that of the average American trolley line and in fully as much comfort and safety. And so for each individual fare she took in she made a great saving over us, not only in the initial investment in the car but in the power required to pull it and in the wear and tear upon the track and its roadbed.

Why Not Double-Deckers

Since I came back to the United States I have asked many trolley operators why such double-decked cars should not be operated here, and have not as yet had a single satisfactory answer to my question.

"Overhead trolley wires," said one man, but the cars upon which I rode from London out to Hampton Court and the other suburbs ran upon overhead trolley wires and in perfect safety.

"Our fearful American winters in the North," hinted another, but apparently failed to realize that the double-decked Fifth Avenue busses in New York and the Michigan Avenue busses in Chicago run each winter through blizzard conditions and have passengers for their roof-garden seats fully three hundred days out of the year.

I think that the real reason for the failure to adopt the double-decker cars in the United States is a purely psychological one—the reluctance of the traction men themselves to adopt a genuinely new thing, chiefly because it is a new thing. It is not so much because of their inherited fondness for bigness, which is quite a truly American trait—we love to prate of our big hotels, our big locomotives, our big skyscrapers—as it is this very element of novelty.

Sometimes we boast also of the appeal of the novel to us. Yet as a people I am beginning to think that in many things we are remarkably conservative, and the traction men are apparently no exception to this statement.

Take the so-called one-man car, which was illustrated in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few months ago. Obviously there would be great economies in its installation, yet it has made very slow headway across the land. The reason for this is not easy to understand. In other American industries labor-saving money-making appliances have been welcomed warmly, and—if for no other reason—installed to meet the progressiveness of competitors. But our street railways have rarely had competitors and therefore have shown little real enterprise in adopting radical improvement; greater timidity in facing both their employees and their public.

As everyone knows, it takes two men to run the old-style trolley car—one to guide it, the other to handle its passengers. As everyone does not know, the largest single item in the operation of an electric railroad is the wages of its motormen and conductors. It used to be twenty per cent; it now is rapidly approaching fifty. It is obvious that if this last ratio continues it will be practically impossible for the average road to continue to operate.

When Prejudice Ruled

Now along comes a scheme for cutting down the manual labor in car operation so that one man can combine the duties of motorman and conductor and handle the car himself—quite satisfactorily in all save possibly the larger cities; not quite so large a car perhaps—all folk are not slaves to the doctrine of bigness—but cars seating at least thirty-five persons; possibly half again as many as that by the use of the double deck. Such cars, even though smaller than the popular standard trolley car of to-day, by reason of their great economy in man power could be operated upon shorter intervals, which in turn would mean a great net economy still as well as increasing the frequency of service.

Did the average traction man jump at this chance to give better service to his public? Honesty compels the answer that he did not. The one-man car was first born of the necessity of meeting jitney competition and as a matter of fact for a long time was used only in smaller communities where the jitney had shown the utter absurdity of fifteen to thirty minute intervals between cars—in districts where if one missed the car he might walk to the far end of the line before another overtook him. The larger towns scorned the idea. Their traction managers said that the day of dinkey cars was gone forever. Indeed it is doubtful if it had not been for the courage and the foresight of one of the big operating syndicates whether there would be a hundred of these highly economical cars in service all the way across the land to-day.

Here is a typical instance of the way that the idea was received: On a certain large system operating local service in a number of medium-sized towns and cities and an interurban a local superintendent pointed out to his general manager the necessity of adopting a one-man car of some sort—there are a number of different types. This was five years ago, when some of the small town systems were still making money. The general manager pursed his lips, knitted his brows and exhibited the other conventional symptoms of executively deep thought, and then turned down the proposal—cold. He went a step further and told his board of directors that the scheme was no good.

In the meantime the years have rolled by. Expenses have gone up enormously and red figures replace black upon the financial sheets. The one-man car has been tested in other small cities and has made good. That general manager is perplexed. Having taken his stand in regard to the small car he does not dare retreat from it. He cannot acknowledge mistake. If he does the directors will begin asking awkward questions and a new man will come to his chair.

Lack of vision! Lack of imagination! How often have we found those fine qualities lacking in the steam-railroad situation across the land? The tractions seem to suffer quite as much. Not all of them, of course—there are roads like the Pacific Electric out in California, to take a single instance out of several, which hardly could be fairly charged with lack of either vision or imagination. But these are in the great minority. And there have been far too

(Continued on Page 153)

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many cases where even if the operating heads have possessed a bit of real foresight it has not been recognized by those who controlled them.

"For three years I have been begging my directors for permission to buy smaller and more economical cars—cars that would be more economical of man power and electric power alike," a smart young traction man in a middle-sized city told me. "I could have bought them three years ago at a fair price—real bargains compared with the prices to-day. A local bank stood ready to make the necessary loan on my recommendation. What did my bosses say to me? They said that I was nutty—just that word. They told me that what they wanted was more fares and not another way of spending money. Then I went back and sat down and waited for the receiver to come. He arrived—just sixty days ago."

When one hears of these instances he wonders not that the street-railroad industry in the United States has collapsed utterly but that it held together as long as it did.

One other huge instance of traction stolidity and I am done. This concerns itself with the all-important question of fares. At the beginning of this article I referred to the universality of the nickel fare in the United States—built up without any regard whatsoever for the cost of the service; how it was the alluring bait—along with the free transfer—by which the traction manipulators put through their top-heavy consolidations and how in these days it has become the unit by which their torture has been accomplished. I showed you how the obvious yet entirely unscientific method of raising the flat fare to keep pace with the increase in trolley expenses might and did drive away travel; how under such conditions the jitney took the cream short-haul traffic or in the cases where there were no jitneys people walked—and all because of a stupid handling of the fare situation.

"But we have got to make our income equal our outgo," wearily argues the traction manager, "or else tear up our rails and scrap our cars and quit."

I know that, Mister Traction Manager. I also know that in 1918 so many miles of trolley lines were torn up that had it not been for certain extensions to shipyards and other war plants, which were built at the request of the Federal Government and financed by it, the total electric-railroad mileage in the land would have been far smaller at the end of that year than at the beginning. This year probably will see many more miles torn up—the most of them rightly, for in the main they represent track that never should have been put down; or lines which can be replaced more profitably by motor busses, which is a whole story in itself. It is enough to say here and now that the traction company has been as backward in adopting the motor bus as a correlating factor as its big brother of the steam railroad—which is saying much.

Why Not the Zone Fare?

But, Mister Traction Manager, have you ever considered the possibility of advancing your fares without advancing the flat rate?"

"Oh, I know," he retorts with manifestations of great disgust—"the zone fare!"

Well, why not the zone fare? Is there anything so fundamentally dishonest in the idea that it is not even worth your fair consideration? Or are you going to dismiss it, like the one-man car, without even a fair hour in court?

Go overseas for a moment once again: In Great Britain, in Continental Europe, even in far-off Australasia—in fact, practically everywhere else except the blessed old U. S. A.—the policy of making a rider pay for the exact quantity of street-car transportation that he uses, just as he pays for steam-railroad transportation or street taxicabs or the use of the telephone or groceries and any other commodity whatsoever, has been so long established that it is part and parcel of the ordinary life of the community. And the trolley car—the tramcar as they know it overseas—then becomes of the largest use to the community. A man wishing to go but three or four blocks but who is in a bit of a hurry to accomplish the distance does not hesitate there at taking a car because of a certain inborn thrift rebellion at spending ten cents—as in Boston to-day—or even six or seven cents for so short a ride. He knows that it will cost him but two cents—a mere nothing—for the convenience given.

In fact, the very theory of the zone fare begins with the thesis that the street railway must be of the very greatest possible use to the public; that it must be in a position to offer its service at an attractive price to every man upon the street—whether he be going four blocks or four miles—and so seek to obtain once again those very short-haul riders who have so recently been weaned away from our American traction lines. These under the zone fares no longer are the sole cream of the business. One of the finest features of the system is that it so equalizes the revenue and the cost for each and every rider that the long-haul man becomes as welcome as the short hauler, which after all is only just and, to my way of thinking, most American.

Yet the zone-fare system is continually assailed as un-American. True it is that to gain any real idea of its working one still has to cross the Atlantic for facts and figures. They are there. Take Aberdeen, Scotland, as a typical example: The annual report of the Corporation Tramways of that city for the year ending May 31, 1918, showed that twenty-five per cent of the riding upon its cars was done by folk who rode six-tenths of a mile or less.

Objections to the System

What Yankee road could begin to show a record such as this? Not even Broadway, New York, with the richest short-haul traffic field in the world as its possibility. The Scotchman is a thrifty soul. Yet Sandy could not withstand the appeal of off-again-on-again traffic for a mere halfpenny. And as for Glasgow, more than sixty-three per cent of its passengers paid the halfpenny which until very recently carried them very nearly a mile and a quarter. Cross the Irish Sea. Consider Belfast. In that old Ulster town even a full penny—two cents of our money—would barely carry a man a full mile. Yet last year fifty per cent of the riders on its tramways system took that penny ride.

Talk about merchandising! Our traction folk have yet to learn its very rudiments. Perhaps it may be that they have lacked the incentive, and perhaps the reason may be this or that or the other thing, but the fact remains that they have made little or no attempt to merchandise their traffic—to create passengers. They made their cars big because that then seemed economy, but I cannot find many instances where they increased their attractiveness to their riders. The fact that most folk, when they trolley, prefer a cross-seated car seemed to weigh as nothing with many traction companies. When the old-time cross-bench open car became obsolete few of them made any effort to replace it with a summer car equal in attractive qualities. And I have yet to find a trolley company which ever invited suggestions from its patrons before it adopted a new type of car or laid out new operating routes. Yet these simple things are the very heart and center of good merchandising.

"The zone fare tends to intensify city congestion," whispers my friend, the civic idealist.

Does it? I will admit that this very problem of congestion is the chief argument that is urged against it, and then I shall call your attention to the fact that Glasgow with a population of 1,100,000 and the cheapest and most complete zone-fare system in the world has mile after mile of tenements, but at that nothing to be compared with the monster tenements of New York—New York with its more than liberal flat fare of five cents still remaining. And that Belfast, which we were a moment ago discussing, is a remarkably well diffused city. But all the arguments that the zone fare is responsible for congestion fall entirely flat when we consider Australia. There the cities are new, well spread out and as suburbanized as any community in America. Yet we find the same high percentages of short riders as in the older European communities.

Yet despite its many manifest economic advantages, the zone system has had scant serious attention in either the United States or Canada. Of course it has not been entirely unknown to our traction operators, but they have been more inclined to laugh at it than to study it. In the beginning they asked why they should go below the universal flat rate of five cents when they were making money—or thought they were making money—at that rate. To divide passengers into various classifications in accordance with the rate of fare that they were paying seemed to them to be a fearfully cumbersome and unnecessary business. Yet I sometimes have thought that the real joke was upon the American trolley operator. For if a more awkward scheme was ever invented than the so-called time-limit transfer I have yet to know of it. It was only workable when the traction companies gave up any thorough auditing of its use as entirely out of the question.

As a matter of fact, the collecting of fare and the auditing of a zone system are not particularly difficult. A well planned suburban road running north from New York City to White Plains has used it since the day of its inception a full dozen years ago. In fact there have been few interurban lines that have not been compelled from the beginning to use it in one form or another. But the plan of the New York, Westchester and Boston was so simple and so complete that one wonders why it was not used more by other roads. A man purchased his ticket on entering the station where he awaited the train for the zone which held his destination and deposited his ticket at the station where he left his train.

By printing the zone tickets in different colors it was a matter of only instant attention for the collector at the final station to make sure that the proper ticket was deposited. And the necessity of having conductors or ticket collectors in crowded high-speed trains was as completely obviated as in the elevated or subway trains of our very largest cities.

Until very recently the managers of the city tractions set their hearts and minds very steadfastly against the coming of the zone plan. Their rapidly growing operating costs, however, and the fact that radical increases in flat fare have driven their profitable short-haul riders away from them are gradually bringing them toward the light.

Milwaukee was one of the very first towns to come toward the European scheme. As far back as 1914 it adopted a rough plan of zone fares, with five cents as a basic fare in the heart of the city. Springfield, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island, followed in its path, and a little while after, Portland, Maine. Yet the plan as adopted in all of these towns was quite far removed from those of the British towns. In no case was the initial fare less than five cents and in one or two cases it was six. There was absolutely no appeal to the short-haul rider, yet a beginning was being made.

Short-Haul Riding

Pittsburgh was the first of our really metropolitan cities to come to the zone fare, even in this crude form. It experimented for a time with raising its flat-rate fare from five cents to six, and experiencing no financial relief finally marked off a single zone of from two and a quarter to two and a half miles from the center of the city. The fare in this inner zone was placed at five cents and in the outer one at the beginning at an additional two cents. After a year's trial the results of this crude and awkward zone system have proved anything but satisfactory. There the short-haul riding has almost entirely disappeared, while the canny Pennsylvanians have developed a habit of walking to the zone limits in order to save the higher fares. Both patrons and the company are disgusted with the plan.

It has been only within the past few weeks that a genuine zone-fare plan has been attempted on any sizable traction line in this country. In the middle of September last the Public Service Railway of New Jersey—one of the very largest of our traction companies, with its 850 miles of line and serving practically all of the cities of that important industrial state—inaugurated a complete zone-fare system with somewhat more excitement and commotion than have been seen since the last of the great Donnybrook fairs. There were riots and near-riots, head smashing and window smashing alike. For a time the company had to cease service on some of its lines. Yet when the tumult and shouting had died it was to be observed that almost all of the trouble had centered in two communities—Kearny and Camden. And practically all the rough-housing was confined to the employees of a single type of industry—shipbuilding—the highest-priced manual labor in America. A sociological problem which I leave to you to figure out.

However, it was a sociological problem that completely floored the traction company. Within a month after its wholesale adoption of the zone-fare plan and under a fearful political pressure at the State Capitol, it announced its withdrawal of the new plan and a return, for the time being at any rate, to its old flat rate in the cities of New Jersey of seven cents with a penny charge for transfers.

The trouble with the Public Service Railway seemed to be that it had not advertised its new plan widely enough. It also now seems to have been extremely ill-advised in attempting to inaugurate so sweeping and so radical a change in American traction practice on its whole great system in a single hour. It would have been far better to have begun with one city, or even with one line or group of lines in one city, and so effected a great change carefully and cautiously and scientifically. Moreover, its method of operation was extremely cumbersome. A person entering the front end of one of its cars was handed a slip by the motorman which indicated the zone wherein he had boarded the conveyance. This slip was the indication to the conductor, whom he paid at leaving the car, of the distance he had traveled.

On the British tramcars and omnibuses the fare system is infinitely simpler. The conductor approaches the passenger soon after he is aboard the car and upon being told where he wishes to alight quickly estimates the required fare and issues a punch check for the trip. The color of this check varies according to the fare paid and number of zones to be traversed. From time to time inspectors board the car or the omnibus and by examining these fare checks quickly discover where any passengers are riding beyond the limits to which they have paid. The system is simplicity itself and has worked these many years.

Boston Transit Facilities

Apparently the Public Service Railway did not have much faith in the honesty either of its employees or its patrons. Its elaborate safeguards to make sure that it got the full amount of each fare coming to it defeated the success of its entire project. Its fares seemingly were not out of complete reason. Three cents was charged for the first mile traversed and two cents for each mile thereafter. Here was an invitation to the short-haul rider of which, in the short month of the operation of the plan, he began to avail himself. He could feel that he is not being overcharged in order that the long-haul man can ride at less than the proper transportation cost. In other words, the traffic equalizes itself and so, despite the seeming utter failure of the zone-fare plan in New Jersey, I still am of the firm opinion that properly inaugurated and operated it will yet be found the only permanent and scientific solution of our vexatious traction problem.

Boston is almost the one town in America where transit facilities have not only kept pace but in many instances gone ahead of its development. It has always had an honestly managed traction company—and one which apparently held no little notion of its service obligations to the public, which is something that a good many American towns have lacked. Its company, however, was no exception to the economics of rising costs balanced against a firmly fixed fare. In fact the very plan and contour of the New England town with its narrow congested streets—one-third of its street-railway trackage is curved, which means a fearful expense in wear and tear and maintenance—have tended to increase rather than to lower traction costs there. Labor costs run high there, too, and the Boston system was almost the first to begin to pay its men sixty-eight cents an hour.

Already I have shown you how in a single year the universal flat fare of that city has been raised in three rapid steps from five to ten cents. That might never have been accomplished so rapidly and so easily if the road had not received direct state aid. When more than a year ago it found itself come from a state of comfortable competency to the very brink of bankruptcy it appealed to the commonwealth of Massachusetts for assistance. And the commonwealth of Massachusetts, moved not at all by the plight of the stockholders of the Boston Elevated Railway but very much moved by the possible future plight of the folk of its largest city, who were utterly dependent upon the service of that railway, came to the assistance of the company. Have we not just said that Boston was far ahead of other American towns in her transit development?

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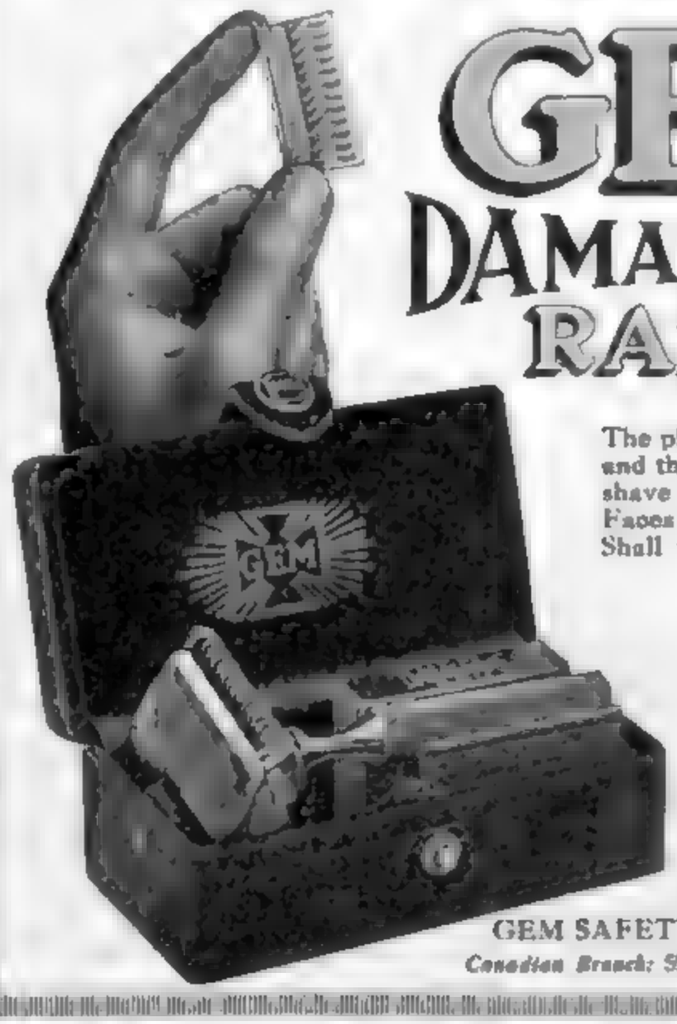

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The state aid in the case of her traction company took the form of the appointment by the governor of five trustees, men of large affairs and vision, who are paid a fair salary to give a considerable portion of their time to the affairs of the road, working a good deal as the executive committee of the board of directors of a large and busy private corporation works. In fact, the functions of these state trustees of the Boston Elevated resemble almost exactly those of a directors' executive committee. They hire and fire the road's officers, arrange for its permanent improvement and by specific legislative enactment are empowered to raise or lower fares as necessity permits or compels and in accordance with a carefully laid-down plan.

In Cleveland some years ago a long conflict between the city officers and the street-railroad company finally resulted in the formulation of a definite plan for sliding fares, which began with a flat three-cent fare and no transfers, raised to a three-cent fare and a one-cent transfer; as a third step to a four-cent fare and no transfer, and so on to a five-cent fare with a one-cent transfer—a limit now practically reached. This is the basic form of the so-called "service-at-cost" plan which to-day enjoys the favor of so many traction executives, but which is open to the very serious objection that it exerts little more than a moral obligation upon them to hold operating costs to the lowest possible figure. The Boston plan was not quite so arbitrary as that of Cleveland. The trustees being state appointees were intrusted with the problem of handling the fare sheets with honor and with due regard not only for the patrons of the road but for its stockholders, whose five per cent dividends are specifically guaranteed by the commonwealth.

It was these same trustees who raised the Boston flat fare in July last to its record of ten cents. But the trustees were powerless to compel the thrifty Bostonese to ride, and, as we have already seen, eighteen per cent of them ceased to ride. Now it is entirely obvious that any condition of affairs that shuts off eighteen per cent of the normal street-car riders of a town from using its transportation facilities is a mighty bad condition of affairs indeed. So Boston already is considering how it can bring these eighteen per cent of riders—in all probability the greater number of them short-haul passengers—back into its trolley cars and rapid-transit trains once again.

From the beginning the Boston traction folk have rather stoutly opposed the zone-fare system—at least as far as it affected their own property. They have argued—and not without reason—that theirs was different from any other rapid-transit system in the world. Its plan of having elevated trains and surface trolleys alike pouring into subways in the heart of the town and being propelled through it at very high speed, they assert, has made the zone plan practically impossible of adoption. Yet to-day some of the wisest of these Boston trolley men have come to see some merit in the zone-fare plan. A scheme already has been worked out in the rough providing for about a three-mile ride from the heart of the town at a six-cent fare, with eight cents charged for the run to the far ends of the system, some seven or eight miles at the utmost. About half the population of metropolitan Boston lives within the six-cent zone, so that the average fare would be approximately seven cents, and the thinking traction men of the town do not now believe that maximum riding can be attained at any fare above that figure.

Future Contingencies

"But suppose that operating costs keep climbing?" you ask. "Would not the irrevocable seven cents be quite as bad as the irrevocable nickel?"

The trolley operators are ready for that question. They assert in the first instance that if they are relieved of the considerable rental of the subways in the heart of the city—for Boston, like New York, builds and owns her rapid-transit routes but leases them to private operation—and stop of that their paying taxes, they can with the six-cent and eight-cent fares at least meet their present operating and fixed charges. If they should fail to meet these, or if wages and other operating costs should continue to rise, the communities should be prepared to assume deficit in their tax budgets.

This as definite policy at least is radical indeed. But the officers of the Boston Elevated, who advocate it, are prepared to defend it. In the beginning they point to the absolute dependence of metropolitan Boston upon their railroad. A short strike of their platform men for a day or two last summer all but completely paralyzed the life of the community. Boston, like any other large city, cannot work without street transportation facilities.

"Therefore," they argue, "the continuance of these is as important to the life of the city as a continuance of its water supply and its fire protection. Street-car service at a price within the reach of the pocket of the poorest worker should be as important to him as pleasure parks, and the city should insure his receiving this vital transportation at a not too exorbitant cost."

Concretely, they believe that the state trustees, in case the imminent necessity arises, should be permitted to run a deficit whose extreme limits should be fixed, say at five or six per cent of the gross receipts of the property. If this limit was reached further relief would be automatic. In order to keep within their income the trustees would be forced to reduce service, and the hue and cry that would arise in such a situation would invariably fix a readjustment of finances.

At first glance this plan seems incredible; at a second one it begins to seem quite workable. It actually improves upon acquaintance. It has many elements of soundness. True it is that it introduces the dangerous principle of singling out a single business and remitting its taxes, but on the other hand it does protect the honest dollars that took the risk years ago when the supplying of rapid transit to Boston or almost any other American town was no bonanza. It seemingly avoids the worst evils of public ownership by still keeping the actual operation of the traction system well away from direct political influence.

Confronted by Extinction

As to what would happen if the governor of Massachusetts were to appoint trustees to this and other properties in the commonwealth who were not men of the high character and experience now controlling Boston Elevated, I am not prepared to say. That point fortunately has not yet arisen. Moreover, the plan does not embrace the zone system as thoroughly or as scientifically as that of the Public Service Railway of New Jersey. This point the proponents of the Boston plan answer by saying that even in its zonal form their scheme works against city congestion as compared with any which would multiply zones and so in turn fare costs.

In my own opinion, the entire criticism of the zone plan as tending to make city congestion is rather far-fetched. I have tried to show how New York with a flat fare was one of the most congested cities in the world and a city like Sydney, Australia—to take a single instance—with a complete zone system, one of the least so.

On the one hand the tractions are confronted by extinction through the steady increase of their operating expenses over the slight increases in fare which they have been able to beg out of the hands of none-too-willing service commissions and city councils. On the other lie these rather certain avenues of relief. Not one of them can be set down as leading to an absolute solution of the complicated and perplexing problem, but it would seem as if some of them should be worthy of at least passing attention, if not a bit of experimental trial.

Some of these lead undoubtedly to the very borderland of public operation. But as I tried to show you at the outset, this no longer represents the blackness of utter despair to the traction man. Indeed let me assure you once again that public operation seems to-day to many of them to be the only final, definite and permanent solution of their overwhelming problem. They are ready for it at once.

Yet to have the public ownership and operation of our tractions—even the city tractions as distinct from the interurbans—come at once would in my opinion be a great economic mistake. Our experiment in sudden governmental operation of all our steam railroads would seem to bid us go slowly. Tradition and temperament have not as yet fitted our body politic to become expert transportation operators. Perhaps in a few years we shall do better. In the meantime it behooves each of us to have a more thorough understanding of the entire problem—of its details and its difficulties, as well as of the scientific possibilities for its solution.

Train—and Take a Bigger Job

Every day you see opportunity beckoning the trained man. One man is picked out of the crowd and put in charge of his department. Another is called from some quite ordinary position with one house to a job of larger responsibility elsewhere. Still another is elected to an official position. Promotions and changes are constantly being made.

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The LaSalle method brings you this training in your spare time, while you hold your present position. Keep on drawing your salary while getting ready to command a larger income. The fees are moderate—and you can pay on convenient monthly terms. Many members have paid for their courses over and over again before completion by getting increased salaries as a result of their new knowledge.

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Skookum Apples

(INDIAN FOR "SUPREME")

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Concluded from Page 44

living in different provinces. This is but one of many forms of exploitation practiced in the Orient.

But here is the funny and rather puzzling situation that exists: To-day with silver selling at nearly 117 the American has to pay 130 United States dollars for a 100-tael piece. Several years ago, when silver was lower in price, the tael could be bought for many less dollars. Now the Chinaman recognizes this fluctuation in just the opposite way from the American or the Englishman. His belief is that the 100-tael unit is absolutely constant. The thing that varies therefore is gold, so he will say "Gold has gone down," while the European or American will observe that "Silver has gone up."

It is not unusual for two Chinamen to argue for an hour over the details of settling a transaction involving "5-cash," or one-half cent.

But when we consider that the rate of wages in the central provinces of China is perhaps the lowest in the world, averaging no more than ten cents a day, it is not surprising that the matter of a cent or two is viewed with such importance.

Speculation in Copper Coins

However, the Japs, though possessing no greater degree of business acumen, often use their wider knowledge of world affairs to put it over on the Chinese. Such an instance occurred during the recent war. The price of copper had climbed to the unusual rate of better than 25 cents a pound and the Japs saw an opportunity to do some very profitable business in buying up Chinese copper coins. The whole of China was swept clean of these pieces of money, which the Japs purchased at a ridiculous price. Later the coins were melted and sold at high prices to the urgent buyers of the warring nations.

Turning to India, the country is not so disorganized as China for the reason that the nation and its people are the objects of but a single European ambition. However, the Indians are the biggest factor in the silver market and it was their demands chiefly that sent the price of silver skyrocketing in recent years. After the war started the British needed all the supplies that India could send them. The British also needed all their gold to provide a reserve in London, so that it was necessary to finance the British purchases in India with silver. The people of India in selling their goods demanded something more substantial than the mere issue of government notes by Great Britain, and as a consequence the British Ambassador in Washington made an appeal to the United States Government to help relieve the situation. An emergency bill was hurried through Congress and in a short while the United States had supplied India with 350,000,000 ounces of silver in dollars, while a large reserve of the metal was still held in this country subject to the call of the Indian Government.

What has this doubling of the price of silver done for India and China? First, it has greatly enhanced the money reserves of both countries. The stock of silver in China is estimated to be 600,000,000 ounces. The Indian silver reserve is placed at 700,000,000 ounces.

More than 540,000,000 ounces of silver was converted into coin in India during the war. Three years ago the chief coin of India, known as the rupee, was worth 33 cents, while at the present time the rupee is worth 44 cents. All of this has tended to free India and China somewhat from the serious effects of the world-wide increase in costs. The two great silver countries have profited at the expense of the still mightier gold countries.

"What is the lesson in all of this for America?" said I to Srinivas Wagel, silver expert in New York, a native of India and for years a resident of China.

"One thing principally," said he. "We must have a silver exchange here in this country. There has always been a time market for silver in other countries. London, Bombay, Shanghai and Hong-Kong have theirs. New York alone has had no time market at any period. The change in world financial conditions now makes it necessary and inevitable that New York in its own interest fix the price of the metal from day to day. There will be great national gain from getting the miner, smelter, dealer and consumer together, for no one need doubt that in the future silver will play a much larger part in the currency of the world.

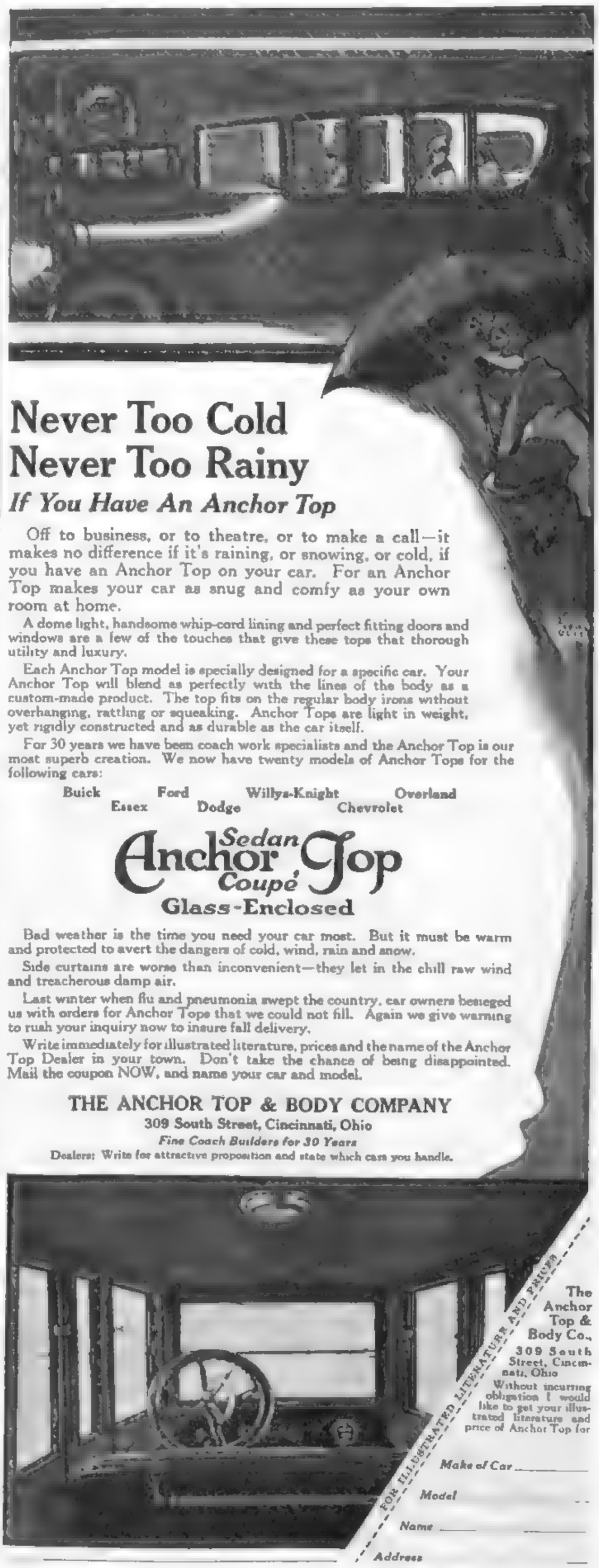
"The United States is not only the chief producer of silver, but controls practically all the silver-producing mines of Canada and Mexico. New York is becoming the financial center of the world. It is as near the silver-consuming centers as London. Due to war finance and the low production of gold, the demand for the white metal in the future will come from all other countries, as well as China and India. Prior to the war practically all of our silver was exported to London, from which center it was distributed throughout the world. For the first time in history we are in direct touch with the consumers in the Far East. Last year our exports to China and India were six times the total of our exports to Great Britain. We are hoping to sell goods in Asia, and let us not forget that though we may sell on a gold basis the Chinese dealer makes his calculation on a silver basis. The American exporter to succeed must follow the silver market just as the Englishman has done. It would be folly to return to the plan of sending our silver to London solely to benefit the shrewd British middlemen who have reaped profit and wielded power through their control of the world's supply of white metal."

India's Lack of Banks

"Why are there so few banks in India and China?" I inquired.

"Because the European nations have discouraged the general establishment of such institutions," replied Mr. Wagel. "In many parts of India and China there isn't a bank within a radius of a hundred miles. The people convert their wealth into silver jewelry, which they can always carry close to them. It is often possible to tell how much a native is worth by the number of bracelets and silver articles the man or woman wears. In China and in India, away from the big cities, the sum of two dollars will easily keep a man and his family in food and clothes for one month. The Chinaman has looked upon the American as his one real friend, for he believes that the citizen of the United States is the only national who has no territorial ambitions in the Orient.

"Concerning India," said Mr. Wagel, "I have little to say. But if you will look back to near the end of the eighteenth century you will find that India was the chief exporting nation of the world. To-day the inhabitants are relatively not so well educated as they were then, for there are few free schools in the land. The people have to pay to learn the alphabet. All of the native sons of India who have taken up permanent residence here in America and are doing their part in the building of this great republic are hoping for a better day when the ancient peoples of Asia shall be afforded such education as will free them from ignorance and superstition which now prevent their rise to a place among the dominant nations of the earth."



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Jim Henry's Column

Let's settle this "rubbing in" question once and for all.

Of course, rubbing in the lather is part of the professional technique of a barber. No layman can do it the same way, any more than he can snap a cloth the way a boot-black does or stretch a mixed drink two feet between shaker and glass. Those things are scenery.

A barber would feel lost if he couldn't flutter those long sensitive fingers lightly across your upper lip. It's part of his art.

But it's also absolutely unscientific.

It is the lather that softens a beard and it's brushing that builds lather—not pounding.

When you rub partially dissolved, ordinary soap into the pores, the friction and the caustic in the soap raise a lot of tiny blood blisters which the razor slices off. Then you complain about your tender skin. Any skin is tender when it's burned raw and then sliced with a razor.

There are over a million and a half of us modern shavers who will tell the world that you don't have to rub in Mennen Shaving Cream to get a perfectly gorgeous shave. And none of us believed it was possible until we tried.

But we did try it. We took half an inch on a wet brush—cold water or hot—and brushed up a thick, fluffy, creamy lather for three full minutes. That one trial convinced us.

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Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE MUSICAL RECORDING ANGEL

(Continued from Page 15)

in blithely beginning his criticisms thus: "Miss Alva Missozza, a newcomer in music, gave a concert yesterday in Bartlett Hall to get the criticisms."

It has been one of the many mysteries that my naturally slow intelligence has failed to comprehend how that man ever escaped with his life.

But it is not the newcomer alone who suffers. Sometimes it is new music played by an old-established artist. There is a story which I have on very reliable authority of a famous pianist who presented an entire program of American compositions in New York last year. The critics without exception, says the source of my authority, were lukewarm and in many cases antagonistic in their comments. The program was repeated in the other Eastern cities with similar results. When it was offered later by that pianist's management to several cities of the Middle West it was promptly declined because of the black eye given it by the New York and Boston critics.

In speaking of it later the pianist is reported to have said: "There can be no real appreciation or growth of American music so long as the Eastern newspaper critics maintain their present attitude of hostility to American composition and their servile idea of the unalterable superiority of Europe."

This is a considerable mouthful, however you take it, and puts a sad amount of responsibility on the Eastern critics. This story, as it has gone the rounds, has stirred up quite a tempest among the ardent champions of American music. Some of them have hotly advocated the suppression and even the deportation of these critics, alleging that their attitude savored of disloyalty. Though it was the misfortune of this meek observer not to hear that program, it occurs to her benighted intelligence that that pianist may have been unfortunate in his choice of American music.

There is a great deal of music making going on lately which attaches to its mediocrity the dignified name American. And perhaps those maligned Eastern critics felt that in order to encourage the good in American composition they did not necessarily have to burst into tears of rapture over the bad. Without wishing at all to appear to contradict flatly that noted pianist, I think it can be stated easily that there is no existent body of men who can kill with their indifference or antagonism that lusty infant, American music. Without wishing to personify a platitude, I should like to point out—as it has been pointed out before *ad nauseam*—that critics of another day were not able to kill the music of Beethoven and Wagner, and it is hardly probable that any modern music analyst can do the real American music any permanent injury.

The Musical Critic Under Fire

Regardless of the enormous influence—perhaps a trifle exaggerated at times—that these doughty wielders of the pen—or perhaps typewriter would be more correct—have in shaping the destinies of the music and musicians of a country, even their bitterest enemies will admit that the way of the traditional transgressor is a lollipop, flower-strewn, Persian-carpeted path lined with dazzling imitation-marble dispensaries of high-powered sirups for the thirsty compared with that tedious road filmed over with the acrid dust of denunciation and harboring the treacherous bombs of spiteful slander that lies crudely cut before the meek reporter of musicians and things musical.

The dramatic editor who reviews with such gusto the latest bedroom farce may attribute that gentle drama, The Blue Bird, to Mr. Shakspere, and yet be allowed to live by his readers. The society editor may describe Mrs. Marblehead's gown as old rose instead of sky-blue purple and get off with the mildest of rebukes. But let the hectored music reporter say that the quality of a favorite singer's voice is round instead of mellow and the editors of his paper will be the recipients of a score of letters from various musical duds stopping their subscriptions on the ground of the abysmal ignorance displayed by the paper's music critic. And they always close their epistles with the profound but virtuous regret that the deplorable lowering of the hitherto high standards of that particular paper has made this letter their painful duty.

Having ambled with a deal of dull verbosity thus far in these touching revelations concerning musicians and their critics, suppose we consider of what the duty of these last-named misunderstood mortals consists. Just why these men—I scarcely believe that certain clever and charming feminine critics will object to the exclusive use of the masculine in this sentence—some of whom have lived their allotted three score and are seeing the additional ten slipping rapidly through their fingers—are sometimes unresponsive, strangely lacking in bubbling enthusiasm over the latest would-be celebrity who may burst with a loud splatter resembling the arrival of an overly mature tomato on their musical horizon. Just why these patient souls, having seen a dozen geniuses blossom and wither, are not so prone to go into ecstasies as some of us would like.

Concerts in Bunches

This has nothing to do with the reviewer in the smaller cities. His lot is a comparatively easy one. Being generally the society or sporting editor in addition to his more æsthetic duties, he is determined to err on the musical safe side and his writings are always in the hyperbolic, entirely gushful vein, and he always makes a tremendous hit. His laudations have turned the feet of more than one sincere soul from the smooth macadamized road lying before the estimable teamster or the autocratic laundress to that shell-torn path which is the lot of the professional musician. But once in a great while one of his innumerable finds registers a sensation to the glory of her country's art, so here's more power to his effusive vocabulary!

But about this duty of the music analysts for the big dailies. Concerts—like measles—come in bunches. It is yet to be discovered by what harmonic thought rhythm, which is said to be the latest phrase for mental telepathy, artists decide to give their concerts not only during the busy season when the opera flourisheth to the devastation of the critic's beauty sleep as well as his mild and amiable disposition, but also at this frenzied time have the consummate gall to bunch them up on pet days—say, Monday or Thursday afternoons. One city got this habit to such an extent that on some Sunday afternoons between the hours of three and five there would be as many as ten concerts in full swing at once.

No one would raise any objection to this bunching of concerts if there were only a merciful definite system of subcritics as they have in most of the big European cities. In this country a critic sometimes delegates a portion of his work to someone else, but it is generally on his own responsibility. In case he persists in doing all of his work himself and by some oversight he does not cover every single one of the scheduled ten concerts, a few days later he receives an indignant letter from the neglected artist demanding the reason for his unpardonable act in ignoring one of the most important musical events of the season.

Take for example a cold December afternoon when the street crossings are carpeted with two or three inches of slushy snow, which has an insinuating habit of spatting up affectionately over one's shoe tops, you may find him with one or two of his fellow martyrs drifting into the hall of their first concert about two-fifty-five. This concert is scheduled for three o'clock. Several of the audience, inveterate concert goers, spy his entrance and point him out with all due elaborateness and certain embarrassingly pertinent remarks. Inevitable as this scrutiny is, he has never grown quite accustomed to it, and squirms, dons what he fondly believes to be an appearance of vast unconsciouaness and wonders if his tie is everything a tie should be. For, being human, he has his vanities, conceits and prejudices like the rest of us—that is, he has if he is a successful critic.

He pulls out his watch. A strained, haunted look comes over his face. It is three-five. And this is the first of the possible ten concerts that he must cover in approximately two hours. He turns and looks anxiously at the door. He fidgets round and glares at the stage. Not a sign of life. By the time a large peeve at the entire world and this particular concert giver has tarnished his whole outlook, or in other words at exactly three-eighteen, the artist trips out upon the stage.

For the purposes of this chronicle she is a local pianist who has paid out from three to five hundred dollars—depending on the pretentiousness of her concert—for this appearance to get the notices. Her attitude is frightfully determined and her dress has been designed quite palpably to stun. Her audience is composed principally of her friends, who may or may not have parted with the requisite admission fee, and the remainder is made up of those who have been admitted on passes. Incidentally the habit of papering the house, or the giving out of free tickets for their concerts, has become so universal among musicians that certain disgusted old-timers say that they presume that in time the only way anyone can hope to get a crowd out to his concert will be to send taxis for his prospective audience.

The pianist seats herself and engages in a determined combat with the Sonata in G Minor of Schumann. As usual Mr. Schumann's sonata comes out with the best of it—or the worst, depending on whether the startled onlooker is viewing the performance from the æsthetic or the sporting angle.

In the midst of his marveling at the unique interpretation which she is according the sonata the critic absent-mindedly recognizes her as one of that great throng of emancipated females who have adopted a career with a capital C and who have taken the place of the simpering, coy old maids of other days who went in for ballads and china painting. The venerable virgin of modern times does not simper and her painting is decidedly not devoted to china. But her determined—if sometimes mistaken—musical enthusiasms are always a decided stimulus to her city's musical development, and acknowledging this fact the critic decides that encouragement shall be her lot. So as the last chord spatters on the keyboard he snatches his hat and coat and hurriedly makes for the door while the following ambiguous lines amble into his mind: "Miss Hedda Frost, our well-known local pianist, gave to the G-Minor Sonata of Schumann an interesting and distinctly individual interpretation. Her program, which was excellent, was enthusiastically received by a large audience of warm admirers."

Which goes to show that musical criticism, like diplomacy, is a gift.

Too Busy to be Soulful

Promptly at three-twenty-six he lands with his harassed colleagues at the auditorium a couple of blocks away, where a famous tenor is holding the hearts of an audience two or three thousand strong in the hollow of his hand. The critic permits himself to relax a few moments under the spell of that luscious—see later paragraph on the pet adjectives of music critics—voice and then hastens out to review the latest sensation in the way of fiddlers. He arrives in the midst of the performance of a group of pieces culled from the more explosive violin literature and notes the perfection of the artist's tone, technic, intonation and interpretation, but he knows that for the good of this violinistic marvel's soul he must not be let off without a few well-chosen raps. So while he is about it he also notes this artist's playing is cold, that the poignant, gripping dramatic flavor that can only come from the great and understanding soul is lacking. Just as if any musician could make such a sky rocket flight and have any time for the luxury of a soul!

As the critic slips quietly into his seat the violinist pounces gleefully on one of those inevitable stunt pieces that so infest violin literature, and energetically bending his knees in perfect time with his playing he proceeds to dumfound the audience with his digital dexterity. Listening to the outburst, your man of the press remembers idly that famous story of Doctor Johnson, who, while not being a musician in the accepted sense of the word, nevertheless had a very good idea of the sort of music he liked and who despised all music devoted to flamboyant flourish or of the fireworks variety; and who on hearing a certain famous violinist of his day play one of those trick

(Continued on Page 161)

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REMINGTON TYPEWRITERS

(Continued from Page 158)

pieces that have ever been such a vogue turned in utter disgust to his neighbor as the artist completed the performance and demanded to know what all this silly noise was about. The question somewhat puzzled the amateur to whom it was addressed, who could only hazard that the work must be very difficult.

"Difficult!" snorted the learned doctor. "I wish to God it had been impossible!"

And as this present-day musical acrobat lands on the last high note our critic flees, heartily echoing the sour indictment of that famous amateur critic.

At three-forty-six he slips into a theater where a returned-soldier musician is giving his first concert since the war. He has forgotten whether this chap led a band or went to France to shovel mud, but the critic, who either had flat feet or was too old to be permitted to do anything but buy Liberty Bonds and cheer in the side lines, smiles wistfully at this sunburned sadly-out-of-practice pianist and overlooks every slip and sour note. And later at his trusty typewriter he writes the criticism for this concert out of his own spirited dreams and thwarted patriotic desires, and in the professional parlance it makes this particular artist

Perhaps years afterward when the young musical upstarts are conjecturing by what known process this pianist ever got his great reputation they could find part of their answer in the press comments in the advertising circular sent out by his manager, for heading them will be this self-same criticism, naturally with the date carefully deleted.

Fifty-two minutes after three finds our persevering music commentator listening to one of the principle singers of the Opera Comique yowling through an aria. He notes that this is the three hundred and forty-seventh principal singer that he has reviewed in the last few seasons and he wonders mildly just how they do it.

Leaving this lusty vocalist he thrashes through the bitter weather and four-one finds him listening to a musical débutante. This time it is a girl violinist affecting the reckless bobbed hair that seems to have become a mania with feminine musicians lately and which always straggles into their eyes like the bangs of an asthmatic poodle when they play. She is obviously too nervous and artistically immature for the ordeal of the heavy program that some misguided, overly ambitious teacher has built for her. She is an excellent example of that common American mistake of dubbing a good student, Artist, and thrusting upon her willing—too pathetically willing—shoulders the heavy, weary burden of the mature and experienced musician. And when the inevitable failure comes the careless, unthinking public presents a disgusted, puzzled face and makes the absurd hazard that great genius just isn't in the American musician as it is in the European.

Mushroom Orchestras

Your critic sighs as he recognizes the distasteful task before him. He knows that dismaying attribute of youth that is only satisfied with eulogy and often does not think that even that can do justice to his art, and he realizes that the few lines of adverse criticism, the greatest kindness that he can do this aspirant, will outweigh all his commendation and only make for him a new and bitter enemy. But he is well aware that if this embryo artist has the makings of true greatness in her, her talent is not a flash in the pan, but of the enduring kind, that nothing he could say could discourage her. On the contrary it will make her fight the harder until out of the crucible of her disappointments she will bring a mature and splendid art. But if she is a weakling she has no place in the hard profession that she has chosen and he is only hurrying the good work along.

Contrary to popular belief, the average critic has a great sympathy for the young and struggling artist, even when his performance affects the ear as the youthful and viridescent persimmon attacks the teeth; even when the timid commentator o' music considers it the greater kindness to slay the dreams of that same youngster with his pen. He knows full well the many sacrifices, the weary hours of tedious practice, the struggle for the means to study, the makeshifts of poverty that are the lot of the average music student. And he has nothing but sympathy for the awkward novice who steps out on the stage with that funny pathetic combination of defiance and fear. But he could talk himself deaf and dumb and hoarse and never be able to convince anyone of that sympathy, for the world at large is firmly convinced that the average music critic spends his time lying in wait for the concerts of musical débutantes in order to pounce upon and devour them with ghoulish glee. To most he is an ogre whose favorite dish is made up of the broken hopes and dreams of novice musicians.

At four-fifteen he is sitting limply and apathetically listening to one of those mushroom orchestras which of recent years have sprung up in such appalling numbers all over the country.

Their avowed and advertised purpose is to bring good music to the unenlightened herd which wanders in the deep ignominy of musical darkness; their sole intent is to educate and uplift the crude artistic ideals of the so-called people.

As the critic watches the fussy wooden-armed conductor leading his misfit orchestra, its violins half a beat ahead of all the other instruments and one lone trombone braying contentedly in the background, cheerfully ignoring its fellows, he understands and sympathizes with the aversion on the part of the general public to the much-lauded classical music. He wonders how many thousand years longer certain alleged musicians, members of the League for Making Great Music Horrible, are going to keep up the pernicious practice of grabbing the public by the nose and forcing down its protesting gullet their miserable caricatures of splendid music in the name of æsthetic uplift, saying the while: "This is great art! Now take it! It's good for you!"

And when they stand back complacently to view the effect of their determined efforts and the disgusted public spews out the nauseous musical mess these pedantic souls are scandalized and fill all the surrounding atmosphere with their wailing about the gross ingratitude and unappreciativeness of the benighted people.

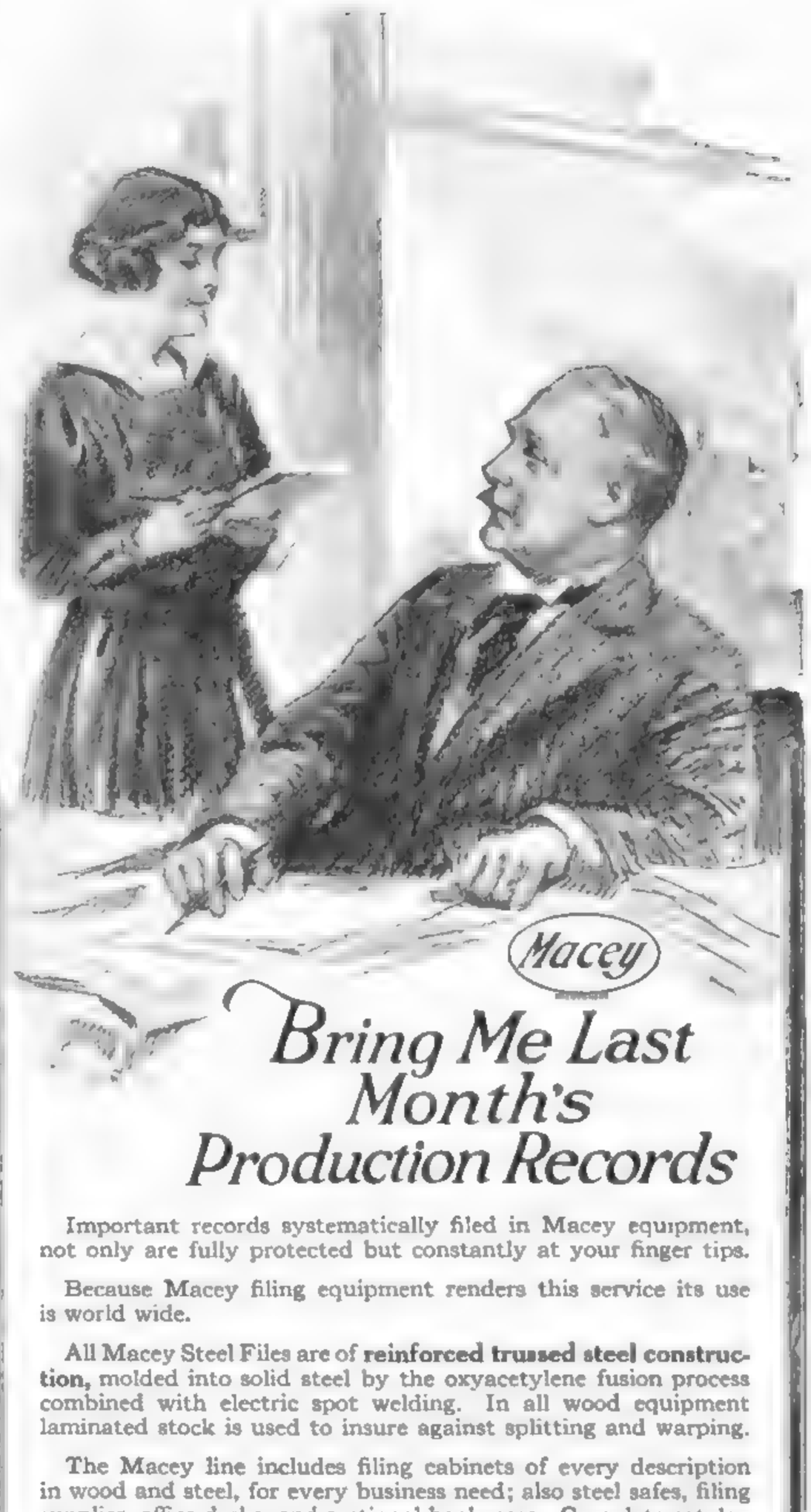
From Bad to Worse

In the midst of this orchestra's mauling of a helpless overture our humble scribbler for the press is obsessed with a burning desire to lead its officious conductor aside and inform him that the American public on which he has fastened the crass libel of a degenerate musical taste can be depended upon to appreciate and understand good music if it is only halfway well performed. He yearns to point out to this smug crusader the instances of great musicians, idolized artists, who have wasted no time worrying about the regeneration of the musical morals of the man in the street, but who, nevertheless, have held in breathless silence and unconsciously brought that notoriously unæsthetic animal very near the stars with their magnificent, virile performance of this same despised classical music.

But naturally our gentle music reviewer does not gratify his desire to tell this industrious conductor a thing or two. Nor does he indulge in any of the above reflections in his subsequent criticism of the merits of this orchestra. If he did its guarantors would pounce upon him and rate him soundly for daring to impede the progress of a great, philanthrophic, educational work. He merely writes, "The worthy work of the National Orchestra in giving the best music to the people for a reasonable fee —— Their earnest and conscientious conductor —— The improvement of the string section over their work of last year ——"

And as he writes it he curses his unbreakable habit of easy-going ambiguity.

At his next stop he listens to the concert of a musician who is the saddest musical nut of all. An exotic driveler who raves about her soul, which she insists stands trembling in the presence of the subtle Orientalism of modern music. She is an irritating individual who blinks her eyes rapidly and murmurs in hushed tones of the atmospheric permeation of her subconscious ego by the whole tone scale. She does not mean anything by her garbled phrases, but she fancies she gives out a vast impression of what she dubs æsthetic intellectualism and is serenely unaware that the average critic and the real musician flee from her slobberings over her art as they flee from that other faker—the man who spends his time telling in mawkish detail of his great love, devotion and tenderness for his family.



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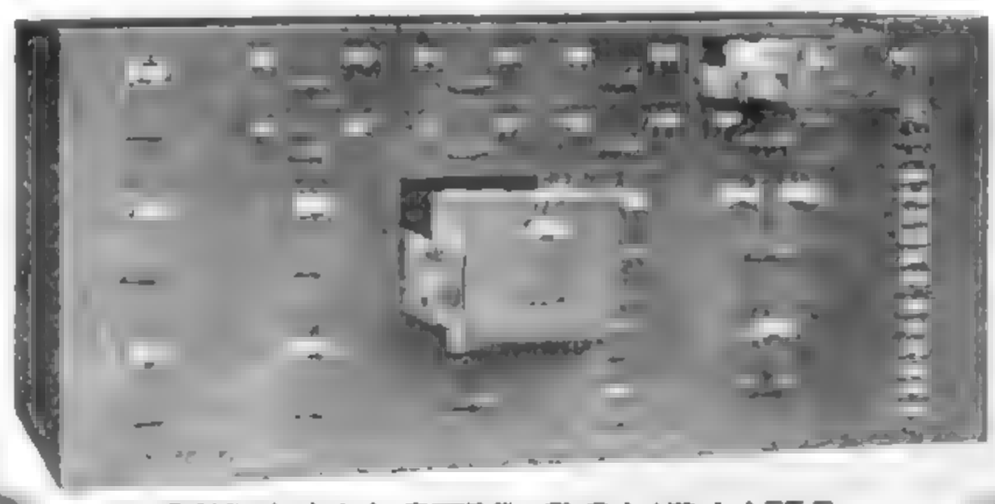

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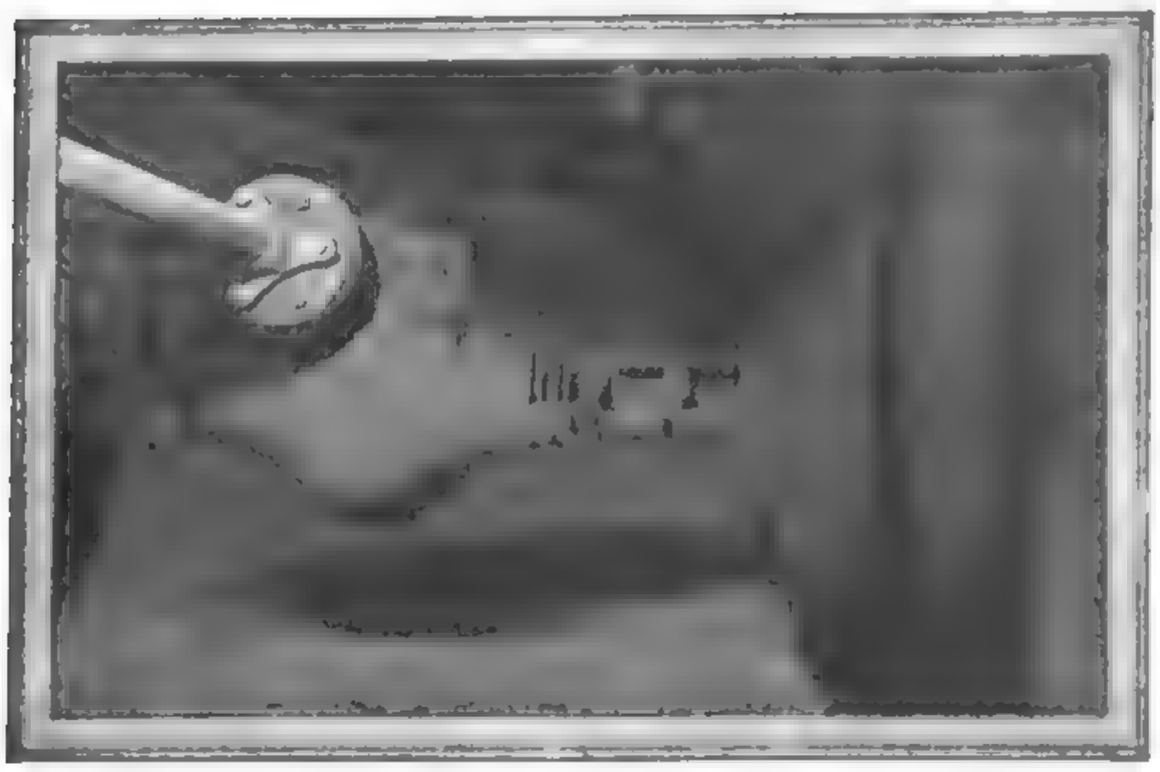

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Ordinary metal universal joint wears loose and develops backlash

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The Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint absorbs the shocks and strains of sudden starting. It prevents loosening and breakage of the differential, transmission and rear axle. It needs no lubrication—no adjustment.

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Her playing resembles in its frenzy her weird conversation and our critic—filled with utter disgust—finally escapes from the morbid atmosphere of this concert. And after taking in the performances of two débutantes, a composer pianist and a gentle songster who gives as an encore Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord, the weary writer lies himself to his newspaper and endeavors to give in the space of a few hundred words an adequate, accurate, unbiased and fairly truthful account of the abilities of the various artists and the standards of musical performance maintained in those ten or so concerts on which he has passed judgment during the last two hours. It can't be done, but somehow he does it and in your next morning's paper you may find his noble effort carefully concealed between the obituaries and the society notes or a breezy article on how to raise hogs.

The ordinary mortal stands aghast before his heroic accomplishment, but one should not lose sight of the fact that in his apparently impossible and superhuman task he is closely aided and abetted by what are known among the facetious as the pet adjectives of music critics.

The Armory of Adjectives

Now consider "eclectic." According to our favorite dictionary it means briefly, "a choosing; a selecting—from that which is best." That is my idea of the original gay dog among adjectives. It exudes such an atmosphere of sophistication and broad-mindedness. The first time I ever encountered it was in my and its callow youth in things musical. It was included in an ecstatic write-up of a concert I gave in a certain small town before I regretfully came to the conclusion that, regardless of my entirely firm convictions concerning the divine quality of my musical genius, financially at least I had heard the wrong call in the choosing of a profession. I shall never forget the thrill that blasé adjective gave me. There are many examples of that indispensable part of speech—"sheer," for instance; "impeccable," "dulcet," "clean," "glorious," and "luscious," "matchless" and "peerless," but they all fade into insignificance before the gracious majesty of "eclectic." The critics who depend upon "magnificent" and "vibrant" are only ordinary mortals, but the man who can sling "eclecticism" round as carelessly as he would an old pair of shoes deserves nothing but awe-struck reverence from the multitude.

Then there is a good old phrase that always gets a hand. It is the one that qualifies an artist's performance as excellent "for one so young." Think of the deep delight that has given musical débutantes whose years are hesitating round thirty-eight and forty.

The most remarkable thing about these adjectives is that regardless of their inhuman usage they never seem to wear out. They are a direct refutation of that venerable wheeze that familiarity breeds contempt. It thrills a singer just as much as if it were a highly original and bright remark and hadn't been applied to all manner of singers since the Flood to read the morning after her concert that a certain mild-mannered kindly gentleman who writes for the daily press considers in vulgar print that she has a "beautiful voice."

Perhaps the only explanation that can be offered for that singer's naïve delight in that doddering old adjective is that it referred in complimentary terms to the dearest thing in life to her—her work. For regardless of the determination of certain half-baked sophists to label as the great vital motive power in man's existence such high-sounding things as love, ambition, honor or pride, these all become empty phrases when they are lined up alongside a man's work, that marvel which he has conceived in that queer thing he grandiloquently calls his brain and has brought to completion with his own painful efforts.

There is no getting round a man's insufferable pride in his accomplishment, whether it happens to be writing a music critique, singing a song or inventing a formula—or would it be a recipe?—for chewing gum. As long as you say that the performance of that song is beautiful, the criticism well written or the product of the chewing-gum formula—or recipe—is more elastic than any other, no matter in what trite terms you couch your flattery, you always get away with it. But let anyone insinuate that this same man's work, his accomplishment, which is his little god, is not perfect, a thing of beauty, a joy forever and the greatest benefit to mankind that has ever been discovered—just let anyone insinuate that this little god might be a trifle lopsided or be pigeon-toed, and its maker will leave nothing but devastation in the wake of his righteous rage.

Take for example the sad tale of the opera star who took umbrage at a slighting remark a certain critic made in an unguarded moment of this singer's performance. On reading this particular criticism the singer promptly sat down and punching the paper through in places with his irate pen put down in exceedingly plain language just what he thought of this critic's mental deficiencies and any other trifling personal shortcomings that he happened to recall. He finished the burning opprobrium, put it in an envelope, stamped, addressed it and confided it with touching faith to the care of the postal service. In due time the critic received it, and not being of the species which is war-weary and therefore cautious, sat down and answered in kind—only perhaps more so. From that time on the air was filled with scurrilous remarks, threatening and scandalous insinuations, retorts, slander and the basis for a dozen libel suits. The singer, now thoroughly interested in the proceedings, retired from his important post, left his dismayed associates in the lurch and devoted himself to the siege. He informed the critic that from that time on he intended to devote his time to "getting that music reporter's job."

The furious reviewer of musicians and music—being no slacker—accepted the challenge and proceeded to get in some telling strokes himself. The singer's associates pleaded with him, wept and wrung their hands, but he was obdurate before all pleading. The editors of that particular paper remarked *sotto voce* for his benefit in the suave and correct editorial idiom to desist, to remember his dignity, to have a heart and forget it, to cut it out and their critic was deaf to command. Patrons of music became hysterically excited and wailed about the terrible scandal. It was a jolly row while it lasted. And there you have it. Though one of the combatants was a great artist and the other a brilliant writer, yet because each of them happened to comment adversely on the other's work they were reduced to the undignified status of two small boys calling names and making faces over the back fence. Of course it was the critic's fault. He forgot that personal feelings have no place in the life of a lowly music reviewer.

The Real Cause of Trouble

Perhaps the real cause of all the trouble that ever follows in the wake of the recorder of deeds musical lies in this fact—that it is his business to analyze or to write—whether with authority or cowardly ambiguous diplomacy—in a gentle, ambling, antiquated literary style or a more brilliant caustic one of the artistic accomplishment, that worshiped god, of that highly strung, sensitive portion of the human race, the music makers, who are of all people the least fitted because of the very nature of their profession to take adverse criticism with equanimity.

But the critic who has proved himself worthy of that dignified title is able to hold his own in the face of the threatening storms of denunciatory letters and even get a little amusement out of their unique spelling and phraseology—neither of which belong in the list of accomplishments often of the greatest artist, much less the smaller fry, who are the ones chiefly addicted to letter writing. He has weathered the generations of natural-born incurable amateurs who consider great musicianship consists in quoting opus numbers by the yard, knowing where every Tom, Dick and Harry of a musician was born, lived and died and all the choice bits of scandal with which he may have decorated his life. Regardless of the fact that your critic is often far enough past his callow youth to know enough about music to be able to have forgotten a little, he is generally able to hold his own in the face of even this supreme wisdom. With time he learns discretion in answering back, and with age he develops the practically impervious hide.

In fact, it might be ventured that that last-named attribute has been the first and most important requirement of any aspiring reviewer of music since those remote

(Concluded on Page 165)

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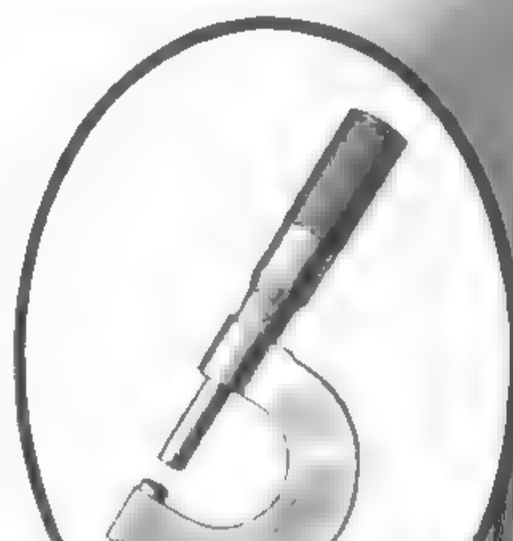
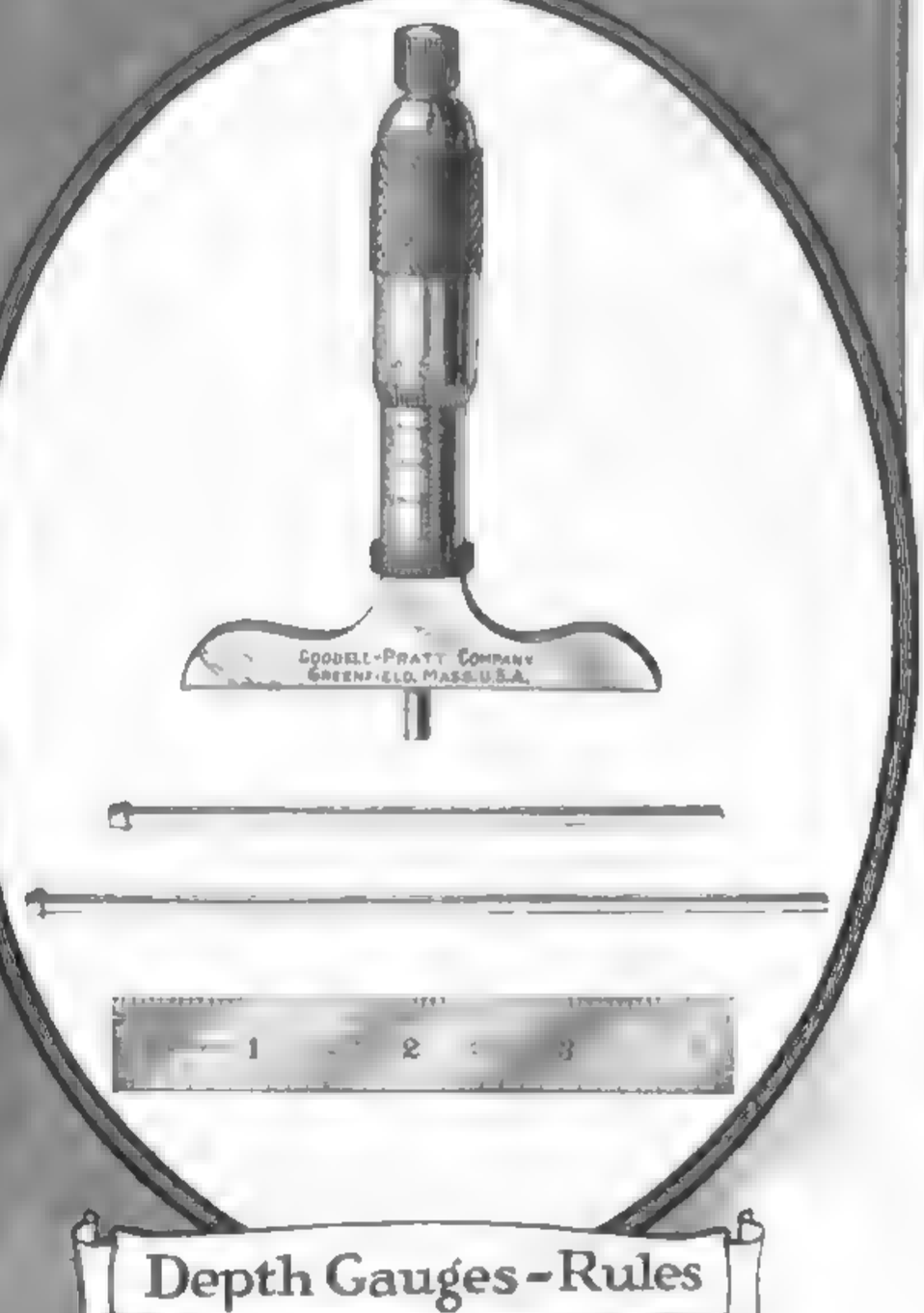
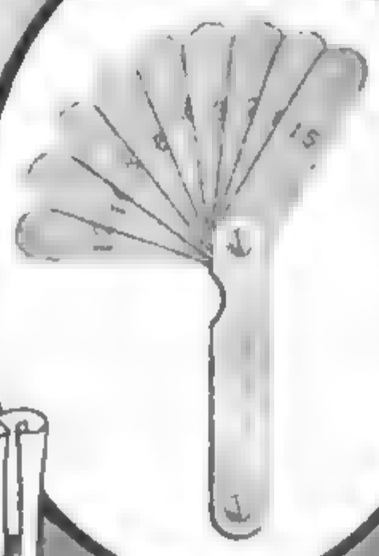


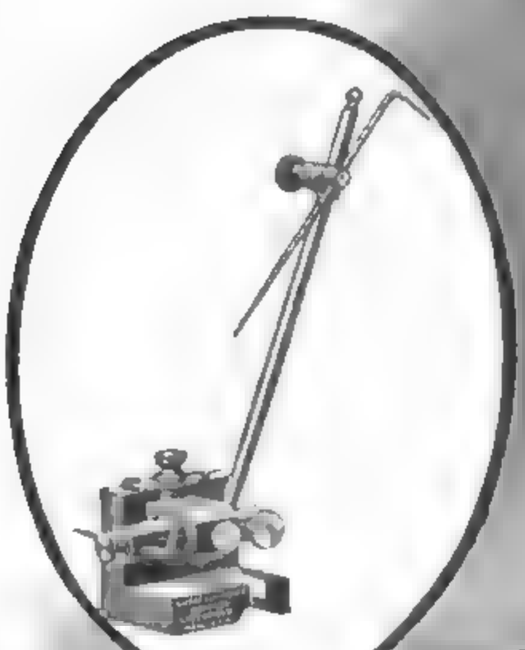
Micrometers



Depth Gauges - Rules



Feeler Gauges



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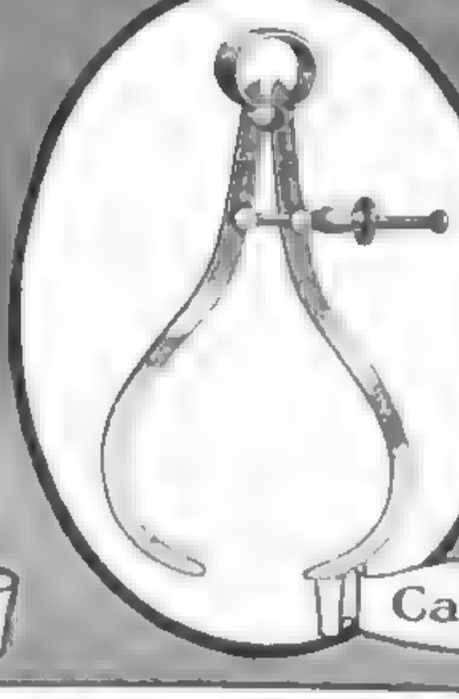
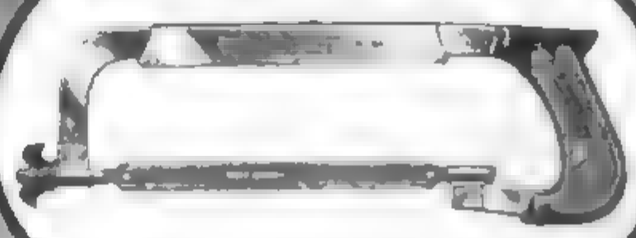


Calipers



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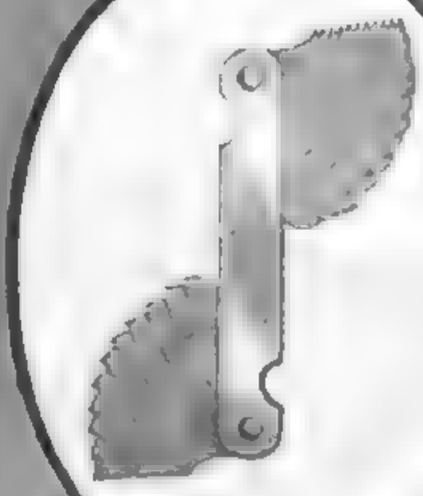

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Take a look at the outfit in your dealer's window. Note the trim, perfectly proportioned .410 caliber sport gun. Observe the efficient little hand trap and the midget clay "birds"—just like the clay targets you see out at the Gun Club, but smaller in size. The Winchester Junior Trapshooting Outfit is a *family gun club* in itself. The little sport gun is accurate and dependable, like all the world-famous Winchester shotguns. Every part of the [illegible] in keeping with the Winchester high standard of quality.

The Winchester Junior Trapshooting Outfit. An entirely new contribution of sport to the American people.

Enlarged view of box containing [illegible]

Women and children enjoy shooting the little sport gun. Its .410 caliber is so small that *the gun hardly kicks*. Yet men and boys who are accustomed to bigger guns admire its beautiful lines, its perfect balance—value its accuracy.

Have a family shooting-outing

Off for a family shoot! Slip the outfit in the back of the car. Or is it a boating party? Stow the outfit in.

All kinds of games can be organized with the outfit. Boys against girls, adults against children, individual matches, tournaments and prizes. Keep the scores of your shooting-outings. It will enhance the sport.

There's no limit to the fun you can have with the Winchester outfit. Clay targets and ammunition are both inexpensive. The sport gun and the hand trap, with proper care, will last for years. It is the most economical sport you could pick out considering the fun it will provide.

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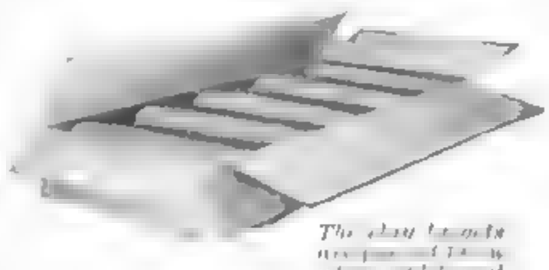
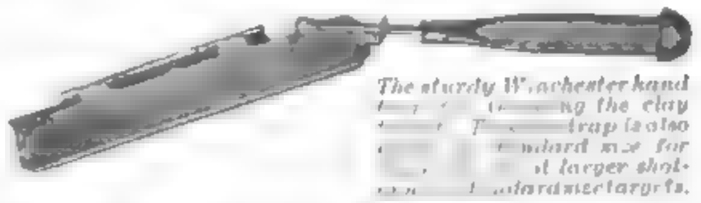


The clay targets are [illegible] obtained at your dealer.



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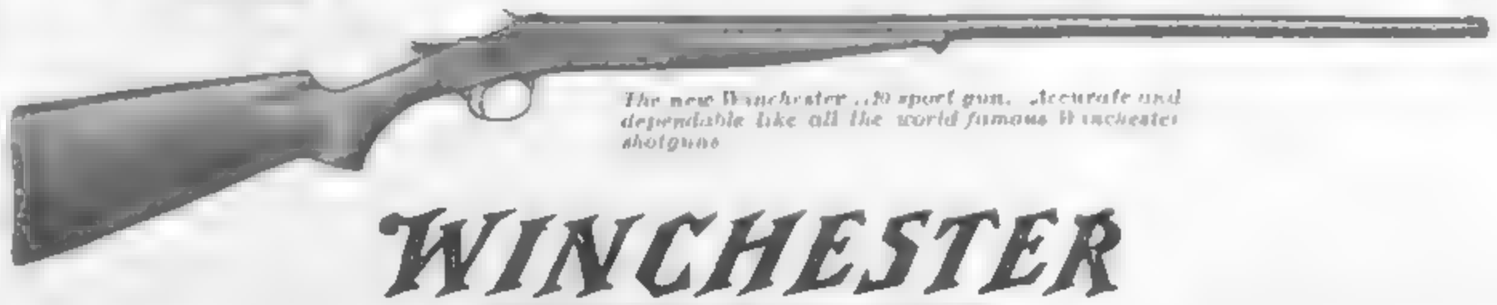

The new Winchester .410 sport gun. Accurate and dependable like all the world famous Winchester shotguns

Midget clay targets—the prey of the little sport gun.

WINCHESTER
World Standard Guns and Ammunition

(Concluded from Page 162)

days when the job of music criticism was first invented by some officious music hound. There is a story that comes from the dark ages of music reporting of a furious singer who upon hearing that a critic had expressed himself rather forcibly and too truthfully concerning certain sins of omission in her singing, declared vehemently that he was an impious man.

"For," she concluded her lively remarks, "when God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess people ought to honor and applaud it as a miracle. It is profane to depreciate the gifts of heaven."

From that time to this, when modern singers threaten to "get his job" your recorder of deeds musical has had imperative need of his thick protective skin of absolute indifference to public vituperation. And in spite of his many and determined enemies he remains the most powerful factor of all in the molding of the musical opinion of his country.

This is no place for a harangue on the obvious necessity of a great sincerity and impregnable sense of justice in these recording angels of music. They possess as a rule an entirely superhuman sincerity. Not perhaps because they are any more virtuous than the rest of us, but because the deadly routine of music reviewing makes it much easier for them to be sincere, to give an honest spontaneous opinion, than to sprain their brains trying to think up a telling and lively insincerity.

The Wiles of a Wily Star

As for the ancient innuendo that every critic has his price, no frenzied denying of it will ever choke it into silence. Each and every time a new star comes into fame, after desperate years of sacrifice and weary work, and the world—including the critics—pays her reverent homage there will always be dark whisperings in the chorus back of her. Naturally, it is common knowledge that many a charlatan has risen to fame and that there are those who have bought their place for a season, but the scandalmongers carefully forget to mention that it is generally such a pitifully brief season and the final artistic oblivion is so ignominious. For in the cynical, grinning, sawdust world of music with its thousand shams, its intrigues, its meanness and its greatness, it is—oddly enough—only the real that endures.

Perhaps every critic has his price in so much as he responds to the gentle kindly word and the wee bit of judicious flattery. After having been slurred as an ignoramus, a disgruntled musician, a would-be artist who never had a chance and who in vengeance on the muse for her scorning of him has set himself up officiously to make life a burden for her favorites, the average critic is human enough to lap up thirstily all the stray words of commendation which may come his way.

Concerning that typically European custom of the bestowing of personal gifts—the chaste scarfpin and the useful cuff links upon music reviewers by grateful or importuning artists, it is only necessary to state that we need not lose any sleep over the havoc it has wrought in the field of American criticism. It is a crude and vulgarly obvious trick, even in its subtler forms, that most of our music reviewers regard with intense suspicion.

There was one hard-headed old chap in particular who was determined that no one could say that his critical favors had been bought with a neat if not gaudy scarfpin. In the early part of his career a famous and diplomatic singer noticed his advent into the world of musical criticism and also that he did not seem particularly impressed with her art. Being wise she did not sit down and wrathfully write him that she intended to "get his job." Instead she sent him an ornate bejeweled set of cuff links. Ignoring the fact that hers was a name to conjure with among the laity, that hers was a most powerful influence in the musical world and he was nothing but an impecunious scribbler on one of the lesser dailies, he sent them back to her by return mail, probably with the masculine equivalent of the old-fashioned eternal feminine: "My mother does not allow me to accept gifts of jewelry from members of the opposite sex."

After several other futile attempts to bribe him the singer apparently gave him up as hopeless and the critic went round congratulating himself on having taught that particular artist a thing or two. But one day in the midst of his self-complacency a would-be pupil descended upon him from a little town some eight hundred miles west. She regarded him with that delightful and rare reverence that is so seldom encountered in American music students, and after saying that this famous singer had heard her sing and had told her that this critic was the only teacher in America for her, she asked him with anxious trembling if he would consider accepting her as a student.

The nonplused music analyst glared at her with an overwhelming desire to wring her neck. He knew that since teaching was his profession he had no sensible reason for refusing her request. He knew, too, how the story of such a refusal would travel and how it would set the clacking tongues to going. So telling the anxious pupil that he must first consult his schedule, the tormented critic went out and bought himself a drink, relieved his feelings in a burst of classic profanity and came back and accepted the girl as a pupil.

From that time on pupils kept bobbing up serenely from all parts of the continent where that distinguished singer might happen to be concertizing. At last, delighted with the success of her strategy, this artist ventured to send him a photograph of herself autographed in the most flattering terms. It was then that the badgered reporter of music gave up the ghost and ceased to struggle.

As much as I should like to make out that all music reporters are maligned saints, candor compels me to state that there are some sadly earthly mortals among them to whom the clink of gold is the sweetest music, ancient or modern, and who will smirk delightedly at the alluring smile.

And one meets them when one is least expecting to. The youngster in his profession, eager for data about various artists and their work, will turn to one of these unctuous old frauds for confirmation of his adverse opinion concerning the artistic abilities of a certain henna-haired, insinuating feminine exponent of music and be amazed to receive a fatuous smile along with his answer: "Oh, but she is a very remarkable artist! You know she is the protégée of Mrs. Moneybags. Haven't you noticed the extreme sensitiveness of her interpretation? And the charm, my dear sir, that charm?"

The One Reliable Method

On the face of it, to become a successful and yet beloved music critic seems an entirely impossible task. But in my deliberate snooping round the corners of music criticism I actually found one music analyst who seemed to have achieved the impossible. Everyone, musician and layman, spoke of him as a man possessing great erudition, sincerity and an enormous sense of justice; who was broad-minded, could not be bought, who had no enemies and who was not—as this eulogistic category would naturally lead one to suppose—dead. On the contrary, he was very much alive, an understanding human sort with his entire share of quaint and foolish prejudices.

No one knew how he maintained his miraculous reputation year in and year out. And for all their cogitating, conjecture and lying awake nights fuming about it, no one got any nearer the explanation. At last someone—no matter who—inadvertently stumbled onto this canny critic's method. I submit it herewith humbly to all aspiring music critics as the only reliable and known method by which one may become a successful and universally beloved critic of the splendid art which had so much to do with putting Orpheus among the notables.

It seems that after wandering from concert to concert, or after a performance of the opera, this worthy gentleman goes to his particular little sanctum in the great building that hides from the world the dark, mysterious machinations of his newspaper and taking out his typewriter, seats himself before that trusty instrument, blindfolds himself and repeats "eeny, meeny, miny, mo," or some jingle, the while he pounds at random on its docile keys to the extent of some few hundred words. When he finishes the masterpiece he hastily signs his initials and turns it in without glancing through it for any errors of spelling, phrasing or punctuation. I would not go so far as to say that the result is literature or that it even makes sense, but it pleases everybody, the layman and the artist as well as his dearly beloved enemies—and what more could a humble music critic ask?

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"Bigger than Weather"

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Every Patrick Label marks a garment—Greatcoat, Mackinaw, Sweater, Robe, Blanket, Cap or Stocking—which is made only of pure long-fibre wool from northern sheep.

Ask your dealer for Patrick Products. If your dealer does not carry the line, let us direct you to one in your vicinity who does.

We have two books: Our catalog showing styles for men, women and children and illustrating the Patrick-Duluth colors, and the book, "Bigger Than Weather," by Elbert Hubbard. Both are Free

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills
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Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

To Get A
Washroom Towel That Dries,
Look For The Name
Scottissue

Scottissue is your safeguard against ordinary, discolored, scratchy pieces of paper—"towels" that *don't* dry your skin, because they lack absorbency.

Softer, more absorbent, pure white in color, *Scottissue* Towels really *dry*.

Wherever washroom towels are used, *Scottissue* service creates good-will. Good-will has money-value—it increases efficiency; builds up patronage.

Scottissue Towels go farther! One is sufficient for the hands, another for the face.

Towel Users—you are entitled to washroom towels that *dry*. Look for the name *Scottissue*. *Towel Buyers*—you want true towel economy. It is yours in *Scottissue*.

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Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pa.
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Scottissue Products for Personal Hygiene

Scottissue Towels
for use once by one user
They Dry

CHECKING UP OUR THANK OFFERING

(Continued from Page 32)

these foreign bonds? Seems to me we should keep our money for home use."

"No," replied the banker, "we are not able to spare the funds for this issue, but you are the one who should buy them. You farmers are receiving all the benefit from the buying of food in this country, and this money is spent with you. If anybody has a duty to perform in helping finance the Allies it is the producer."

This situation continued throughout the war and has lasted over the first year of peace. The producer has profited from the need of the world for food. Perhaps he has recognized it in instances, but many forget just how great has been the reward until they hark back to the prices for products in the early summer of 1914, even making allowances for the labor scarcity of these days.

At the interior primary markets in July, 1914, the merchants paid 16 cents a pound for country butter, 15 cents a dozen for eggs; wheat was 62 cents a bushel, corn 47 cents, hogs 8 cents a pound. In July, 1919, at that same market, the farm wife could bring in butter and get 50 cents a pound, eggs were 42 cents, wheat $2 05, corn $1.97, hogs 22 cents a pound. Alfalfa had risen from $7 to $30 a ton. It is not difficult to understand how the businesslike farmer was able to find a comfortable margin.

While these features of the season's history have been occupying the attention of producers of the year's plenty, there has been no lack of indulgence in the things that make for present-day enjoyment. One of the conspicuous shortages of supplies in the farming sections during the late summer and early autumn was that of motor cars.

"When are you going to get that car I ordered?" has been the greeting the dealers in the country towns met day after day. "I can't wait much longer for it."

For every twelve inhabitants in the Middle Western States is registered a car—almost enough to take the whole population on a joy ride. Dealers are called on for few demonstrations—people order a car as they might order a kitchen range or a sack of sugar. It is not enough for the well-to-do farmer to have one car—he has a second car for the young folks so that he can drive his own undisturbed.

The National Camping Grounds

Last summer a veritable hegira of tourists was seen in the Rocky Mountain resorts. Literally tens of thousands of families drove cheerily up and down the mountain roads and trailed in long processions over the prairies from and to their homes hundreds of miles away. On every vacant lot in the resort sections were scores of cars in which the owners had traveled and beside which they slept under improvised tents. There was an Oklahoma Day, and it seemed that all the state must have quit work and come to the hills. Then there was a Texas Day and another great showing. Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa—the whole Middle West—was there, and at least half the visitors were from the farm. An average of five hundred cars a day for two months passed under the arch spanning one of the highways on the Colorado-Kansas line—and that was but one entrance to the resort country.

And here is the fine aspect of it all: The faithful little flivver or the sturdy touring car, each running board loaded with tent and packs and dish pans and blankets, with bed springs teetering on behind, contains not only the bronzed-faced father and the pink-cheeked mother but every chick and child of the family. The motor car has opened the world to old and young. Pleasuring is a family affair—not as in the old days of special excursions for one or two at a time. Let the farm rest for a month, while the flowing road beckons and hill and valley, camp ground, village and city thoroughfare give their inspiration for the long winter days to come. Never before have the farmer and his family obtained so much from life as to-day; never before has the toil been lightened by so many relieving incidents.

Perhaps the farmer's bookkeeping does not show the great profits of which he dreamed, but into the ledger do not enter the joys attendant on modern possessions. He thinks no more of cranking up for a trip half across the continent than he did formerly of a four-hour ride to the nearest city. None is more free to go and come, and none deserves the new-found pleasure more.

The flood of new wealth from the fields has overflowed the country towns. Scant and cramped were they in the old days. Straggling dirt streets with wooden awnings and paintless false store fronts; a town pump, perhaps surmounted by a town windmill; unkempt residence thoroughfares lined with houses of the vintage of pioneer days; the merchants in shirt sleeves, dickering as they took in produce and exchanged for it groceries and dry goods. You remember how pathetic it all seemed!

As the farmer prospered, so did the town. First the bank erected an artistic white building; then the leading merchant rebuilt his emporium and sent to Chicago for modern fixtures. The civic club demanded paving, and against the objections of the knockers the business section was floored for traffic. After that, every street in town fought for first chance. Telephone and light wires went underground; a city park appeared where once was a choice collection of junked farm machinery; new school buildings, new church structures, a Carnegie library; gayly painted bungalows; residence streets became vistas of green parkings and trees and flowers. The population grew little, but the town has had a shave, haircut and massage and is reborn.

Marked Up for Quick Sales

The smaller hamlets where folks sat by kerosene lamps and looked out on dark streets were visited by gangs of workmen who ran a transmission line from a central electric plant forty miles away. Now there is a white way, power for the vacuum cleaner and curling iron and sewing machine in every home. One prairie company furnishes electric current to fifty-five towns; another to twenty-six, and rapidly is the village acquiring all the comforts of the city. Hundreds of farmsteads likewise have their current supplied by the long transmission lines, and the farm wife sees no advantage her city sister possesses that she does not herself enjoy. Suggest to the farmer that he give up his motor car, his tractor and truck, his electric service, and go back to the old days. His reply will have some bearing on the matter of his actual progress in these later days. This is a good time to count his blessings, and perhaps he will be surprised on taking an inventory to find how great is their abundance.

But to go back to the towns. They have no manufactories to bring foreign business—they live on the surrounding country. From it they have obtained the wealth enabling them to grow in beauty and realize some of their visions. The fact is that trade has been constantly improving. The customers have been able from their higher wages or from the price of farm products to buy more and better goods. Perhaps there is something to be said on the extravagance that has disturbed the old-fashioned folk who think that something should be laid up for a rainy day. The haberdasher who finds that his silk shirts will not sell at $5 but are taken readily when he marks them at $7.50 and $10, and who hurries the sale of $22.50 suits by marking them $35, can tell you something about that. The employer wonders how his stenographer can afford $4 silk stockings and $15 shoes and is vaguely wondering what we are coming to—but all makes it possible for the merchant to transform his store into an up-to-date establishment, and this will remain even if the customer wishes later that he had been more economical.

These are not peculiar to the larger cities—the tendency reaches down into the remotest hamlet and is an indication of how widespread is the spending fever of the times. The past summer and autumn has seen no diminution of its trend and it needs but an interview with the dealer to find that the farmer's family is doing its full part. There may be those old figures to show that there is no profit in raising crops—but the outward signs of prosperity are very real.

Continued on Page 169

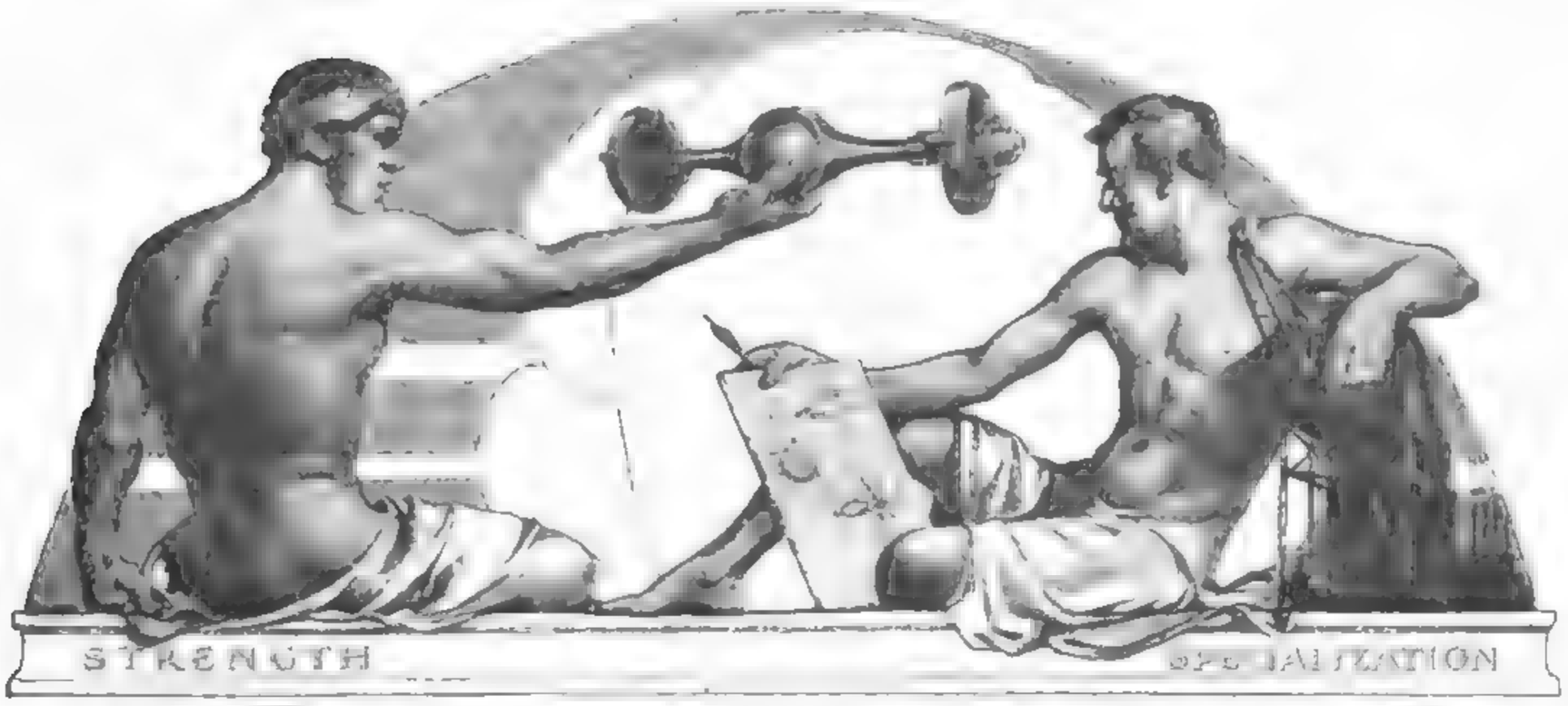
BEACON

THERE ARE NO BETTER

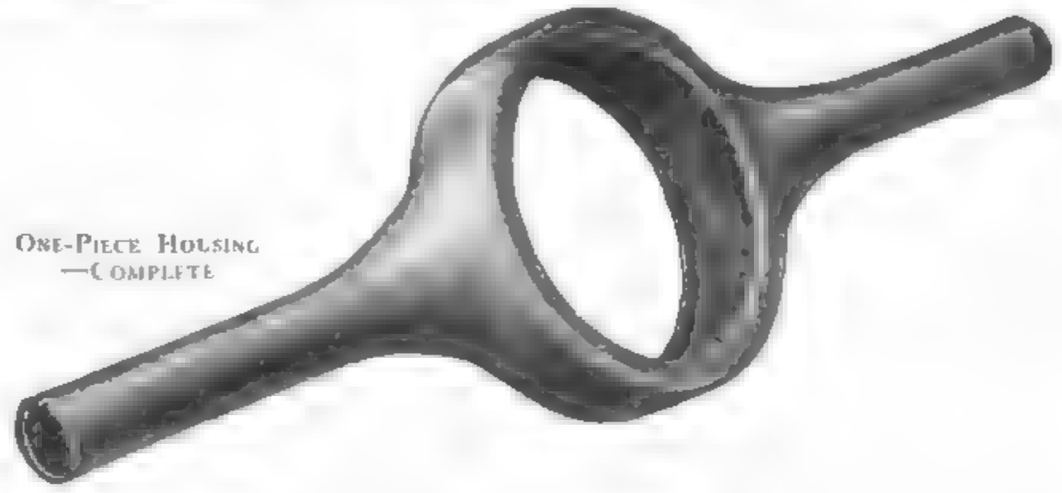
SHOES

FOR FIT FOR STYLE FOR WEAR

F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, Makers, Manchester, New Hampshire



ONE-PIECE HOUSING
—SEMI-FINISHED



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Built with minds on One problem —one problem Alone

CONFRONTED by new conditions, the world today as never before, calls for concentration of thought and purpose in its industries.

Time—and these times in particular—only serve to emphasize the need for Specialization with its inevitable outcome—betterment of product.

It is the business of this company to think about Axles—and Axles alone. That such thinking should profit the user is but natural.

Our Specialization has resulted in the Columbia Axle—an Axle which through Specialization is built with a new measure of strength.

Thinking about Axles alone, we originated and developed the Columbia One-Piece Housing. This housing is pressed out of *one* piece of steel instead of the usual two.

Thinking about Axles alone, we have been able to increase strength through welding lengthwise in one place only.

Thinking about Axles alone, we have built larger Ring Gears, sturdier Drive-Shafts, greater Bearing Surfaces, larger Braking Surfaces.

The Columbia One-Piece Housing Axle withstands road shocks and resists torsional force with new efficiency because it is

—*built with minds on one problem—and one problem alone.*

More and more, the Columbia One-Piece Housing Axle becomes the choice of car manufacturers and experienced motorists.

Manufacturers, dealers and others who desire a Specialist's advice or information about Motor Car Axles are invited to correspond with us.

Columbia One-Piece Housing Axles

THE COLUMBIA AXLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 166)

The complaint of the producer is not alone that he is failing to receive what he considers is a fair profit, meaning an equable payment for the time he and his family spend working in the fields. He sees the manufacturer with a fixed price at which the finished product is to be sold before the raw material is gathered and the machinery begins to turn. He thinks that he should have some assurance that when he has, for instance, borrowed money to buy a hundred steers and has fed to them corn and hay and cottonseed meal that will fit them for the market, he should be certain that he will receive sufficient return to make his effort profitable.

The war taught him some of the advantages of unified action. He and his neighbors learned to place their affairs frankly in the open, and they compared notes. The price-fixing system taught them that there was much gained in knowing for what he could sell the harvested grain—though he has never been satisfied with the figure established. General price fixing is not at all in his scheme for the betterment of his condition, because he argues that with the price a matter of common knowledge there is a tendency on the part of labor to base its demands accordingly. Rather he wants to begin the regulation of prices at the producing end, and looks forward to such organization of food raisers as will compel prices he believes needful to the prosperity of the farm and ranch.

The growth of coöperative organizations has taken on a remarkable development in the past two years. They range from the semisocialistic experiment of North Dakota to the banding together of farmers locally to build elevators and establish community stores. Thousands of these organizations are scattered throughout the farming states and it needs but a united action on the part of the members—thus far unaccomplished—to create a powerful influence that will affect both politically and economically the business life of the nation.

Cost-Keeping on the Farm

During the agitation of early fall regarding the falling prices of beef cattle in the market, stock raisers declared that the high-priced corn and costly pasture used to prepare the animals for market placed the producer in a position to lose on his investment. This notice appeared in the cattlemen's principal organ in the Middle West: "Ruin stares you in the face if you do not stand together. The cotton planter has successfully withstood the attack upon him. Do your duty by yourself and your neighbor, and the livestock market is bound to recover. So keep your livestock away from the markets."

In other words, it was an appeal to the producer to force higher prices by withholding foodstuffs from the market and bring the consumer to time. This is the direct result of the farmer's education in bookkeeping.

He has for the first time in history established a cost system, and the demand that there be a showing on the right side of the ledger is likely to become more insistent as he understands fully just what is his expense in producing the food-stuffs which he must furnish to the world.

Out of the season's return the producing country has without doubt had a comfortable margin, despite the cross currents of discussion. But there is always before the farmer the question: "What is to happen when prices get back to normal?" On the streets of the country towns, in the directors' rooms of the country banks, in the newspaper offices and on the trains this query is always to the fore.

That on the whole much less saving has taken place than might have occurred is the prevalent idea. Of course we know there are hundreds of millions of Liberty Bonds lying in bank vaults, in bureau drawers and hidden under mattresses, forming in a degree an insurance for any period of depression that may visit later. However, it is stated by the farm-loan brokers that the mortgage debt has not decreased.

"The average borrower finds that he can use his capital profitably," explained one. "He knows that with the rising price of land his security is ample. The average farm mortgage which used to be $2000 is now more often $4000 to $10,000. The Federal land banks have asked that their limit of $10,000 be raised to $25,000 in order to care for the larger sums needed to finance the land deals. But the loaning agencies are not carried away with enthusiasm over the new values. Regardless of what the price for which land sells, they have a limit on the amount they will loan—ranging from $67.50 an acre in states like Kansas and Nebraska to $100 or perhaps more in states like Iowa and Illinois. Land may bring $300 an acre in the market, but the companies are playing safe. This tends to safeguard the future both for lender and borrower, though the total of the borrowing steadily increases. The Federal land banks have loaned approximately $250,000,000 to nearly 100,000 farmers, while the total farm-mortgage debt of the nation is estimated at $4,000,000,000. But the old-fashioned mortgage that took the homestead has passed—to-day the farm loan simply represents new capital, enabling the producer to extend his operations."

Another outcome of the war training that was as intense in the rural township as in busy city ward was the development of new ideals of community service and helpfulness. Farmers' wives proved among the most faithful workers in the Red Cross.

"It is not difficult for the city woman to spend an hour or two at the Red Cross rooms," was the expression of a farm mother with four children and no help in her home. "She can drive in her car and leave the housework to her maid. We farm women must get the time between clearing away the dinner dishes and preparing supper for a family of five or six persons. We have to care for the milk, look after the poultry yard and mend the children's clothes. It is some task for us to find our hour for the Red Cross—but we find it."

They did, and never was there a chapter that did not receive from the country members every garment assigned. Now with the war over, the same community spirit, not before wakened, remains and the groups thus gathered continue to carry on deeds of helpfulness for their neighborhoods and for any world cause that may appeal.

Growing out of this unity of action and the greater neighborliness developed, country communities find new opportunities for the betterment of living conditions and are making their surroundings give a fuller measure of contentment.

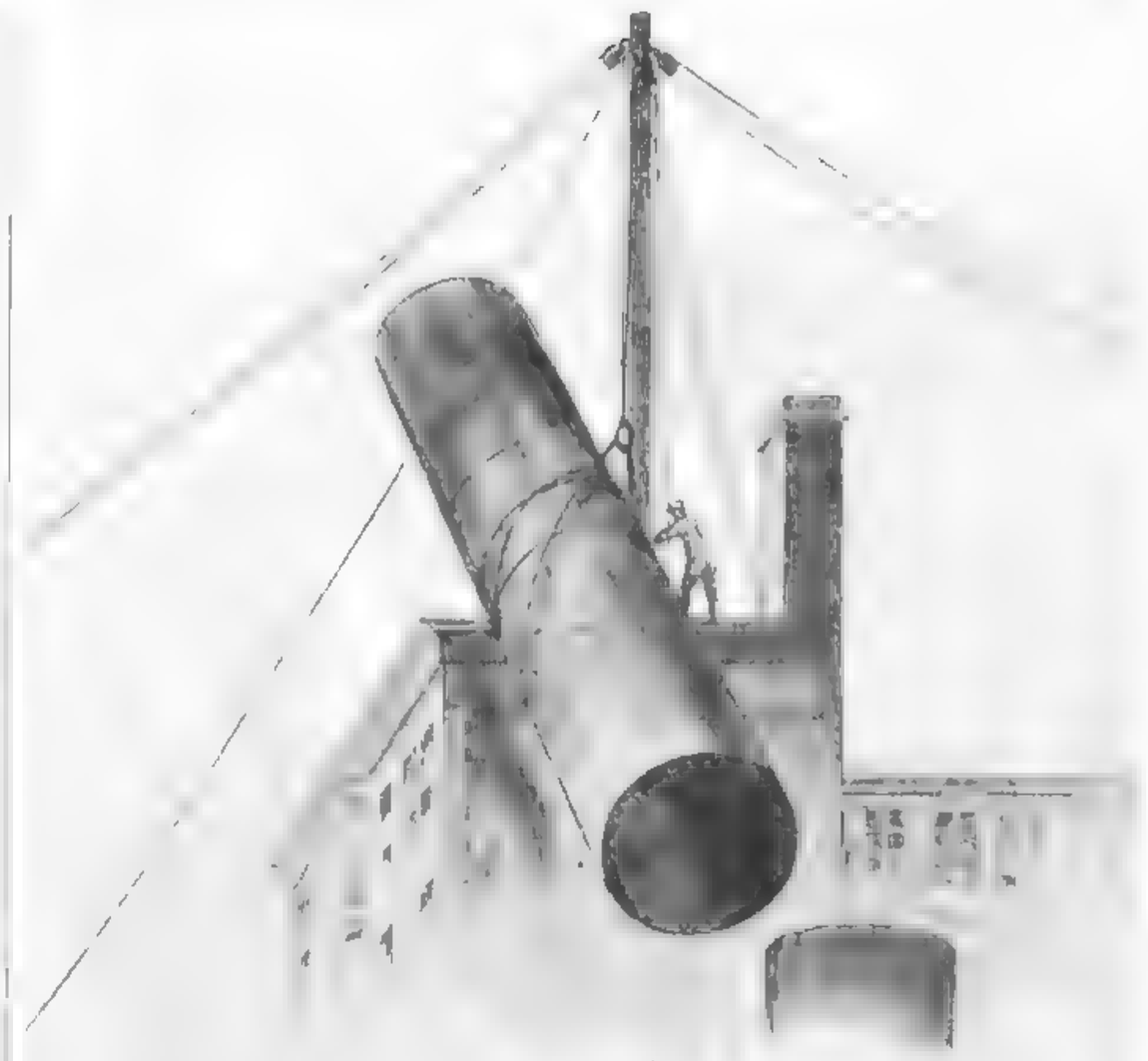
No year's harvest is uniformly pleasing. Here and there are localities and individuals who have failed to receive all the year's richness. But the important thing for the country is that the production of bushels and tons of foodstuffs has been generous. With six million bushels more wheat and three hundred million bushels more corn than in 1918 and practically the five-year average of all other crops we should in this year of peace find encouragement. We have no great surplus with which to feed the world, but there is something, and at least our own people are relieved from the limitations imposed during the days of stress. Progress has been rapid toward a resumption of everyday living.

A Year of Over-Confidence

American agriculture has undoubtedly received an impetus out of war experiences that will hasten its upward progress. The analysis to which its operations were submitted by the Government to determine exactly what we could accomplish for our Allies taught a lesson not to be forgotten. It convinced every producer that he was entitled to a profit, whether in war or peace, and he is now applying the precept. The elimination of reckless waste, the utilization of every possible acre, intensive tillage—all were urged for two years of earnest education. The great wheat acreage of 1919 sown in response to the country's call told of the acceptance of the new order.

Perhaps there has been too much confidence that we shall always ride on a flowing tide of high prices; perhaps there has been undue elation with conditions and a tendency to engage in speculation and spend extravagantly, but at bottom American farm production to-day is progressing toward system and efficiency. This will go far to make the agriculture of the future successful and to establish the farmer on a sound financial basis.

It is not fair to say that the producer is oblivious of the claims of the consumer. The popular idea that the farmer is selfishly caring for his own to the exclusion of those who must buy his products is wrong. Here and there is an utterance of defiance, but on the whole he understands that he must have a market for his production. One fact,



Fixing the Smoke-Stack

Hoisting sections of a steel smoke-stack, hauling giant logs from the forest, conveying slabs of slate from the quarry—thousandfold are the jobs of wire rope.

Wire—it's practically indispensable in industry and home. If it's Wright Wire, then the maximum service and reliability are assured.

Clinton-Wright Wire Company has been manufacturing steel, iron, copper, brass and bronze wire products for more than half a century. Its comprehensive line includes:

EXCELSIOR wire ropes, fence and netting, safety guards for machinery, elevator cabs and cables, window screens, trellises;

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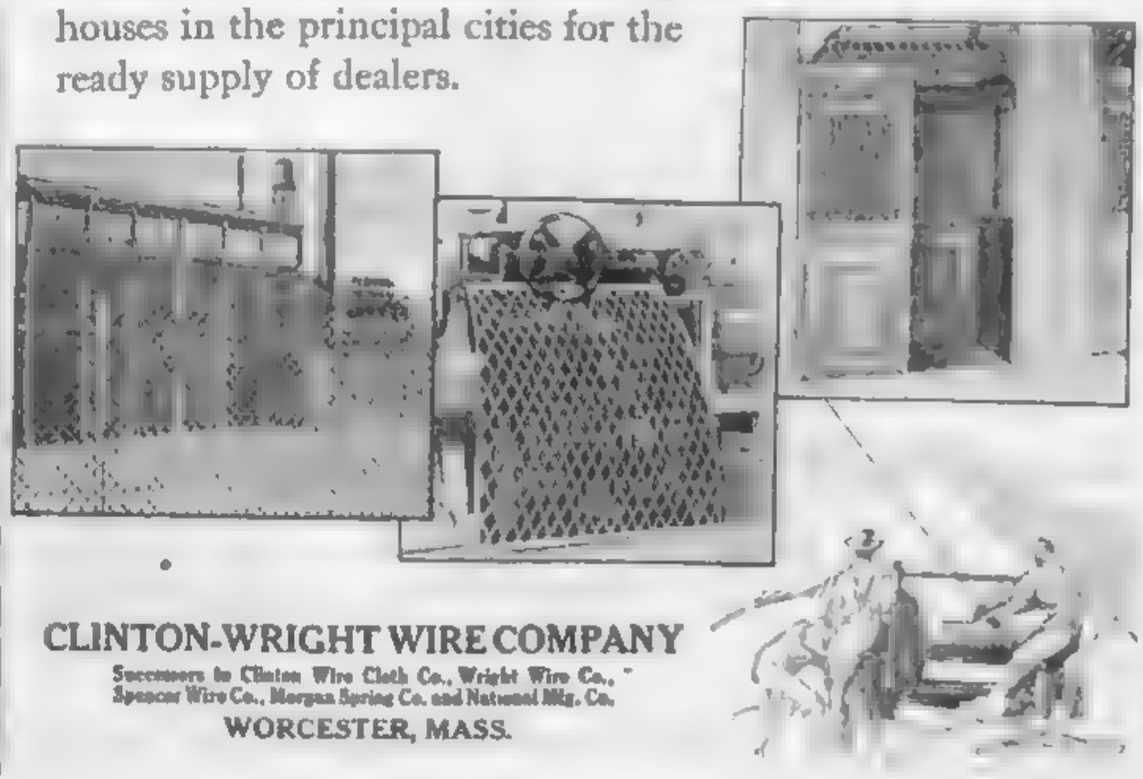

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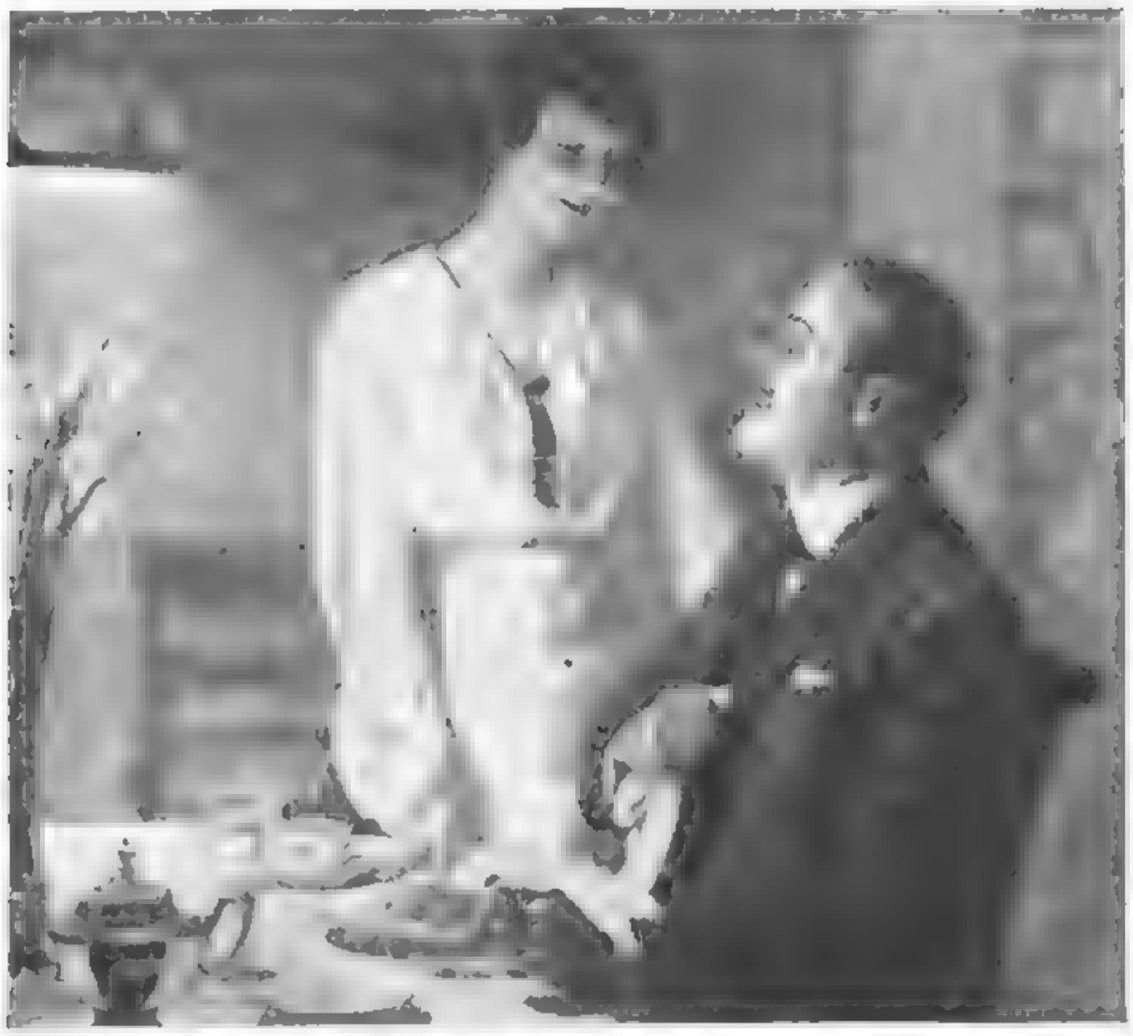
WORCESTER, MASS.

1869-1919
50TH ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS



HEINZ
Spaghetti
Ready cooked ready to serve

FIRST the Spaghetti is made in the spotless home of the 57 Varieties.

It is Heinz Spaghetti.

Then it is cooked in the Heinz kitchens.

The original recipe was Italian but Heinz famous tomato sauce takes the place of the ordinary kind and with it is combined a special cheese of peculiar merit.

The result can only be expressed by the word "Perfection."

Keep the pantry shelves supplied with it, for experience has proved that, once tried, it becomes a permanent addition to the family menu.

It is delicious, nutritive and economical.

Some of the 57 Varieties

Vinegars **Baked Beans**
Tomato Ketchup **Mince Meat**

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

however, should be recognized: He is feeling out his power and year by year is making more advancement in the mysteries of marketing. The politician who thinks that flowery speeches showing love for the farmer without intelligent action will win should revise his opinion. The old-fashioned candidate spent oratorical embellishments railing at "capital" and the "bloated millionaires"—and many rode into place and fame thereby. That day is past. Too many farmers take the daily papers and the magazines; too many of them have been educated at agricultural colleges or universities and are able to analyze matters for themselves.

Last winter internal-revenue officers spent weeks and months in the rural communities struggling with the accounts of farmers who were endeavoring to make an income-tax report that would pass muster. They found that seldom did one have such a systematic statement of his year's operations that he could without help prepare the report. Country bankers gave up valuable hours assisting their customers in the same work. They will have less of it to do next winter—the farmers have kept books this year in preparation for the annual inquisition. They have learned that they are in the same class with the merchant and must know what is their income and expense—something they were never before compelled to record. When they have set it down in black and white with an accuracy that can be sworn to before a notary they are usually surprised at their actual gains. It is one thing to talk on the street corners and quite another to satisfy the internal-revenue collector.

Plenty of farms are failures, but so are plenty of stores and professional establishments. Few of any class have been failures on the rising tide of prices of the past two years. These closing days of 1919 are especially a poor time for judgment in the agricultural states, because the wheat has been rushed to market as fast as the threshers could finish the fields. When the railways could not transport it and the elevators were full it was dumped on the ground in mammoth heaps at the stations.

So the autumn has been a flush time - but there are the long months until another harvest shall come. Counsel for thrift and saving never had a more eloquent opportunity than now. Less than half the population is rural; the other side has much to say as to its interests, and the producer faces the consumer in a tense controversy in which neither is willing to give advantage. The former is to-day in the stronger position—hence the eagerness with which he seeks to tread the path down the slope of prices gingerly.

This first year after the world war has been a testing time for all the knowledge acquired when serious thought was given to production problems by producer and by the government agency.

That it has been graced with liberal yields and with high price levels has assisted the producer in readjusting himself to peace conditions.

In a few months the last of the war regulations will cease. Wheat will be again on the world market. The farm will meet the real test of its position and we shall see how well has been organized the producing system. Certainly it will not again return to the haphazardry of former days, and it should in the end come to an established method that will insure businesslike advancement for the producer on whom we all depend.

The Poets' Corner

Snacktime

DAWN was cool and gray with mist, sunlight streaming through,
Sweet with fern and still with shade, field grass drenched with dew;
Rioting of warbler notes, brookside all alune—
Now it's burned to morning blue, and snacktime comes at noon.

Cicadas in sun-scorched grass echoing your reel,
Green of broad moose-maple leaves in your weighted creel,
Half its cool and spotted freight you'll be needing soon.
Sunlight's found the streamlet bed—and snacktime comes at noon.

Tiny camp fire's smoke thread curled, blue against the green,
Stealing through the sunlit rifts of birch and balsam screen;
One far wood thrush fluting soft—earth can grant no boon
Better than a wayside fire, when snacktime comes at noon.

Bacon sizzling in the pan, coffee fragrance blent
With the breath of brook and fern and sun-warmed hemlock scent;
One small brown and comrade brook through rocky ways acroon
All the world's a long-loved friend, when snacktime comes at noon.

—Martha Haskell Clark.

Prisonered

I WOULD forget old tropic skies,
A dear land I know,
Tall palm trees by a singing sea
Where soft winds blow,
For the memory breaks the heart of me
That longs so much to go.

And I can shut the vision out—
The little bluest bay,
The stately liners anchored there,
The diving boys at play,
And the great sun, the glad sun,
Shining on the day.

The snakelike shore of silvered sand,
The tumbled little town,
The huddled houses blinding white,
With palm-thatched roof, or brown
Or red tiled roofs, beside the streets
That wander up and down.

But I cannot still the olden sounds,
The pungent winds that blow,
The coolies singing in the dark
Beneath the white stars' glow,
And memory hurts the heart of me
That, prisonered, cannot go.

—Edmund Leamy.

Heritage

SOMEWHERE hid in my veins is the blood of a lost sea rover,
Who did wild deeds in the Indies and loved light loves in the South,
Who followed the call of his vagrant will, the trails of the wide world over,
And fought and slew for a purse of gold or the touch of a scarlet mouth.

How should I know the Southland—I, who am Northern nourished,
Who beat my wings at the circling hills and never have seen the sea?
How should I know forgotten soil where the flowers of the dead years flourished,
Were it not for him in the starlit dusk and the tales that he tells to me?

For I know the scent of the warm salt wind, faint spices of strange ports bringing,
The whir of the land crabs scuttling on the edge of a fringed lagoon,
Palm trees black on a red-gold sky and the molten shore tides swinging,
And the dip of a creeper-tangled trail in the light of an island moon.
I seem to hear in the quiet the babble of strange tongues talking,
A woman's laugh at a window—the jangle of steel on steel;
A mule train's clacking footfalls through cobbled gateways walking,
An order slashing the silence—the stride of a spur-ringed heel.

How know I the jewel madness, I who shall die without them?
Or feel the lure of a woman—I who am woman too?
Or the fierce sweet peace of the men who die with the old wild life about them?
Or the sea lust driving on and on to the far horizon's blue?

Somewhere hid in my veins is the blood of a lost sea rover,
Who did wild deeds in the Indies and loved light loves in the South,
Who followed the call of his vagrant will the trails of the wide world over,
Who fought and died for a purse of gold and the touch of a scarlet mouth.

—Martha Haskell Clark.

Own your own business

Here is your opportunity to have a business of your own—a money-maker from the start. All you need is ambition, common sense, and a moderate amount of money.

THREE years ago Lester B. Harlow was a grocer's clerk in Worcester, Mass. He heard about a man who made a lot of money by going into the Candy Kiss Business—putting a kiss-making machine into his store window, making kisses, drawing crowds to his window and into his store, and selling them kisses at a good profit.

So he looked it up, got some money together and went into the business. His first year's profits were three times as much money as he ever made before. Last year—ten times. Other men and women have gone into this business and made between $21,000 and $3,000—none less than that.

Now, like Mr. Harlow and other good red-blooded Americans, you probably want to have a business of your own, and there are certain things you want to be sure of. You want to be sure that there is a good demand for your article; that selling is easy; that the business is simple; that profits are good; and you want to tie up just as little money as you can.

Any business that will combine all these is the business for you.

The candy kiss business with the machine in the window is this kind of business—good demand, easy selling, simple, good profits, low investment.

There's a good demand for kisses. Everybody likes kisses (they sell every day in the year, winter and summer, daytime and evening) and the demand is growing fast. All kinds of candy are selling faster since prohibition went into effect, and kisses are the lowest-priced good candy.

Selling is easy. The machine in the window draws the crowds. Everybody likes to see a machine in motion. People, who pass by the ordinary store-window, stop to see that wonderful machine that sends kisses flying out into the air like butterflies. They stop, they look, they buy. You have solved the great problem of business—the problem of selling—solved it from the start. You are established and making money the very first week.

Now, you are ready to go further. You can sell your kisses at public resorts—amusement parks, near the circus when it comes, near or at baseball parks, etc.

Or you can sell your kisses at wholesale—to other candy-stores, druggists, grocers, cigar-stores, 5-and-10-cent stores. Do you see Harlow's automobile in the picture? He uses it for his wholesale business.

You can hire boys and young men to sell your kisses around town. People like to help a bright boy earn money for some useful purpose—college or something else. One of our customers makes several thousand dollars a year from boys alone.

The business is simple. Kisses are easy to make (your wife or mother knows how already) and we give you a book of formulas with full directions for cooking. Pulling is done by a machine which we tell you where to rent.

Profits are good, and you turn your money over many times a year.

Capital required is small. You can buy the machine on instalments and the rest of the equipment is not costly. You purchase materials only as you need them.

Yes, this is a good business—so good that it will not only make money itself, but if you are already in business on a good street and in a good town, and are not getting the crowds the kiss machine will bring them in, and sell your kisses and other things—drugs, candy, groceries, cigars, soft-drinks, ice-cream, etc.

Seeing is believing. What others have done, you can do. We show Harlow's store on this page. Mackenzie of South Dearborn Street, Chicago, illustrated in the September 20th advertisement, has opened another store with striking success from the start. Two ladies in Seattle have been most successful under the name of Howard & Springer. A few others are named below:

Burnee Corp'n (Nedick) New York
Service Stores Lynn Mass
Chandler & Rudd Co Cleveland
C M Beck Co San Francisco
Steacy's Atlantic City
Van Antwerp Drug Co Mobile
McCrory's 5-and-10-cent Store Pittsburgh and Philadelphia
Vampatt's Newport R I
D & W Sales Co Detroit

Now, do you want to know more about this money-making business, in which Mr. Harlow and others are doing so well? Do you want to be independent? Do you want to have a profitable business of your own? Or have you already a business that isn't paying as it ought to, and would like to add a real money-maker?

Then fill out the attached coupon and let us send you the careful book we have written about "Your Opportunity in the Candy Kiss Business." It answers all the questions you will probably want to ask about this profitable business.

This is Harlow's, 269 Main Street, Worcester. See the crowd at the window where the Kiss Machine is—no crowd at the other window. See the automobile, paid for out of profits, which Mr. Harlow uses for his wholesale deliveries.

COUPON. Fill out, cut out, and mail: A-11-15
Package Machinery Company
Model K Dept.
Springfield Massachusetts

Send your book on the Candy Kiss Business.

My present business is _____

Name _____

Address _____

We build Wrapping Machines for Many Products

for economy, appearance and protection. Here are some of the nationally known manufacturers who use our machines:

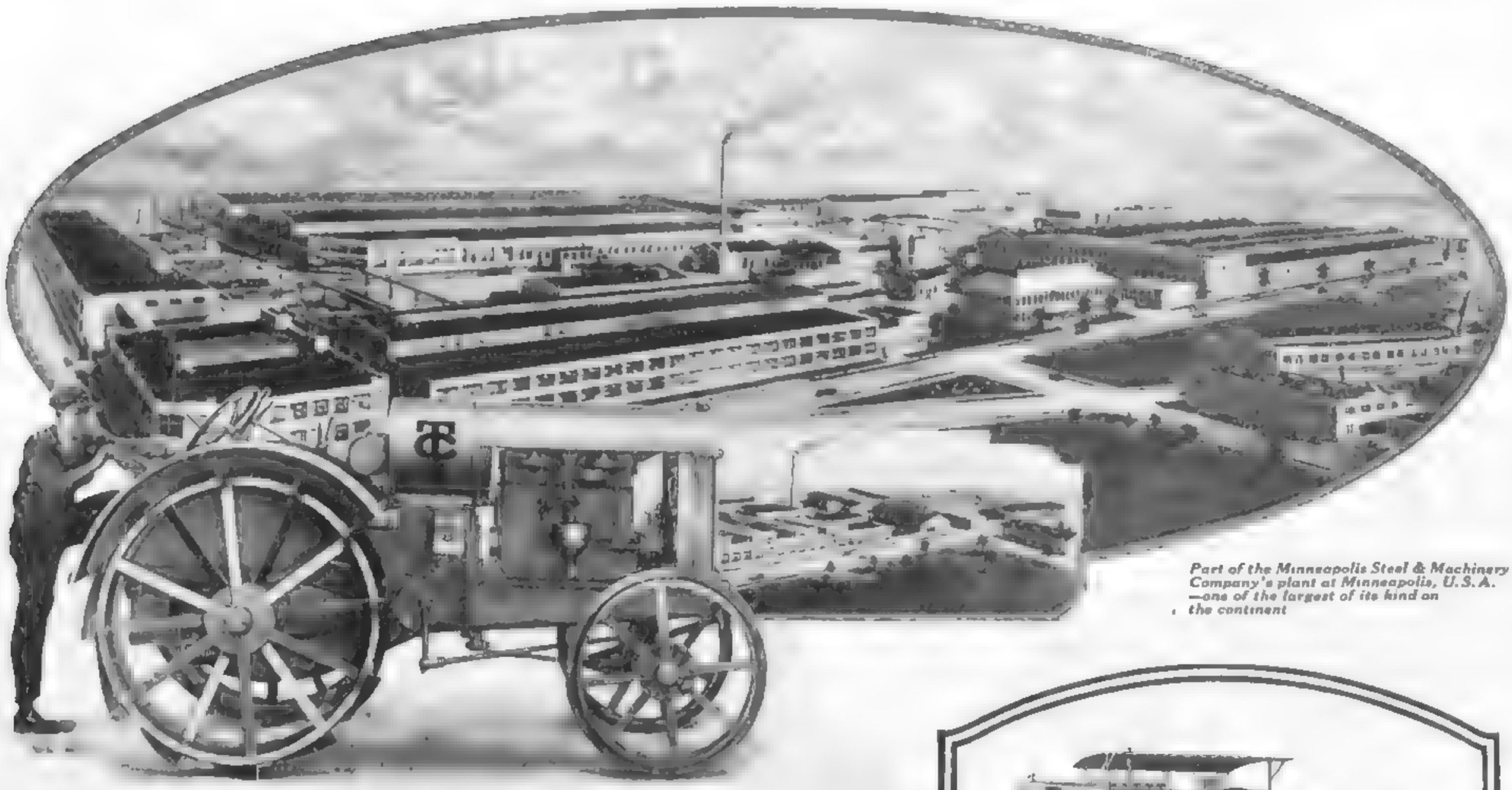
American Chicle Company
American Tobacco Company
Armour & Company
B T Babbitt & Company
Walter Baker & Company Ltd
Beech-Nut Packing Company
Borden's Condensed Milk Co
British-American Tobacco Co
Cluett Peabody & Company
Corn Products Refining Co
Cudahy Packing Company
Escanaba Mfg Co
D'Ghirardelli Company
Huyler's
Andrew Jergens Company
Kibbe Brothers Company
James S Kirk & Co
Lever Bros Co Ltd
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co
P Lorillard Company
Walter M Lowney Co
National Biscuit Company
National Candy Company
National Starch Company
Pacific Coast Borax Company
Palmolive Company
Parke Davis & Company
Peter Chocolate Company
Postum Cereal Company
Procter & Gamble Company
Quaker Oats Company
R J Reynolds Tobacco Company
Swift & Company
Touraine Company
H O Wilbur & Sons

If you are wrapping or planning to wrap 20,000 or more packages per day, we can probably save you a great deal of money, and make your package tighter and look better. Write us, giving your facts, and we'll tell you what we can do.

New York
30 Church Street

Package Machinery Company Springfield Mass.

Chicago
39 So. La Salle Street



Part of the Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Company's plant at Minneapolis, U.S.A. —one of the largest of its kind on the continent

Performance Proves

Performance is the acid test.

This immense institution has blazed the trail toward dependable farm power equipment, reinforcing the skill of its mechanics and the work of its vast manufacturing resources with years of accumulated experience—practical knowledge gathered from the farm fields of America and of foreign lands.

For more than a decade Twin City Tractors have been proving by performance that they have built into them the most modern engineering thought to provide the farmers four essentials—surplus power, reserve strength, dependability and fuel economy.

By virtue of their performance Twin City Tractors stand as accepted leaders today; they have met and mastered the severest tractor tasks, because they are **built to do the work, not to meet a price.**

The opening term of our 7th Annual Tractor-Thresher School commences November 17th. Write for particulars.

There is a limited amount of good territory for responsible dealers. We invite immediate inquiries.

MINNEAPOLIS STEEL & MACHINERY CO., Minneapolis, U.S.A.

BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTORS

Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co.—Denver, Colo.; Des Moines, Ia.; Peoria, Ill.; Fargo, N. D.; Great Falls, Mont.; Wichita, Kan.; Salt Lake City, Utah; Spokane, Wash.

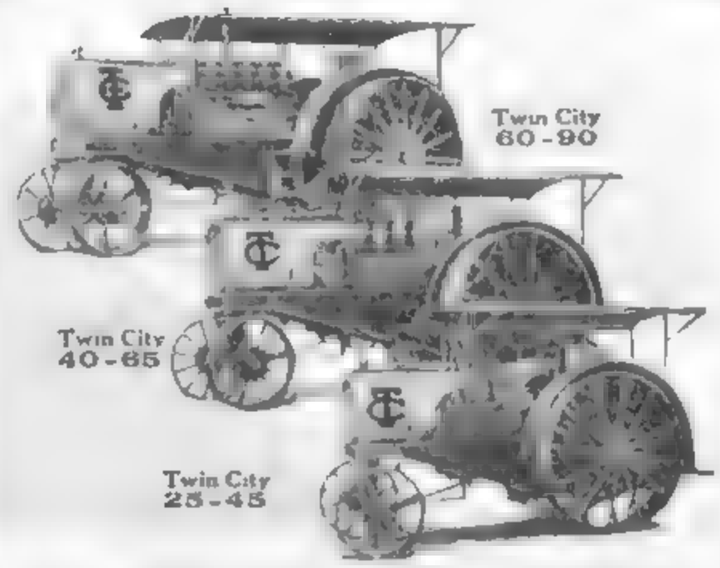
Twin City Co.—Indianapolis, Ind.; Lincoln, Neb.; St. Louis, Mo.; Crowley, La.; Dallas, Houston, Amarillo and San Antonio, Texas.

Frank O. Renstrom Co.—San Francisco, Oakland, Stockton and Los Angeles, Cal.

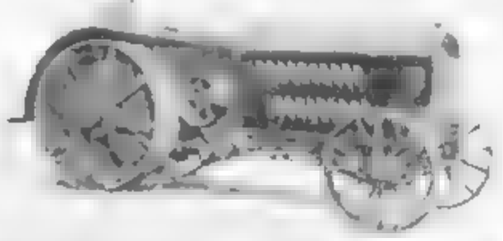
Baskerville & Dahl—Watertown, S. D.

Eastern and Export Offices, Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co.—154 Nassau St., New York City.

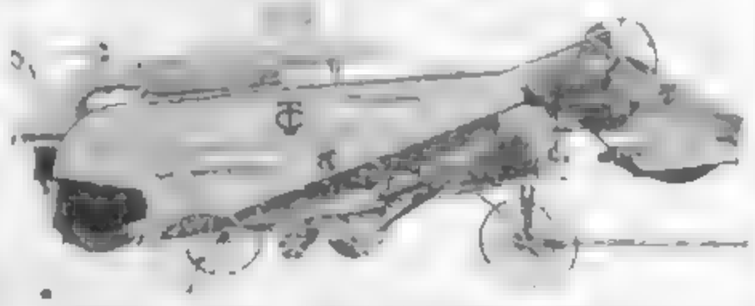
Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co. of Canada, Ltd.—Winnipeg, Man.; Calgary, Alberta; Regina, Sask.



The Great TWIN CITY Line of Tractors, with the addition of the new 12-20, now provides power for *all* farm work on *any* size farm.



TWIN CITY 16-30—The 16-30 has every characteristic that has made our larger tractors famous



The New All-Steel TWIN CITY Thresher, built in three sizes—22-42, 28-48 and 36-60.

TWIN CITY

12-20 Kerosene Tractor with 16-valve engine

THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 46)

the Grover children are always in evidence, since they are very active and all through the summer play outdoors barefoot, which they regard as a great privilege, except that their mother pesters them about washing their feet at night.

Their mother does not believe in letting her children bother the neighbors, so they are always at home, and other children play with them. They are the most natural, human youngsters I ever knew and, as they are healthy, they are noisy from the time they get up in the morning until they go to bed at night. Because of my open windows I know everything they do or say. When I waken in the morning the roar in the Grove yard is going full tilt, but I only smile at it, because I am fond of the Grover children. If I see company arrive at the Grover home I soon hear one of the children say to the mother: "Where are we going to sleep to-night?" And next day I hear one of the Grover children put this question: "When are they going home?"

The Grover child that interests me most is Charley, seven years old. One morning I noticed that Charley was in disgrace. His mother had dressed him in girl's clothes to punish him. This kept him in the house for a while, but soon he didn't mind the girl's dress and played out in the yard, where he was forbidden to go. Then his mother took his clothes off and thought that would keep him in the house, but in a little while he was out playing with the other children, naked.

By this time I was much interested in Charley's crime and made bold to go to the fence and ask Mrs. Grover what Charley had done.

Charley had told a story. I recommended to Mrs. Grover that she wash Charley's mouth with soapsuds and let it go at that, but she thought it best to keep Charley in the house until his father came home, when a family council would be held and Charley's fate decided.

Mrs. Grover told me of Charley's disgrace. With some other boys he had gone to a pond in the neighborhood and fallen in. When he returned home his mother asked him how his clothes became wet. And then Charley said he was up at his Aunt Hannah's and in getting a drink out of the well bucket had accidentally spilled some on his clothes.

Charley had been warned not to go to the pond, and I feared it would go hard with him when his father came home. I have known Charley's father all his life, and though a good, steady man now he was tougher as a boy than Charley is. You know how parents take on about a child who has told a story. We all tell them. But how we are shocked if children are caught at it. We say a great big black man or a policeman will get them.

I asked Mrs. Grover to put Charley in my charge for half an hour and, as she knows I like the children, she let me have him, first putting his sister Maggie's dress on him. Then I led him over to my porch and lectured him.

"Charley," I said, "I don't think it very wicked to tell a story, since I've told more of them probably than any other man in the world, unless it is your father, who is coming home presently to whip you. But there is a reason why you shouldn't tell stories and it is a very important one. Who told on you?"

"Grandma Grover," the boy replied.

"There you are," I said; "a woman told on you. And I venture to say that within an hour after you told this story you were caught."

Charley corrected my figures—he was caught in twenty minutes.

"That's the reason why you shouldn't tell stories—you are always caught and you are always caught promptly. The average with me has possibly been above twenty minutes, but I have always been caught. And it is usually the women who tell on me. Women are more truthful than men and boys and they seem to take special delight in catching them in stories. I know you didn't like to worry your mother by acknowledging you had gone to the pond. Women don't know knee-deep from over your head.

"You couldn't have been drowned in that pond if the other boys had thrown you in and sat on you. You knew that, but your mother didn't, so you should have told her the truth. You should always behave as well as possible, since that is really the easiest way, but above everything else don't tell stories. The reason I have already explained—you are always caught. Millions of boys are telling millions of whoppers every day, but every wretch is caught; if not by his grandmother then by his sisters; if not by his sisters, then by some woman in the neighborhood. Young as you are, you must have noticed the pleasure your mother, grandmother, sisters and the neighbor women take in catching you. But you will never know how a woman can actually enjoy herself until you marry and your wife begins catching you. Promise me you will never tell another and I'll do what I can to get you off. I see your father coming home to dinner."

The boy promised, and we went over to his father, whose name is George Washington Grover, but people called him Wash.

"Wash," I said, "our friend Charley is in trouble. The women have caught him in a story and they are waiting for you to whip him. Of course I know you never told one, and I confess I am myself greatly shocked at Charley's conduct. But he has promised me he will never tell another, and if you will let him off this time I'll go on his bond."

"Well," Wash said, "I'll go in and talk to mamma about it."

And he led the boy away. I knew mamma was all right, and in a few minutes Charley appeared in his own clothes.

The advice I gave Charley I give you. Don't tell stories, because the women will always catch you.

Thomas Lane Montgomery

BILL HART is a rich man, largely for the reason that many years ago he got the notion in his head that he wanted more land.

That was his passion—land. He thought of it during the day, dreamed of it at night, and went in debt, paying out as fast as he could; and now he is rich. Bill's neighbor, Thomas Lane Montgomery, also had an ambition many years ago. It was to print a book of poetry. He finally succeeded, but his book was not profitable. A man who bought land in the early days could not avoid becoming rich, but there is no possibility of a man making money by publishing a book of poetry.

Old George Bennett

OLD George Bennett, who had been a local character for years, was found dead this morning in a wretched old house where he has lived alone for a long time.

He had long been separated from his wife and she had made him a good deal of trouble, owing to some flaw in their settlement. She lived in Ohio with their only daughter, and every little while appeared here and started a new suit of some kind against him. And in addition she made the most terrible charges against him, which the neighbors repeated, though they themselves knew nothing against the man. He has never been a burden to anyone. Somehow he has managed to get along. I frequently met him hobbling to and from the shop where he worked at his trade. I inquired among his associates and they all spoke well of him. They gave him work when he was able to do it and said he was a good workman. For two or three years he had been aging rapidly and occasionally been ill. His wife died a year ago, and old George had had peace since then, but with it he had illness, old age and poverty.

But he did not want for anything during his last illness. Six months ago his daughter, who lives in Ohio, came to see him. When she walked into his wretched home I heard he said: "Well, Mary, here's where your father lives."

Just that—no complaint of neglect. And his daughter burst out crying. She had been hearing from her mother that he was rich and would do nothing for them because of meanness.

His daughter was not well off herself, but she did a great deal to make her father more

LEAD

OXIDE

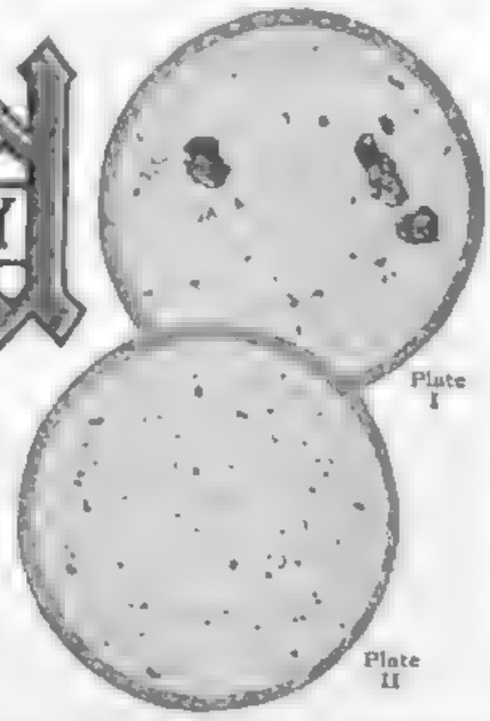
—and why we make our own

One of the processes in oxide making in the Gould Plant. Among all battery makers, only the Gould Storage Battery Company produces its own oxide

Lead oxide is the basic factor in plate quality. That is why we make our own oxide in our own plant. By being in sole and direct control of the manufacturing processes, a *uniformly* high quality is more certainly obtained than would be the case were the supply secured from outside sources. These processes are necessarily slow, painstaking and costly, but on the other hand, the assurance of uniformity is worth all it costs to the manufacturer who guards jealously the quality of his product. The Gould Oxide Plant makes doubly sure the rugged quality and enduring life of *the Battery with the Dreadnaught Plates.*

Gould STORAGE BATTERY

WITH THE TRADE MARK Dreadnaught PLATES



The Oxide Test

A uniformity test of lead oxide is reproduced here by greatly enlarged photo micrographs, not retouched. The dark spots or fragments are oxide particles. Plate I shows oxide of the best quality procured in the open market. Note the lack of uniformity of the particles compared with Plate II, which shows Gould Made Oxide. Dreadnaught Plates made with Gould Oxide give uniform resistance to disintegration. No weak spots, but even quality of the whole plate surface.

Over 2,000 Sales and Service Stations can supply a Gould Battery of the exactly right type and size for your car.

Gould Storage Battery Company
30 East 42nd Street, New York City
Plant: Depew, N. Y. Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Quaker Flour

Made by The Quaker Oats Company

The Story

That Housewives Are Telling

All over America, women are telling women about Quaker Flour.

Their story won a million users before the Flour was advertised.

Today four mills supply the demand, with a daily capacity of 10,000 barrels.

Quaker cereals, by superlative quality, have won millions of friends the world over.

We decided to make for these quality lovers a Quaker grade of Flour.

So we built a model mill and placed it in charge of scientific millers. A laboratory was built to constantly analyze the Flour, and a bakery to constantly test it.

In this super-grade Flour we decided to use only one-half of the wheat kernel—just the choicest bits.

The result is a unique Flour, remarkably white and fine. It's the finest Flour that science can produce.

Housewives by the legions adopted it at once. And they spread the facts, until that one mill grew to four mills and the users to a million.

Ask your grocer for a sack. If he lacks it, have him get it. See how good a flour can be. You will always use it and get your friends to use it, when you know this Quaker Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Mills in Akron, O.; Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Peterborough, Ont.; and Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

In our Canadian mills, to conform to Government requirements, we use over one-half the wheat kernel.

3266

Quaker Biscuit Flour

We make another flour—this package flour—for dainties. It is made from special wheat in a special way for fine foods. The flour is self-raising and comes packed in sealed round packages with tops. Thus it keeps ever-fresh.

Use this special flour for biscuits, pancakes, cookies, cakes, doughnuts, etc.

Quaker Farina

This is inner wheat—just the choicest half of the wheat kernel—in granulated form. It is fancy farina—the finest grade possible—without a fancy price.

Inner wheat in this granulated form is delightful. Serve as a breakfast dainty or in fritters. Use in waffles, griddle cakes, etc.

comfortable. And after she went away a number of us sent him all sorts of things and said they came from his daughter Mary. He had become almost blind lately and I pretended to read letters to him from his daughter inclosing money in my care and making suggestions for his comfort. The neighbor men did it, but old George will never know. And the kindness of his daughter Mary always pleased him. The women said they supposed the old wretch should be taken care of in spite of his meanness, but the men contributed without comment of any kind, except that they had known him many years and knew no harm in him.

I shall always think less of gossip because of my acquaintance with old George Bennett.

Glen Barker

SOMETHING must be done about the band. For four years it has been practicing twice a week at the schoolhouse, and at least that often Glen Barker has taken up a collection to pay for new horns, new uniforms, new drums, and so on.

Glen Barker doesn't play in the band. He is the manager and devotes a good deal of time to the position. He never meets a citizen that he doesn't talk band finances and intimate very broadly that the town has no pride and no enterprise. He says the band plays in other neighborhoods and advertises us. His favorite expression is that the band has put this town on the map.

"What?" the manager screams to all of us with pathos in his voice. "Let the band go to pieces?"

Nearly every citizen is a craven coward, he has been abused so much for not doing more for the band; though all of us have done as much as we could afford to keep the organization together.

Last week the band played for the grocers' picnic and those present say its playing reminded them of a charivari. Instead of advertising us it causes us to be made fun of. We have long feared that the band didn't play very well, but it seems it can't play at all. Glen Barker, the manager, said to one critic: "Why, our band has twenty-five men! Mighty few country bands have that many."

To which the critic replied: "The larger a band like yours the worse it is. It wouldn't be near so bad if you had only seven or eight members."

And how Glen Barker, the manager, has pleaded with us to make one more effort to keep the band up to its full membership of twenty-five!

So we must do something about the band; and I am of the opinion that the calamity long dreaded by Glen Barker, the manager, is imminent.

Harvey King

HARVEY KING is hopelessly ruined at the age of thirty-six, though he comes of an excellent family and had every opportunity to become a useful and successful man. He attended school twelve years, but belonged to mandolin clubs and the school fraternities and wasted so much time that he would have been better off had he been learning a trade.

Soon after he became of age he married a good girl and was placed in charge of a profitable business through the influence of relatives, but he soon ruined it by neglect. He was given another chance, but this time he not only ruined the business by neglect but overdrew his account and was only saved from disgrace by his relations' raising a considerable amount of money.

This has been his history ever since. He has been given opportunity after opportunity and neglected them all.

Had this young man been brought up strictly as a boy he would have become a useful man, as his father was. But he was reared in the shiftless manner too common in this town and his ruin is the result.

He had a very much better chance than the average and has made a failure because he was not properly controlled as a child. He did nothing until he was almost of age, and depended on his father. Finally his father died, and the modest fortune he left was soon dissipated under the management of an indulgent mother.

Harvey is bitter, but he has not been the victim of the slightest injustice. He has not lacked the widest liberty and opportunity. Indeed he was born with a golden spoon in his mouth in a golden age. He was kindly treated—too kindly treated. He had the advantage of good schools and a good home. He is a wreck to-day because he was not properly brought up as a child.

Vic Walker

IT WAS lately decided that Vic Walker would be better off in the insane asylum. I happened to be in the court room when he was brought in and first realized that people thought him crazy. I never saw quite so much astonishment as he displayed when told that the charge against him was insanity.

"What?" he indignantly said. "Me crazy? Why, I know more than the rest of you!"

I suppose we all have that notion—more or less.

George Coleman

A COMMITTEE of farmers from the Deer Creek neighborhood lately investigated the city scales. The farmers have been noticing for some time that the city scales gave a little better result when they had a load of hogs to sell than the scales used by the buyer, so they had an investigation in which they invited George Coleman, the mayor, to assist.

But it turned out all right. The members of the committee were fair and reported unanimously that the difference was probably due to optimism.

George Coleman says the man who operates the city scales has no interest in a load of hogs except that he hopes the owner will get as much as possible for it. So he is liberal in giving his figures; he gives the farmer a shade the better of it, so far as he can.

Same way when the farmer returns with his empty wagon. The city scales man makes the wagon weigh as little as possible, since it costs him nothing to be a good fellow.

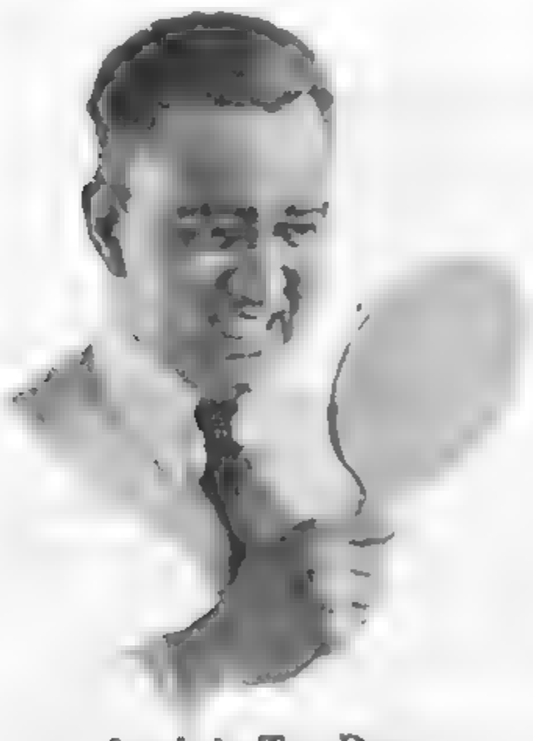
But it is different, George Coleman says, with the man who buys the hogs. He wants the load to weigh as little as possible and the empty wagon to weigh as much as possible, and by the time optimism has worked four times on one load of hogs there is a difference in weight that is remarked by the seller when he compares the two tickets.

New Facts About Teeth

And a New Way to Protect Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

The Film Shows
in stain and tartar if you leave it long.



Look in Ten Days
See what Pepsodent has done.

A Test Will Tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. This test will be a revelation.

It is Film That Ruins Teeth

Dental science has discovered that the cause of most tooth troubles is a film. That is the teeth's great enemy.

Film is that viscous coat, ever-present, ever-forming. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth, enters crevices and stays. Month after month it may do a ceaseless damage.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth, protected from the alkaline saliva. And the acid causes decay.

Millions of germs breed in the film. And science nowadays is tracing many troubles to them.

Now We Combat It

Dentists long have known these facts. They have urged periodic dental cleaning to remove fixed film. And dental science has for years sought a way to constantly combat it in the home.

That way has now been found. It has been proved under able authorities by many careful tests. And now leading dentists all over America advocate its daily application.

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. To quickly prove its efficiency a ten-day test is now sent free to everyone who asks. The purpose here is to urge that test, so the clear results may indicate what Pepsodent means to you.

Try This New Way—It is Free

A simple request will bring you a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Get it and watch the results. A book will tell you the scientific reasons for them.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be applied to the film whenever you brush your teeth.

Pepsodent has been subjected to many clinical and laboratory tests. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements. Today its efficiency is beyond any question. Anyone can prove it. And the results you see are real results, brought about in scientific ways.

Watch the Film Go

This film question is vitally important, both to you and yours. Most tooth troubles are due to this coating. Now that a way exists to combat it, you should know the facts.

The way to know them is to make this easy, pleasant test. Then read the reason for what you see and feel. Millions of teeth are now cleaned in this new way. Judge if yours should be. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, based on pepsin. Proved by years of convincing tests and now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere

288

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 726, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

Mileage + Confidence

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McGraw TIRES

COMME SI, COMME ÇA

(Continued from Page 11)

"Great Scott!" said Lionel. "Let's get out of this—what the devil ——"

And he slipped into reverse and took a look behind. There were five cars at our rear and behind them the motor cop was carefully closing and locking the gate. He had come inside and—his duty done—was standing cap in hand in an attitude of reverence. Ahead throngs of darkly dressed persons, including Madame Cartiea, who still wore her weeds, and Eloise Dubois, that saucy brunette from my home town, were getting from their cars. But I was not at the moment thinking of my former desire as expressed above.

Out of a motor-hearse a coffin was being lifted and people were sobbing and sniffing all over the place. *Sacré bleu*, but it was beastly awkward! We got out, as there really seemed nothing else to do, and stood a little apart.

Then the services began, the little crowd of genuine friends crowding about the grave. Madame Cartiea and her companion were among these and did not perceive us. They were evidently a real part of the cortège and we had plainly made a hideous blunder. We exchanged a horrified whisper as we consulted our watches. Time was flying apace and the deceased lady appeared to have possessed endless virtues upon which her pastor and several friends enjoyed dwelling at length and with repetitive confirmation.

"Great Scott!" whispered Lionel. "Will they never finish?"

It really appeared interminable and there were those five cars between us and the cemetery gate.

"By Jove!" said Lionel, suddenly excited. "There's a chap I know!"

"Who?" said I.

"My dad!" said Lionel. "Over there talking to the man in mourning—see!"

And sure enough, there was the Old Boy, deep in the bosom of this strange family!

Eh bien, at length this—to us—inexpressibly dull ceremony came to an end, and the crowd began returning to their motors. I anticipated, of course, that the gates would at once be opened and that our departure would be swift, but beginning with the hearse each was in turn detained by the motorcycle officer and permitted to pass only after considerable argument. Madame Cartiea was still ahead of us and we could see her gesture of protest to the policeman. The Old Boy had vanished into the family car. I began to experience a strange sense of excitement and anticipation of something extremely trying being imminent, and Lionel, *mon beau*, felt it too.

"What the devil do you suppose the row is?" he wondered aloud. "Everyone is furious!"

We were soon put out of suspense as our own car slid through the gateway.

"Folley the car before ye," said the cop.

"But we are not going back to the reception—er—wake, my dear chap!" I protested.

"Reception, me eye, yer pinched!" replied the minion of the law.

Incroyable, n'est pas? Yet true. We were actually under arrest, as was evident the instant we attempted resistance.

"But we are not even part of this affair!" protested Lionel.

"Yer pinched—folley the car ahead!" repeated the officer savagely, and passed on to the car behind us.

"My goodness! Do you suppose it was a murder and they have only just found out?" said I.

"It's something very strange," commented Lionel. "Nothing to do but as we are told. I can't understand any of this—except that the widow has plainly misled us once more."

Eh bien, we kept our place in the procession until the head of it drew up before the courthouse of the little town to which the cemetery belonged, where we were told by several amateur policemen, whose only uniforms were badges, to get out and go inside. It was a most amazing sight to see the mourners herded in, and my alarm increased steadily. What horrible thing was about to be revealed?

The prisoners, some twenty persons all told, including the Old Boy and our lady rivals, were herded before a magistrate with a long beard, and the officer who had held the gate after standing cap in hand until the body was buried stepped forward.

"Charge?" asked the clerk.

"Speedin', your honor," said the cop. "A funeral tearin' through the main street and not a one of thim movin' less than thirty miles an hour!"

Figurez vous our relief at this news. Of course the fellow exaggerated—I had myself noticed the speedometer, and we were making only a little better than twenty-five when we turned in at the cemetery gate. But these crude public officers are always inclined to make a good story. And the relief of paying the small fine which was imposed upon each of us was enormous. I for one was only too glad to pay it and escape. But not so the other members of the cortège. They made a most fearful row before they were through, and Lionel insisted upon remaining to see some of it and to speak with his father. The latter came over presently, in company with the bereaved brother, and we were both presented. Mr. Tungston, for that was the old gentleman's name, shook hands tearfully, and leaned in a broken way on old man McGuire's arm.

"So you are Tom's boy!" said the poor old fellow to Lionel. "I take it as most kind that Tom's boy should trouble to come to poor Arabella's funeral—young fellows don't often think of such things nowadays."

"Ach! Tom's a good boy at the heart of him!" said his father. And Lionel solemnly shook hands and mutely took every bit of credit, the cunning rascal!

"This shocking disturbance is too bad, too bad!" said Mr. Tungston. "I hope I shall see Tom's boy again under pleasanter conditions—I do appreciate a young man coming all this way, I do!"

And with this the Old Boy led him away, and I urged Lionel to take instant advantage of our freedom, as it was getting nearer and nearer to the hour of the auction and we were still miles away. He, however, kept dawdling first to light a cigarette, then to find his gloves, and I became exasperated until I perceived Madame Cartiea approaching.

"How do you do, Mr. Kentt?" she said. "Isn't this terrible? Hello, Mr. McGuire! I didn't realize you people knew the Tungstons."

I made a frantic high sign to keep still, but Lionel didn't see it, being all eyes for the widow.

"We don't know them!" he blurted out before I could stop him. "We are on our way to the Durand sale and this was purely an accident!"

"The Durand sale?" inquired Cartiea. "Not old Chester Durand? Why, I didn't realize he was dead! That ought to be an interesting old house. I believe we'll go along!"

There now! Wasn't that just too annoying? She hadn't even heard of the sale at which we hoped to procure something for her own client, and here that wretched boy had to go and simply hand the thing over to her. *Sacré bleu!* I perceived in a flash that I and I alone had any brains in my establishment and that somehow or other I must rescue us from the situation into which dear Lionel had so thoughtlessly precipitated us.

Grand Dieu, comme je deteste cette femme là! She didn't seem to know I was on earth! In point of fact, Lionel, without even so much as consulting me, invited her to drive with him, and in less time than it takes to tell I found myself relegated to the tonneau of the Roynton and the company of Eloise Dubois. Above the yellow fur about her throat her black eyes snapped and sparkled at me in that dreadful humorous manner of hers that makes me thoroughly uncomfortable. Eloise and I having been at school together, she somehow contrives to make me feel indecently transparent.

"Well," said she as we started off, "*parle vous le Française aujourdui,*"

"Who are these Tungstons?" I inquired, ignoring her gibe. "Not *the* Tungstons?"

"*O là, là! Comme il et droll, cette homme là!*" replied Eloise. "Of course they are the collector Tungstons. That's why we came, for though we have had no personal touch with him, she was a client of ours in a small way. The old fellow is self-made and did a rather poor job, don't you think?"

"Ah!" said I, and lapsed into silence. But I was amazed. Here I had met Silas Tungston, who stood second only to Morganthawl in importance as a buyer of

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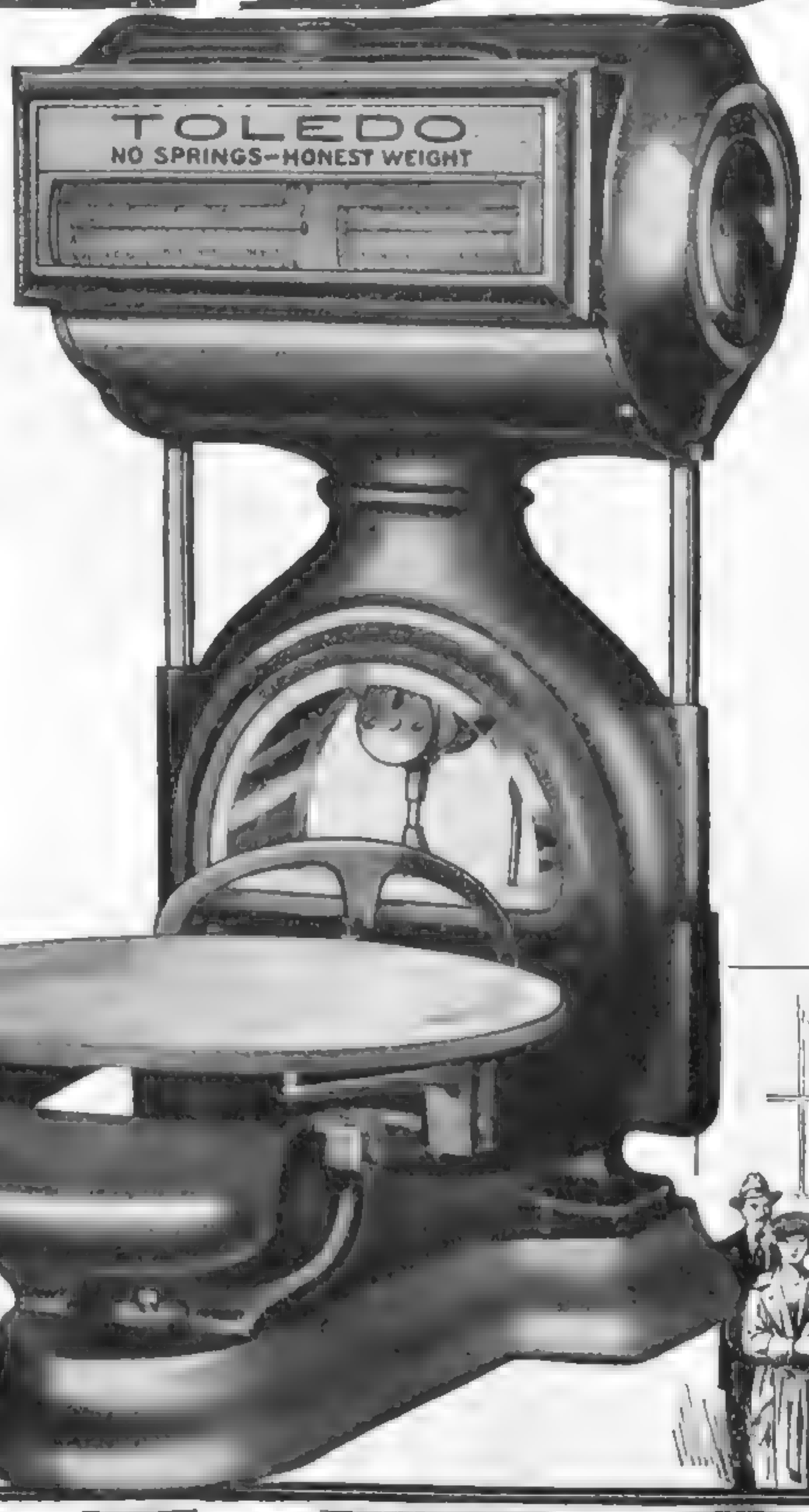

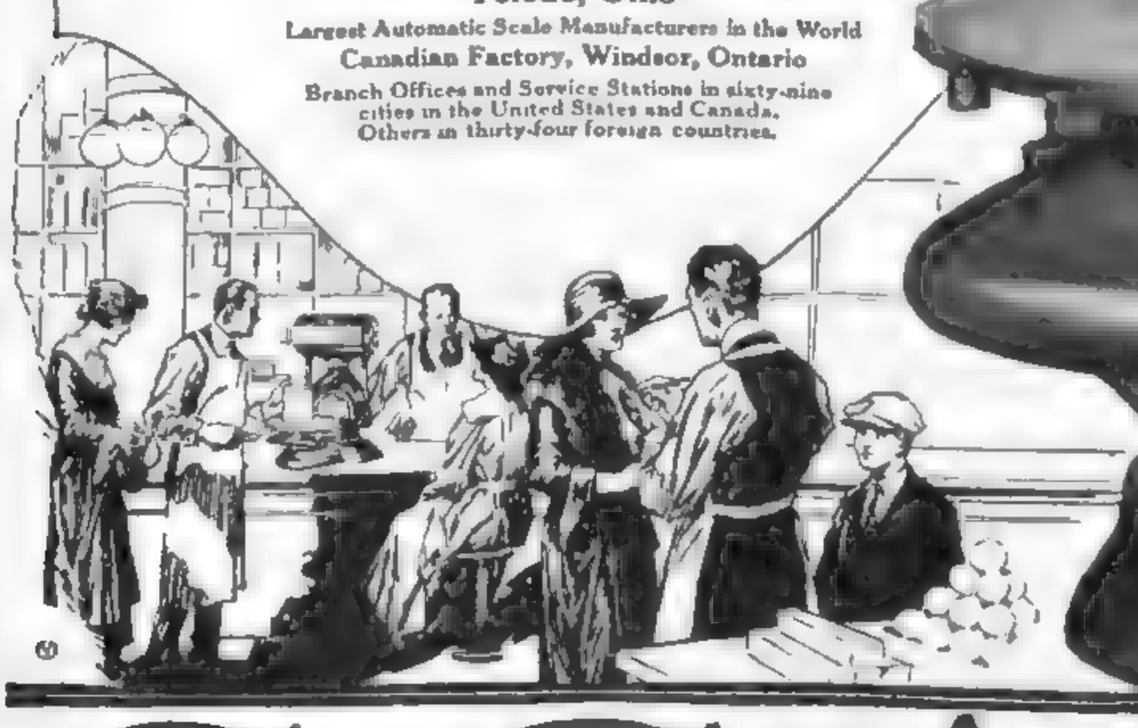

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F.O.B. FACTORY

(Continued from Page 178)

came over the crowd. The secret was out, if Eddie knew it, and we became wolves—positively!

"Eleven dollars!" said Madame Cartiea.

"Fifteen!" I bid.

'Twenty!" shrieked Eddie.

"Twenty-five!" called Cartiea.

"Thirty!" said Tweedhole.

And with that the fur began to fly. When five hundred dollars had been bid Eddie fainted and had to be carried out, his face the color of his lemon-foulard tie. And when order was restored and the bewildered auctioneer had resumed the sale, prices soared anew. When nearly one thousand dollars was reached I laid down. What was the use? Suppose that after all it was not the Sully? And then a bright idea flashed across my brain: Let her bid it in and then tell what I knew. In the event of its being the Sully the law would require that the sale be held over again, and if one must bid so high, why not bid openly? The auctioneer called:

"Nine hundred and ninety dollars—I am bid nine hundred and ninety."

This was my last bid and nobody stirred. Evidently the purchasers had come to a deadlock. Perhaps the idea which occurred to me had occurred to them also. It was an awful moment.

"One, two, three!" said the auctioneer. "Sold to the little feller in the green suit!"

And before I knew it the basket was in my lap and Tweedhole was shouting "one thousand dollars."

"Too late!" said the auctioneer firmly. "Lot Fifty-three, what am I offered?"

I waited to hear no more. Trembling so that I could scarcely walk, I left the room with my treasure and sequestering myself in a nook in the library fished out the precious envelope and without difficulty—for the glue was dry—opened it with shaking hands. It contained old revenue stamps. In the center was a miniature case. I opened it and found—more old revenue stamps!

I had paid nine hundred and ninety dollars for a lot of old canceled revenue stamps! A sickly feeling came upon me and a hot sense of shame.

Automatically I slipped the wretched things back into their container and licked the glue of the flap. Then as I heard footsteps approaching I hastily slipped the evidence of my chagrin into the depths of the basket and sat there desperately striving to present a calm exterior to the intruder. It was Madame Cartiea.

"Mr. Kentt," she said tremulously, "I am going to ask you a great great favor. There is something in that basket that I must have. You know as well as I do what it is—a miniature. I will not attempt to disguise from you the fact that the loss of it might mean a great deal to one of my best clients. My negligence in not being prepared for this sale is heavy on my conscience. I have just written you this check for two thousand dollars. Will you take it for the—the basket? It's a great favor and you will not lose by obliging me. Will you?"

For a moment—*une petit moment*—I stared blankly at the blue slip of paper which she held toward me. Then I rose and hesitated, for I confess to a weak pang of compunction. Still, look how she had treated me in the past! I steeled myself and accepted.

"You know, Madame Cartiea," said I, "that the envelope is sealed?" For I wanted to be as truthful as possible.

"I do!" she said briefly.

Then she fled with the basket, leaving me the check and an impending fit of hysterics, which I muffled in the musty hangings of the library window.

Eh! Bien! When I recovered myself I realized that immediate action was necessary or we might have an unpleasant scene when the widow opened the envelope, even though she had taken it blindly and so, of course, could hardly hold me responsible. I returned at once to the sale and touched Lionel on the arm.

"Come at once!" I whispered. "Hurry—*depechez vous!*"

"All right!" said he, extricating himself from his place after a nod to Eloise. The widow was nowhere to be seen.

In another moment we had left the house and were climbing into our roadster.

"Where is the basket?" demanded Lionel. "What was in it?"

"I'll tell you later!" I exclaimed. "I entreat you not to ask me now. We have made the deal of our lives. But I simply cannot explain until we get to town. Please don't tease me to tell!"

"All right!" agreed Lionel sulkily. "But I think it's mean of you after all that excitement. But tell me one thing—was it the Sully?"

"No!" said I.

"Whew!" said he expressively.

By this time we had left Durand's well behind and were speeding toward town. I heaved a sigh of relief. If I had been forced to tell the dear lad goodness knows but that he might have insisted upon my turning back and restoring the check or some such nonsense.

As we approached the little town where Miss Tungston's funeral had been held Lionel turned in toward that mansion at which on the outward trip Madame Cartiea had asked for directions.

"Do you mind if I stop at the Tungstons' for my dad?" he asked. "I told him we would on the way back and he has waited on. The old bird is a school chum of his and was glad to have him."

"Stop by all means," I replied. "I am only too glad to oblige your dear father and his distinguished friends. But I will wait out in the car if you don't mind. I am sure it would seem indelicate for me to intrude."

"All right, old thing," Lionel agreed, stopping under the magnificent porte-cochère. "I won't be long."

But in this he misled me. He was so long that after a time I became positively alarmed, and had it been any other establishment than the Tungstons' I would have honked for him. As it was, I had begun seriously debating whether or not I should ring and instruct a lackey—I am sure there were lackeys—to inquire for him, when the door at length opened and he reappeared in company with his rotund parent and little old Mr. Tungston—and will you believe it? Emerging from that house of mourning they were laughing! Positively! Lionel carried a small object in one hand and shook his host's cordially with the other. Old man McGuire was beaming on his son and Mr. Tungston patted him on the back.

"My dear boy!" he said earnestly. "I am only too happy to be able to help you. So few young persons trouble with their father's friends nowadays."

Nobody paid the slightest attention to me except to relegate me to the little third seat which sticks out most precariously over the running board. The old boy took my usual place and Lionel sprang to the wheel like a—like a—well, like a lion, and we were off.

"What is it?" I demanded after we got started. "What have you got?"

"I can't possibly tell you until we get to town!" replied Lionel, a peculiar glint in his eye. "So please don't tease me to!"

Cela va sans diere, I shut up after that, and when the seemingly interminable ride was over and we had left Mr. McGuire, Senior, at his hotel, put up the car and so forth and at length reached our gallery it was after five o'clock.

Lionel preceded me to the private office, and shutting out the inquisitive Walker, the second assistant curator, turned on the special lighting, drew up a chair, made me sit in it as though I were a distinguished client and told me to close my eyes.

"What bosh!" said I. But I obeyed him none the less.

"Take a good breath and open them!" said Lionel.

I did so, and there, as charmingly arranged as if I had been Morganthawl himself, lay a miniature case upon a fold of gold brocade. And in the case lay the miniature of a young woman in the period of about 1820. It was exquisite—undoubtedly a masterpiece.

"What——" I began faintly. "What is it?"

"Turn it over, old scout!" said Lionel, gleeful as a boy.

I did so, and there were the words I half hoped to see but scarcely dared to credit:

"Arabella Durand by Thomas Sully, 1822."

The next thing I recall was Lionel holding smelling salts to my nostrils and hearing somebody—possibly myself—murmuring "*Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu*" over and over again. It was a full half hour before I had sufficiently recovered to question him. And then I unearthed these astonishing facts. *Le Voilà!*

It appears that Lionel, having been questioned by his father and Mr. Tungston as to where he had been, recounted the whole story of the auction and our quest for the Sully miniature—also of our hopes and

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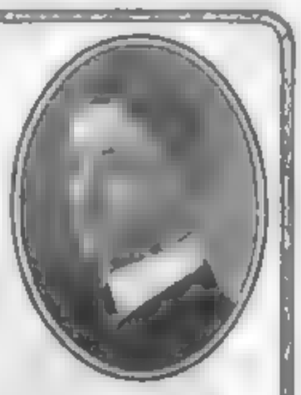

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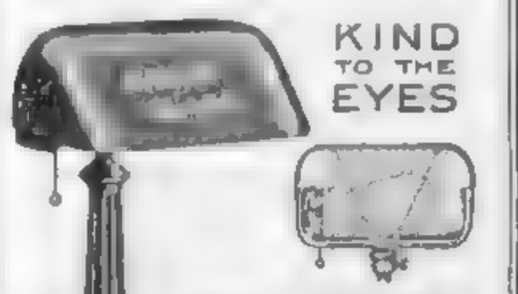

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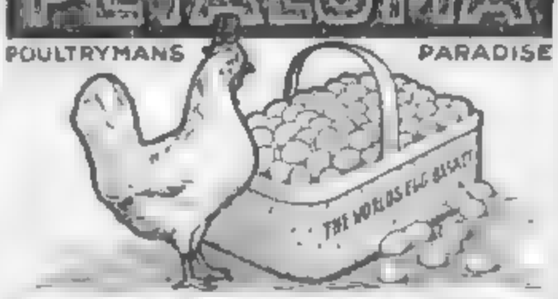

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fears about Morganthawl and what his patronage would mean to us—all, I presume, in that naive outspoken manner of his, which has so often done us more harm than good. But not so upon this occasion.

"And when I got through," said dear Lionel in telling it, "the old bird, who hadn't let out a peep during the whole time, got up and left the room. When he came back he brought the damn thing with him. 'Young man, I like you,' he said. 'And while I don't think very highly of antiques as a business I'd like to help my old friend's boy along. If selling this will help you, do so. My late sister bought it from old Mr. Durand about twenty years ago and I think she fancied it because of the similarity of the names. Take it—and good luck attend you!'

"That's what he said, he did, God love him!"

"I'll be—be damned!" said I.

"Probably!" said Lionel briefly. "And now out with your own secret, you naughty boy!"

Looking at the miniature lying there safely upon our desk and thinking of Cartiea's check in my pocket, I began to laugh. And then when I could control myself sufficiently I told him of the tremendous joke I had put over on her. I was extremely dramatic in my recital, making it as vivid as possible and not—I trust—without humor.

And I was so absorbed in my story and so immensely amused by it that I really didn't notice Lionel's face until I had quite completed the tale. And then—*nom du nom!* You should have seen it! It was positively livid! I shrank back in my chair and grasped the arms.

"You—you shrimp! You little stinging lizard!" said Tom in a cold, metallic voice that I didn't like in the least. "You young scoundrel! Can you never be decent?"

"I—er—of course it's only a joke!" I said feebly.

"A joke! And equally of course you were not going to cash that check?" he went on, towering above me in the most alarming way. "Well, you bet your sweet life you are not!"

"*Mais certainment!*" I stammered. "I was going to—to—er—return it tomorrow."

"You are going to return it to-night!" said Tom, jamming my hat upon my head with quite unnecessary violence—the great rough thing! Then he caught up the telephone and called Madame Cartiea.

"But you must!" he said. "You must see us! We've got it and are bringing it right over—yes, the Sully. I know you wired him from the auction. Make Mr. Morganthawl wait. We won't be ten minutes!"

"You are not——" I gasped in horror.

"Yes, we are," he snapped, hanging up and putting the miniature into his vest pocket as carelessly as if it had been a spectacle case. "Come on this instant!"

Well, there was no good resisting, and so I permitted myself to be dragged across the Avenue and shortly thereafter into the presence of Madame Cartiea.

To say that the presence was a cold one is to put it mildly. She was like a Greek goddess, only blond, and stood like a marble statue or something while Lionel talked.

"Madame Cartiea—we have come to explain," he began, but she broke in on him.

"There can be no explanation," she said quietly. "I made a fool of myself and I can take my punishment. I bought that basket with the perfectly clear—though unspoken—understanding that it contained the miniature. I even telegraphed for Mr. Morganthawl to meet me here. He is at this moment in the other room with that basket of worthless papers. I was obliged to show it to him and was just about to tell him the whole story when your telephone call came. If you have really anything to say about the Sully, please be quick, as he is waiting."

"I have only this to say," replied Lionel, looking her straight in the eye: "And that is that the sale of it is a commission one from Mr. Tungston. As Mr. Morganthawl is really your client you may consummate the deal, but we want the usual commission and the mention of our firm name as having procured the picture—that is businesslike, since you insist upon keeping it purely business—Blanche."

She was so astounded that she overlooked the last word.

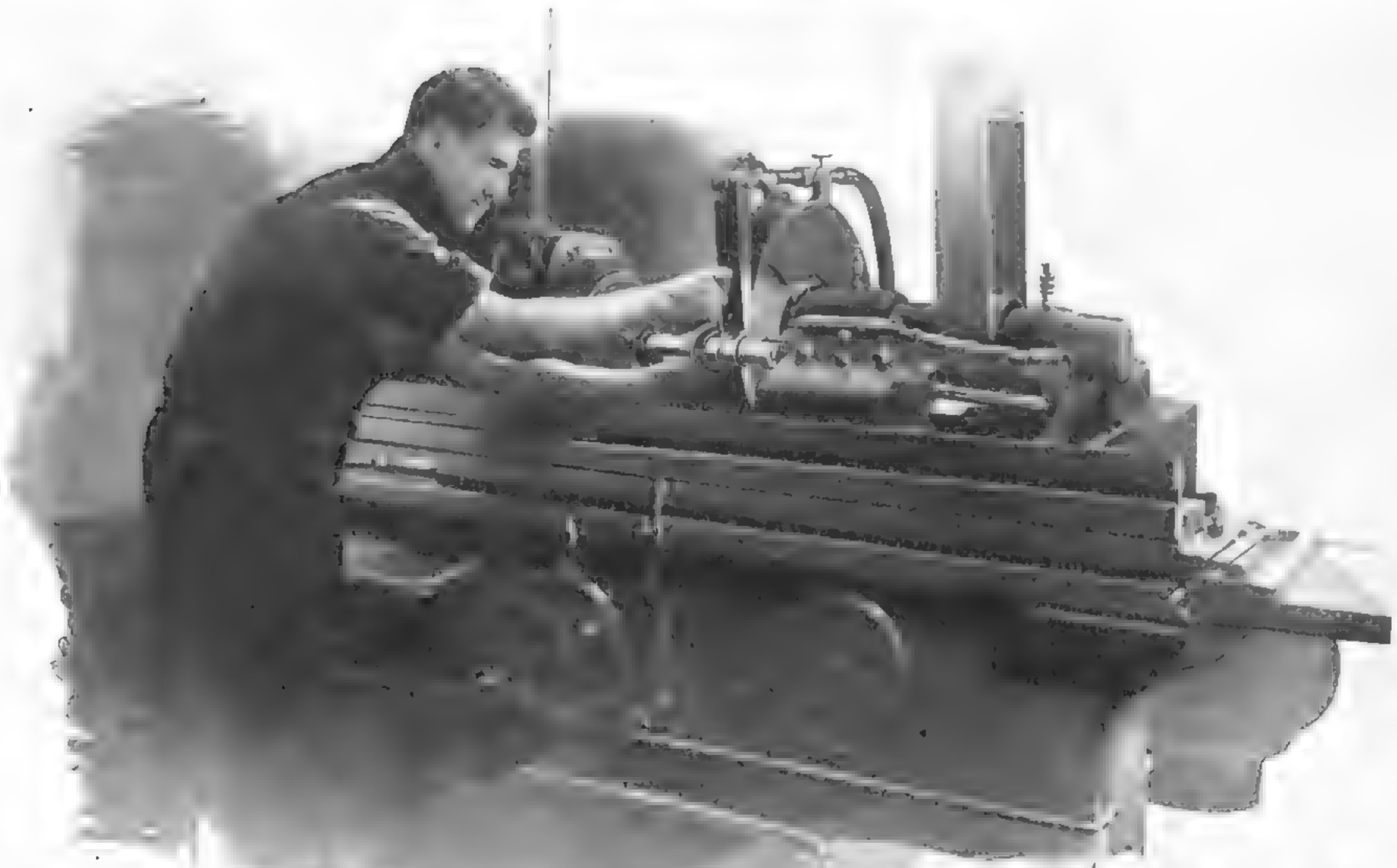
"Then you have actually brought the Sully over?" she cried, as nearly disconcerted as I ever hope to see her.

"Surely," replied Lionel, producing it. "And Kentt here has brought back your check."

She took the miniature with a glad little cry, and then before I could get out my pocketbook a most amazing thing happened: The door at the farther end of the room burst open and in came Morganthawl himself in a high state of excitement. His hair was rumpled and his collar and tie askew, tears of gladness were streaming down his face—and in his hand was the envelope full of old revenue stamps.

"You had them!" he cried to Madame Cartiea. "You had them and you never told me! You left me alone to discover them! Ah! My friend! My benefactress! The beautiful precious stamps that will make mine the only perfect collection in the world! How much? How much? Three thousand dollars—four thousand? Name your own price!"

"Keep that check!" said Lionel, suddenly seizing me by the arm. "Come on—let's get out of this! I'm going to quit the antique business and start a lunatic asylum. Eventually I'll get exactly the same clientele."



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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 21)

"If the punishment would do any good—yes!" agreed Tutt.

"Well, who knows?" meditated Mr. Tutt. "I wonder if it ever does any good? But anybody would have to agree that responsibility for one's acts should depend upon the degree of one's intelligence—and from that point of view many of our friends are really much less responsible than sheep."

"Which, as you so sagely point out, would, however, be a poor reason for letting their families punish them in case they did wrong. Just think how such a privilege might be abused! If Uncle John didn't behave himself as his nephews thought proper they could simply set upon him and briskly beat him up."

"Yes, of course, the law even to-day recognizes the right to exercise physical discipline within the family. Even homicide is excusable, under Section 1064 of our code, when committed in lawfully correcting a child or servant."

"That's a fine relic of barbarism!" remarked Tutt. "But the child soon passes through that dangerous zone and becomes entitled to be tried for his offenses by a jury of his peers; the animal never does."

"Well, an animal couldn't be tried by a jury of his peers, anyhow," said Mr. Tutt.

"I've seen juries that were more like nanny goats than men!" commentated Tutt. "I'd like to see some of our clients tried by juries of geese or woodchucks."

"The field of criminal responsibility is the No Man's Land of the law," mused Mr. Tutt. "Roughly, mental capacity to understand the nature of one's acts is the test, but it is applied arbitrarily in the case of human beings and a mere point of time is taken beyond which, irrespective of his actual intelligence, a man is held accountable for whatever he does. Of course that is theoretically unsound. The more intelligent a person is the more responsible he should be held to be and the higher the quality of conduct demanded of him by his fellows. Yet after twenty-one all are held equally responsible—unless they're actually insane. It isn't equity! In theory no man or animal should be subject to the power of discretionary punishment on the part of another—even his own father or master. I've often wondered what earthly right we have to make the animals work for us—to bind them to slavery when we denounce slavery as a crime. It would horrify us to see a human being put up and sold at auction. Yet we tear the families of animals apart, subject them to lives of toil, and kill them whenever we see fit. We say we do this because their intelligence is limited and they cannot exercise any discrimination in their conduct, that they are always in the zone of irresponsibility and so have no rights. But I've seen animals that were shrewder than men, and men who were vastly less intelligent than animals."

"Right-o!" assented Tutt. "Take Scraggs, for instant. He's no more responsible than a chipmunk."

"Nevertheless, the law has always been consistent," said Mr. Tutt, "and has never discriminated between animals any more than it has between men on the ground of varying degrees of intelligence. They used to try 'em all, big and little, wild and domesticated, mammals and invertebrates."

"Oh, come!" exclaimed Tutt. "I may not know much law, but ——"

"Between 1120 and 1740 they prosecuted in France alone no less than ninety-two animals. The last one was a cow."

"A cow hasn't much intelligence," observed Tutt.

"And they tried fleas," added Mr. Tutt.

"They have a lot!" commented his junior partner. "I knew a flea once, who ——"

"They had a regular form of procedure," continued Mr. Tutt, brushing the flea aside, "which was adhered to with the utmost technical accuracy. You could try an individual animal, either in person or by proxy, or you could try a whole family, swarm or herd. If a town was infested by rats, for example, they first assigned counsel—an advocate, he was called—and then the defendants were summoned three times publicly to appear. If they didn't show up on the third and last call they were tried *in absentia*, and if convicted were ordered out of the country before a certain date under penalty of being exorcised."

"What happened if they were exorcised," asked Tutt curiously.

"It depended a good deal on the local power of Satan," answered the old lawyer dryly. "Sometimes they became even more prolific and destructive than they were before, and sometimes they promptly died. All the leeches were prosecuted at Lausanne in 1451. A few selected representatives were brought into court, tried, convicted and ordered to depart within a fixed period. Maybe they didn't fully grasp their obligations or perhaps were just acting contemptuously, but they didn't depart and so were promptly exorcised. Immediately they began to die off and before long there were none left in the country."

"I know some rats and mice I'd like to have exorcised," mused Tutt.

"At Autun in the fifteenth century the rats won their case," said Mr. Tutt.

"Who got 'em off?" asked Tutt.

"M. Chassensée, the advocate appointed to defend them. They had been a great nuisance and were ordered to appear in court. But none of them turned up. Mr. Chassensée therefore argued that a default should not be taken because *all* the rats had been summoned, and some were either so young or so old and decrepit that they needed more time. The court thereupon granted him an extension. However, they didn't arrive on the day set, and this time their lawyer claimed that they were under duress and restrained by bodily fear—of the townspeople's cats. That all these cats, therefore, should first be bound over to keep the peace! The court admitted the reasonableness of this, but the townsfolk refused to be responsible for their cats and the judge dismissed the case!"

"What did Chassensée get out of it?" inquired Tutt.

"There is no record of who paid him or what was his fee."

"He was a pretty slick lawyer," observed Tutt. "Did they ever try birds?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Mr. Tutt. "They tried a cock at Basel in 1474—for the crime of laying an egg."

"Why was that a crime?" asked Tutt. "I should call it a *tour de force*."

"Be that as it may," said his partner, "from a cock's egg is hatched the cockatrice, or basilisk, the glance of whose eye turns the beholder to stone. Therefore they tried the cock, found him guilty and burned him and his egg together at the stake. That is why cocks don't lay eggs now."

"I'm glad to know that," said Tutt. "When did they give up trying animals?"

"Nearly two hundred years ago," answered Mr. Tutt. "But for some time after that they continued to try inanimate objects for causing injury to people. I've heard they tried one of the first locomotives that ran over a man and declared it forfeit to the crown as a deodand."

"I wonder if you couldn't get 'em to try Andrew," hazarded Tutt, "and maybe declare him forfeited to somebody as a deodand."

"Deodand means 'given to God,'" explained Mr. Tutt.

"Well, I'd give Andrew to God—if God would take him," declared Tutt devoutly.

"But who is Andrew?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Andrew is a dog," said Tutt, "who bit one Tunnygate, and now the Grand Jury have indicted not the dog, as it is clear from your historical disquisition they should have done, but the dog's owner, Mr. Enoch Appleboy."

"What for?"

"Assault in the second degree with a dangerous weapon."

"What was the weapon?" inquired Mr. Tutt simply.

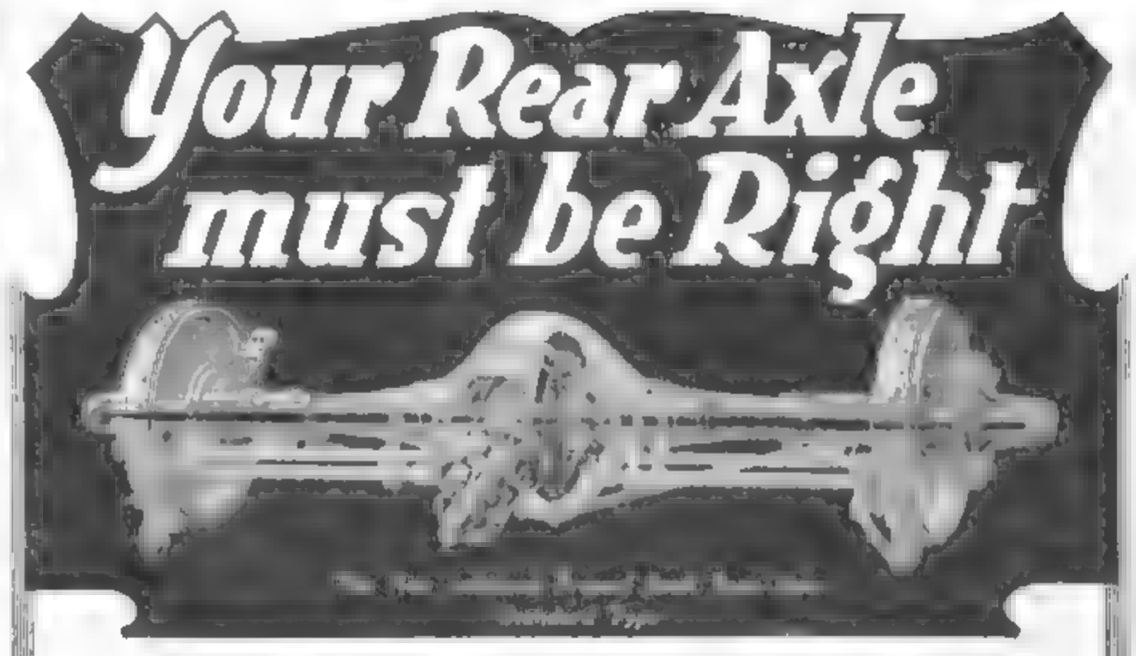
"The dog."

"What are you talking about?" cried Mr. Tutt. "What nonsense!"

"Yes, it is nonsense!" agreed Tutt. "But they've done it all the same. Read it for yourself!" And he handed Mr. Tutt the indictment.

"The Grand Jury of the County of New York by this indictment accuse Enoch Appleboy of the crime of assault in the second degree, committed as follows:

"Said Enoch Appleboy, late of the Borough of Bronx, City and County aforesaid, on the 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, at the Borough and County aforesaid, with force and arms in and upon one Herman Tunnygate, in the peace of the



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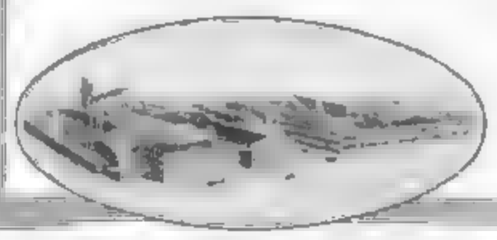

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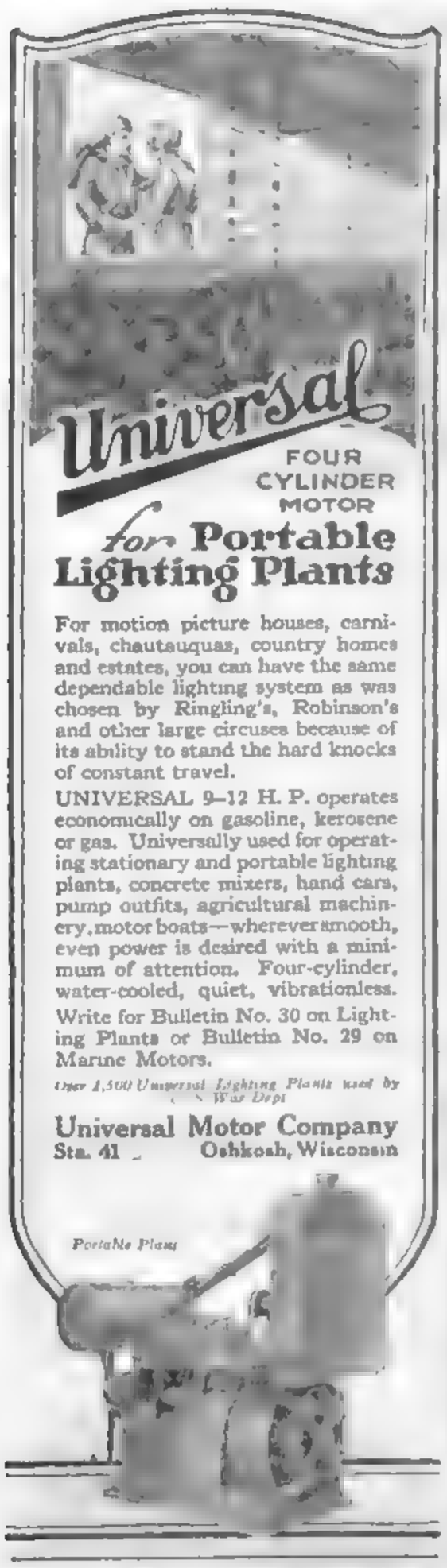

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State and People then and there being, feloniously did willfully and wrongfully make an assault in and upon the legs and body of him the said Herman Tunnygate, by means of a certain dangerous weapon, to wit: one dog, of the form, style and breed known as 'bull,' being of the name of 'Andrew,' then and there being within control of the said Enoch Appleboy, which said dog, being of the name of 'Andrew' the said Enoch Appleboy did then and there feloniously, willfully and wrongfully incite, provoke, and encourage, then and there being, to bite him, the said Herman Tunnygate, by means whereof said dog 'Andrew' did then and there grievously bite the said Herman Tunnygate in and upon the legs and body of him, the said Herman Tunnygate, and the said Enoch Appleboy thus then and there feloniously did willfully and wrongfully cut, tear, lacerate and bruise, and did then and there by the means of the dog 'Andrew' aforesaid feloniously, willfully and wrongfully inflict grievous bodily harm upon the said Herman Tunnygate, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace of the People of the State of New York and their dignity."

"That," asserted Mr. Tutt, wiping his spectacles, "is a document worthy of preservation in the Congressional Library. Who drew it?"

"Don't know," answered Tutt; "but whoever he was he was a humorist!"

"It's no good. There isn't any allegation of *scienter* in it," affirmed Mr. Tutt.

"What of it? It says he assaulted Tunnygate with a dangerous weapon. You don't have to set forth that he knew it was a dangerous weapon if you assert that he did it willfully. You don't have to allege in an indictment charging an assault with a pistol that the defendant knew it was loaded."

"But a dog is different!" reasoned Mr. Tutt. "A dog is not *per se* a dangerous weapon. Saying so doesn't make it so, and that part of the indictment is bad on its face—unless, to be sure, it means that he hit him with a dead dog, which it is clear from the context that he didn't. The other part—that he set the dog on him—lacks the allegation that the dog was vicious and that Appleboy knew it; in other words an allegation of *scienter*. It ought to read that said Enoch Appleboy 'well knowing that said dog Andrew was a dangerous and ferocious animal and would, if incited, provoked and encouraged, bite the legs and body of him the said Herman—did then and there feloniously, willfully and wrongfully incite, provoke and encourage the said Andrew, and so forth.'"

"I get you!" exclaimed Tutt enthusiastically. "Of course an allegation of *scienter* is necessary! In other words you could demur to the indictment for insufficiency?"

Mr. Tutt nodded.

"But in that case they'd merely go before the Grand Jury and find another—a good one. It's much better to try and knock the case out on the trial once and for all."

"Well, the Appleboys are waiting to see you," said Tutt. "They are in my office. Bonnie Doon got the case for us off his local district leader, who's a member of the same lodge of the Abyssinian Mysteries—Bonnie's been Supreme Exalted Ruler of the Purple Mountain for over a year—and he's pulled in quite a lot of good stuff; not all dog cases either! Appleboy's an Abyssinian too."

"I'll see them," consented Mr. Tutt, "but I'm going to have you try the case. I shall insist upon acting solely in an advisory capacity. Dog trials aren't in my line. There are some things which are *infra dig*—even for Ephraim Tutt."

IV

MR. APPLEBOY sat stolidly at the bar of justice, pale but resolute. Beside him sat Mrs. Appleboy, also pale but even more resolute. A jury had been selected without much manifest attention by Tutt, who had nevertheless managed to slip in an Abyssinian brother on the back row, and an ex-dog fancier for Number Six. Also among those present were a delicatessen man from East Houston Street, a dealer in rubber novelties, a plumber and the editor of Baby's World. The foreman was almost as fat as Mr. Appleboy, but Tutt regarded this as an even break on account of the size of Tunnygate. As Tutt confidently whispered to Mrs. Appleboy, it was as rotten a jury as he could get.

Mrs. Appleboy didn't understand why Tutt should want a rotten jury, but she nevertheless imbibed some vicarious confidence from this statement and squeezed Appleboy's hand encouragingly. For Appleboy, in spite of his apparent calm, was a very much frightened man, and under the creases of his floppy waistcoat his heart was beating like a tom-tom. The penalty for assault in the second degree was ten years in state's prison, and life with Bashemath, even in the vicinity of the Tunnygates, seemed sweet. The thought of breaking stones under the summer sun—it was a peculiarly hot summer—was awful. Ten years! He could never live through it! And yet as his glance fell upon the Tunnygates, arrayed in their best finery and sitting with an air of importance upon the front bench of the court room, he told himself that he would do the whole thing all over again yes, he would! He had only stood up for his rights, and Tunnygate's blood was upon his own head—or wherever it was. So he squeezed Bashemath's hand tenderly in response.

Upon the bench Judge Witherspoon, assigned from somewhere upstate to help keep down the ever-lengthening criminal calendar of the Metropolitan District, finished the letter he was writing to his wife in Genesee County, sealed it and settled back in his chair. An old war horse of the country bar he had in his time been mixed up in almost every kind of litigation, but as he looked over the indictment he with difficulty repressed a smile. Thirty years ago he'd had a dog case himself; also of the form, style and breed known as bull.

"You may proceed, Mister District Attorney!" he announced, and little Pepperill, the youngest of the D. A.'s staff, just out of the law school, begoggled and with his hair plastered evenly down on either side of his small round head, rose with serious mien, and with a high piping voice opened the prosecution.

It was, he told them, a most unusual and hence most important case. The defendant Appleboy had maliciously procured a savage dog of the most vicious sort and loosed it upon the innocent complainant as he was on his way to work, with the result that the latter had nearly been torn to shreds. It was a horrible, dastardly, incredible, fiendish crime, he would expect them to do their full duty in the premises, and they should hear Mr. Tunnygate's story from his own lips.

Mr. Tunnygate limped with difficulty to the stand, and having been sworn gingerly sat down—partially. Then turning his broadside to the gaping jury he recounted his woes with indignant gasps.

"Have you the trousers which you wore upon that occasion?" inquired Pepperill.

Mr. Tunnygate bowed solemnly and lifted from the floor a paper parcel which he untied and from which he drew what remained of that now historic garment.

"These are they," he announced dramatically.

"I offer them in evidence," exclaimed Pepperill, "and I ask the jury to examine them with great care."

They did so.

Tutt waited until the trousers had been passed from hand to hand and returned to their owner; then, rotund, chipper and birdlike as ever, began his cross-examination much like a woodpecker attacking a stout stump. The witness had been an old friend of Mr. Appleboy's, had he not? Tunnygate admitted it, and Tutt pecked him again. Never had done him any wrong, had he? Nothing in particular. Well, any wrong? Tunnygate hesitated. Why, yes, Appleboy had tried to fence in the public beach that belonged to everybody. Well, did that do the witness any harm? The witness declared that it did; compelled him to go round when he had a right to go across. Oh! Tutt put his head on one side and glanced at the jury. How many feet? About twenty feet. Then Tutt pecked a little harder.

"Didn't you tear a hole in the hedge and stamp down the grass when by taking a few extra steps you could have reached the beach without difficulty?"

"I—I simply tried to remove an illegal obstruction!" declared Tunnygate indignantly.

"Didn't Mr. Appleboy ask you to keep off?"

"Sure—yes!"

"Didn't you obstinately refuse to do so?"

Mr. Pepperill objected to "obstinately" and it was stricken out.

"I wasn't going to stay off where I had a right to go," asserted the witness.

"And didn't you have warning that the dog was there?"

"Look here!" suddenly burst out Tunnygate. "You can't hector me into anything. Appleboy never had a dog before. He got a dog just to sick him on me! He put up a sign 'Beware of the dog,' but he knew that I'd think it was just a bluff. It was a plant, that's what it was! And just as soon as I got inside the hedge that dog went for me and nearly tore me to bits. It was a rotten thing to do and you know it!"

He subsided, panting.

Tutt bowed complacently.

"I move that the witness' remarks be stricken out on the grounds first, that they are unresponsive; second, that they are irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial; third, that they contain expressions of opinion and hearsay; and fourth, that they are abusive and generally improper."

"Strike them out!" directed Judge Witherspoon. Then he turned to Tunnygate. "The essence of your testimony is that the defendant set a dog on you, is it not? You had quarreled with the defendant, with whom you had formerly been on friendly terms. You entered on premises claimed to be owned by him, though a sign warned you to beware of a dog. The dog attacked and bit you? That's the case, isn't it?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"Had you ever seen that dog before?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know where he got it?"

"My wife told me ——"

"Never mind what your wife told you. Do you ——"

"He don't know where the dog came from, judge!" suddenly called out Mrs. Tunnygate in strident tones from where she was sitting. "But I know!" she added venomously. "That woman of his got it from ——"

Judge Witherspoon fixed her coldly with an impassive and judicial eye.

"Will you kindly be silent, madam? You will no doubt be given an opportunity to testify as fully as you wish. That is all, sir, unless Mr. Tutt has some more questions."

Tutt waved the witness from the stand contemptuously.

"Well, I'd like a chance to testify!" shrilled Mrs. Tunnygate, rising in full panoply.

"This way, madam," said the clerk, motioning her round the back of the jury box. And she swept ponderously into the offing like a full-rigged bark and came to anchor in the witness chair, her chin rising and falling upon her heaving bosom like the figurehead of a vessel upon a heavy harbor swell.

Now it has never been satisfactorily explained just why the character of an individual should be in any way deducible from such irrelevant attributes as facial anatomy, bodily structure or the shape of the cranium. Perhaps it is not, and in reality we discern disposition from something far more subtle—the tone of the voice, the expression of the eyes, the lines of the face or even from an aura unperceived by the senses. However that may be, the wisdom of the Constitutional safeguard guaranteeing that every person charged with crime shall be confronted by the witnesses against him was instantly made apparent when Mrs. Tunnygate took the stand, for without hearing a word from her firmly compressed lips the jury simultaneously swept her with one comprehensive glance and turned away. Students of women, experienced adventurers in matrimony, these plumbers, bird merchants, "delicatessens" and the rest looked, perceived and comprehended that here was the very devil of a woman—a virago, a shrew, a termagant, a natural-born trouble-maker; and they shivered and thanked God that she was Tunnygate's and not theirs; their unformulated sentiment best expressed in Pope's immortal couplet:

Oh woman, woman! when to ill thy mind
Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend.

She had said no word. Between the judge and jury nothing had passed, and yet through the alpha rays of that mysterious medium of communication by which all men as men are united where woman is concerned, the thought was directly transmitted and unanimously acknowledged that here for sure was a hell cat!

It was as naught to them that she testified to the outrageous illegality of the Appleboy's territorial ambitions, the irascibility of the wife, the violent threats of the husband; or that Mrs. Appleboy had been observed to mail a suspicious letter shortly before the date of the canine assault. They disregarded her. Yet when Tutt upon

(Continued on Page 189)

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(Continued from Page 186)

cross-examination sought to attack her credibility by asking her various pertinent questions they unhesitatingly accepted his implied accusations as true, though under the rules of evidence he was bound by her denials.

Peck 1: "Did you not knock Mrs. Appleboy's flower pots off the piazza?" he demanded significantly.

"Never! I never did!" she declared passionately.

But they knew in their hearts that she had.

Peck 2: "Didn't you steal her milk bottles?"

"What a lie! It's absolutely false!"

Yet they knew that she did.

Peck 3: "Didn't you tangle up their fish lines and take their tholepins?"

"Well, I never! You ought to be ashamed to ask a lady such questions!"

They found her guilty.

"I move to dismiss, Your Honor," chirped Tutt blithely at the conclusion of her testimony.

Judge Witherspoon shook his head.

"I want to hear the other side," he remarked. "The mere fact that the defendant put up a sign warning the public against the dog may be taken as some evidence that he had knowledge of the animal's vicious propensities. I shall let the case go to the jury unless this evidence is contradicted or explained. Reserve your motion."

"Very well, Your Honor," agreed Tutt, patting himself upon the abdomen. "I will follow your suggestion and call the defendant. Mr. Appleboy, take the stand."

Mr. Appleboy heavily rose and the heart of every fat man upon the jury, and particularly that of the Abyssinian brother upon the back row, went out to him. For just as they had known without being told that the new Mrs. Tunnygate was a vixen, they realized that Appleboy was a kind, good-natured man—a little soft, perhaps, like his clams, but no more dangerous. Moreover, it was plain that he had suffered and was, indeed, still suffering, and they had pity for him. Appleboy's voice shook and so did the rest of his person as he recounted his ancient friendship for Tunnygate and their piscatorial association, their common matrimonial experiences, the sudden change in the temperature of the society of Throggs Neck, the malicious destruction of their property and the unexplained aggressions of Tunnygate upon the lawn. And the jury, believing, understood.

Then like the sword of Damocles the bessemer voice of Pepperill severed the general atmosphere of amiability: "Where did you get that dog?"

Mr. Appleboy looked round helplessly, distress pictured in every feature.

"My wife's aunt lent it to us."

"How did she come to lend it to you?"

"Bashemath wrote and asked for it."

"Oh! Did you know anything about the dog before you sent for it?"

"Of your own knowledge?" interjected Tutt sharply.

"Oh, no!" returned Appleboy.

"Didn't you know it was a vicious beast?" sharply challenged Pepperill.

"Of your own knowledge?" again warned Tutt.

"I'd never seen the dog."

"Didn't your wife tell you about it?"

Tutt sprang to his feet, wildly waving his arms:

"I object; on the ground that what passed between husband and wife upon this subject must be regarded as confidential."

"I will so rule," said Judge Witherspoon, smiling. "Excluded."

Pepperill shrugged his shoulders.

"I would like to ask a question," interpolated the editor of Baby's World.

"Do!" exclaimed Tutt eagerly.

The editor, who was a fat editor, rose in an embarrassed manner.

"Mr. Appleboy!" he began.

"Yes, sir!" responded Appleboy.

"I want to get this straight. You and your wife had a row with the Tunnygates. He tried to tear up your front lawn. You warned him off. He kept on doing it. You got a dog and put up a sign and when he disregarded it you sicked the dog on him. Is that right?"

He was manifestly friendly, merely a bit cloudy in the cerebellum. The Abyssinian brother pulled him sharply by the coat tails.

"Sit down," he whispered hoarsely. "You're gumming it all up."

"I didn't sick Andrew on him!" protested Appleboy.

"But I say, why shouldn't he have?" demanded the baby's editor. "That's what anybody would do!"

Pepperill sprang frantically to his feet.

"Oh, I object! This juryman is showing bias. This is entirely improper."

"I am, am I?" sputtered the fat editor angrily. "I'll show you ——"

"You want to be fair, don't you?" whined Pepperill. "I've proved that the Appleboys had no right to hedge in the beach'"

"Oh, pooh!" sneered the Abyssinian, now also getting to his feet. "Supposing they hadn't? Who cares a damn? This man Tunnygate deserved all he's got!"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" expostulated the judge firmly. "Take your seats or I shall declare a mistrial. Go on, Mr. Tutt. Call your next witness."

"Mrs. Appleboy," called out Tutt, "will you kindly take the chair?" And that good lady, looking as if all her adipose existence had been devoted to the production of the sort of pies that mother used to make, placidly made her way to the witness stand.

"Did you know that Andrew was a vicious dog?" inquired Tutt.

"No!" answered Mrs. Appleboy firmly. "I didn't."

O woman!

"That is all," declared Tutt with a triumphant smile.

"Then," snapped Pepperill, "why did you send for him?"

"I was lonely," answered Bashemath unblushingly.

"Do you mean to tell this jury that you didn't know that that dog was one of the worst biters in Livornia?"

"I do!" she replied. "I only knew Aunt Eliza had a dog. I didn't know anything about the dog personally."

"What did you say to your aunt in your letter?"

"I said I was lonely and wanted protection"

"Didn't you hope the dog would bite Mr. Tunnygate?"

"Why, no!" she declared. "I didn't want him to bite anybody."

At that the delicatessen man poked the plumber in the ribs and they both grinned happily at one another.

Pepperill gave her a last disgusted look and sank back in his seat.

"That is all!" he ejaculated feebly.

"One question, if you please, madam," said Judge Witherspoon. "May I be permitted to"—he coughed as a suppressed snicker ran round the court—"that is—may I not—er —— Oh, look here! How did you happen to have the idea of getting a dog?"

Mrs. Appleboy turned the full moon of her homely countenance upon the court.

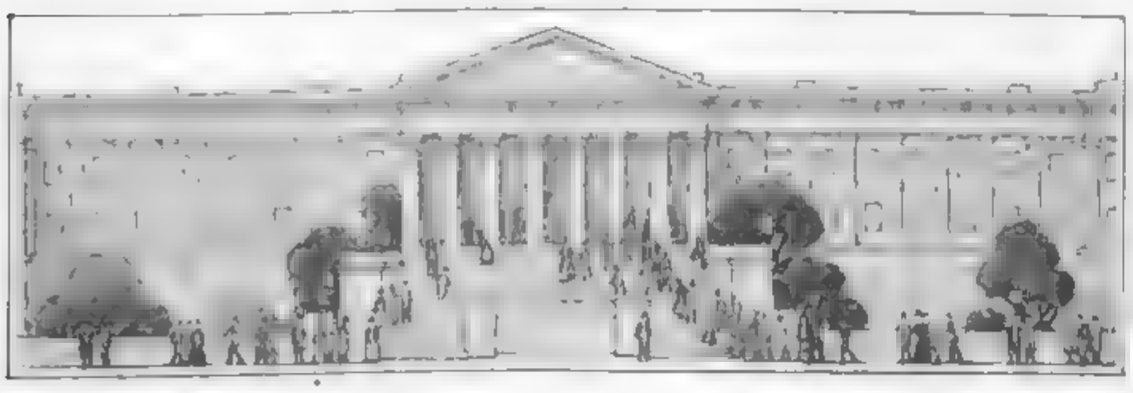
"The potato peel came down that way!" she explained blandly.

"What!" exploded the dealer in rubber novelties

"The potato peel—it spelled 'dog,'" she repeated artlessly.

"Lord!" deeply suspirated Pepperill. "What a case! Carry me out!"

"Well, Mr. Tutt," said the judge, "now I will hear what you may wish to say upon



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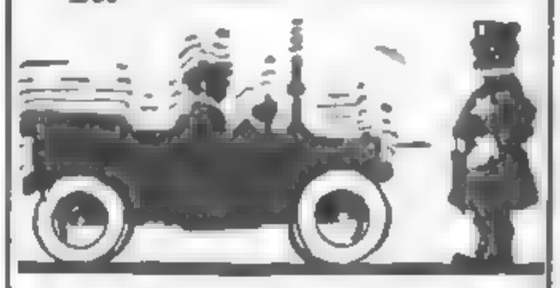

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the question of whether this issue should be submitted to the jury. However, I shall rule that the indictment is sufficient."

Tutt elegantly rose

"Having due respect to Your Honor's ruling as to the sufficiency of the indictment I shall address myself simply to the question of *scienter*. I might, of course, dwell upon the impropriety of charging the defendant with criminal responsibility for the act of another free agent even if that agent be an animal—but I will leave that, if necessary, for the Court of Appeals. If anybody were to be indicted in this case I hold it should have been the dog Andrew. Nay, I do not jest! But I can see by Your Honor's expression that any argument upon that score would be without avail."

"Entirely," remarked Witherspoon. "Kindly go on!"

"Well," continued Tutt, "the law of this matter needs no elucidation. It has been settled since the time of Moses."

"Of whom?" inquired Witherspoon. "You don't need to go back farther than Chief Justice Marshall so far as I am concerned."

Tutt bowed.

"It is an established doctrine of the common law both of England and America that it is wholly proper for one to keep a domestic animal for his use, pleasure or protection, until, as Dykeman, J., says in Muller vs. McKesson, 10 Hun., 45, 'some vicious propensity is developed and brought out to the knowledge of the owner.' Up to that time the man who keeps a dog or other animal cannot be charged with liability for his acts. This has always been the law.

"In the twenty-first chapter of Exodus at the twenty-eighth verse it is written: 'If an ox gore a man or a woman, that they die; then the ox shall be surely stoned, and his flesh shall not be eaten; but the owner of the ox shall be quit. But if the ox were wont to push with his horn in time past, and it hath been testified to his owner, and he hath not kept him in, but that he hath killed a man or a woman; the ox shall be stoned, and his owner also shall be put to death.'

"In the old English case of Smith vs. Pehal, 2 Strange, 1264, it was said by the court: 'If a dog has once bit a man, and the owner having notice thereof keeps the dog, and lets him go about or lie at his door, an action will lie against him at the suit of a person who is bit, though it happened by such person's treading on the dog's toes; for it was owing to his not hanging the dog on the first notice. And the safety of the king's subjects ought not afterwards to be endangered.' That is sound law; but it is equally good law that 'if a person with full knowledge of the evil propensities of an animal wantonly excites him or voluntarily and unnecessarily puts himself in the way of such an animal he would be adjudged to have brought the injury upon himself, and ought not to be entitled to recover. In such a case it cannot be said in a legal sense that the keeping of the animal, which is the gravamen of the offense, produced the injury.'

"Now in the case at bar, first there is clearly no evidence that this defendant knew or ever suspected that the dog Andrew was otherwise than of a mild and gentle disposition. That is, there is no evidence whatever of *scienter*. In fact, except in this single instance there is no evidence that Andrew ever bit anybody. Thus, in the word of Holy Writ the defendant Appleboy should be quit, and in the language of our own courts he must be held harmless. Secondly, moreover, it appears that the complainant deliberately put himself in the way of the dog Andrew, after full warning. I move that the jury be directed to return a verdict of not guilty."

"Motion granted," nodded Judge Witherspoon, burying his nose in his handkerchief. "I hold that every dog is entitled to one bite."

"Gentlemen of the jury," chanted the clerk: "How say you? Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," returned the foreman eagerly, amid audible evidences of satisfaction from the Abyssinian brother, the Baby's World editor and the others. Mr. Appleboy clung to Tutt's hand, overcome by emotion.

"Adjourn court!" ordered the judge. Then he beckoned to Mr. Appleboy. "Come up here!" he directed.

Timidly Mr. Appleboy approached the dais.

"Don't do it again!" remarked His Honor shortly.

"Eh? Beg pardon, Your Honor, I mean ——"

"I said: 'Don't do it again!'" repeated the judge with a twinkle in his eye. Then lowering his voice he whispered: "You see I come from Livornia, and I've known Andrew for a long time."

As Tutt guided the Appleboys out into the corridor the party came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Tunnygate.

"Huh!" sneered Tunnygate.

"Huh!" retorted Appleboy.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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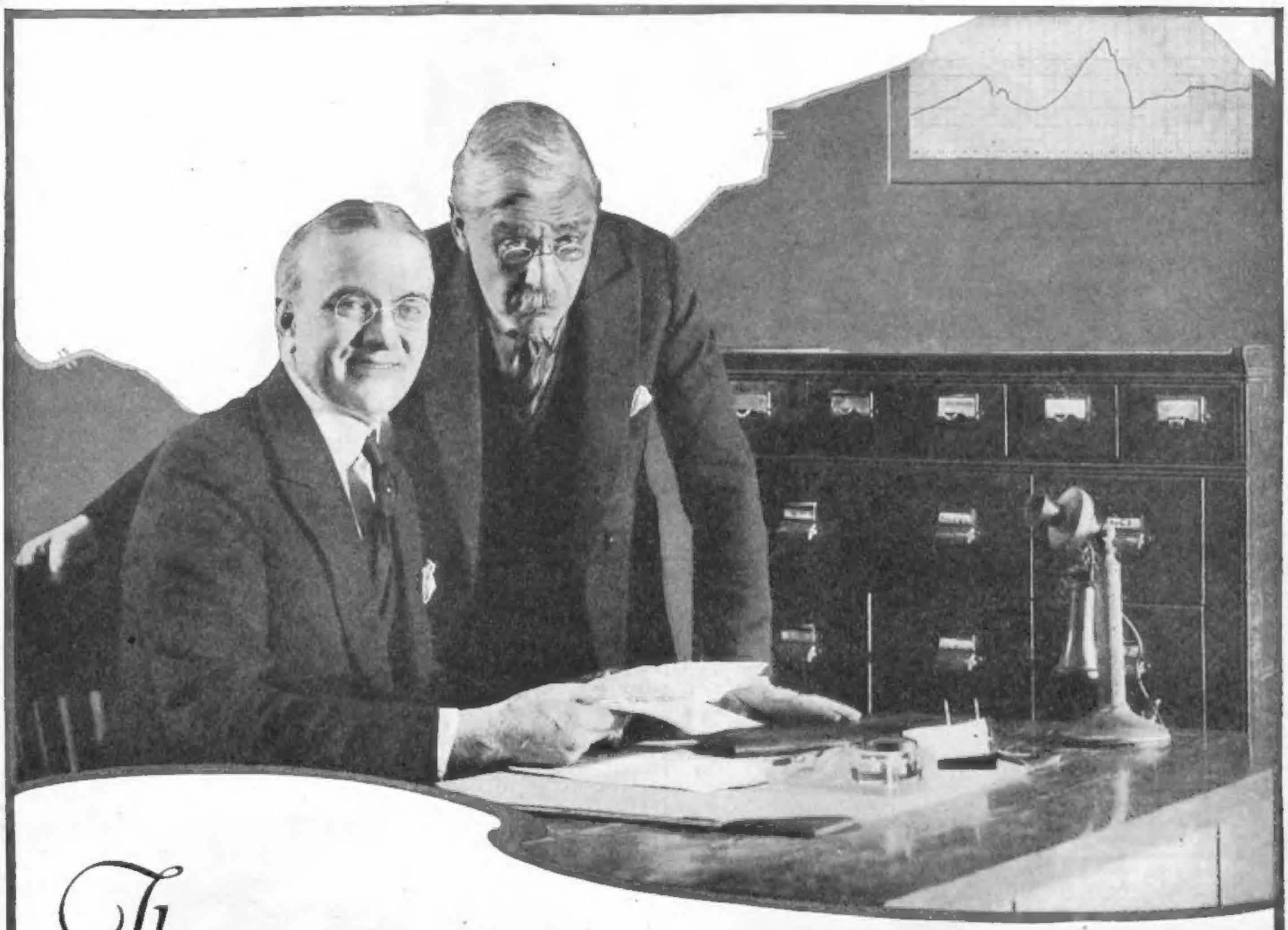

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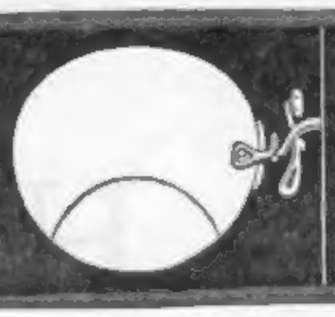

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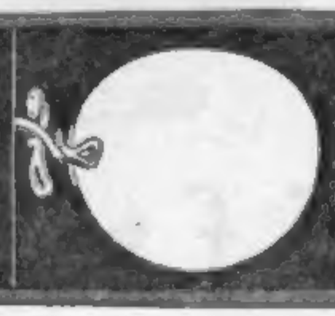

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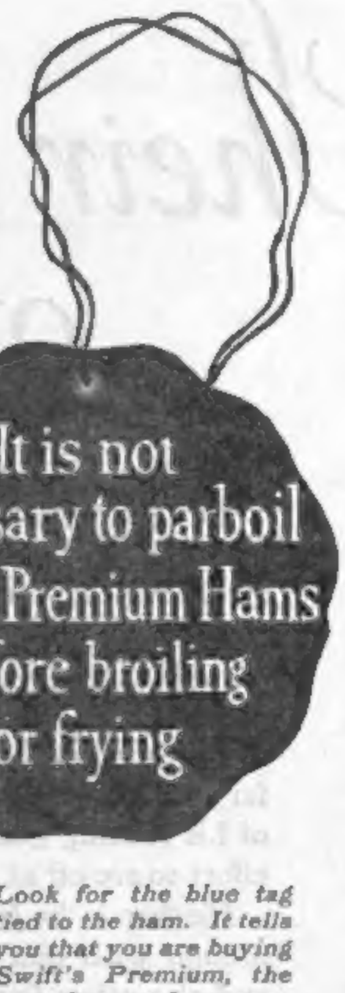

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